…hen Trade Was Young · Thoughts on Wom… …ne Center Vign

…ume V
…28

A…
25 …

The Golden Book Magaz…

…lls
…arn
Henry
…venson
…obs
…ane
E. Coppard
…nes Stephens
…m O'Flaherty
…nes Lane Allen
…wart Edward White

Amy Hogeboo…

The Southern Railway System, with its 8,000 miles of lines, serves the South from the northern gateways at Washington, Cincinnati and Louisville—from the western gateways at St. Louis and Memphis—to the ocean ports of Norfolk, Charleston, Savannah, Brunswick and Jacksonville, and the Gulf ports of Mobile and New Orleans.

The Development Service of Southern Railway System, Washington, D. C., will gladly aid in securing industrial locations, farms and home sites in the South.

The door of opportunity - - -
It is open - - - - *in the South*

A variety of fertile soils and a moderate climate—coal, iron and other minerals—timber tracts—water power—these are some of the natural resources in the South lying ready for industry to fashion into fortune.

And back of these there is the substantial Southern citizenship—of American stock, hard working, homogeneous and contented. Prosperity and progress are as much a matter of men as of things.

Each year many new industrial enterprises are established in the South, and Southern farmers grow more and better things.

The South is a region rich in opportunity for ambitious men and women.

SOUTHERN *RAILWAY SYSTEM*

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUT

blossom time along the Indian-detour

Santa Fe

Harveycars

Spring brings a foam of fruit blossoms about the ancient Indian pueblos and Spanish settlements in the valleys of the Indian-detour country.

On the foothills, solid acres disappear under white poppies and purple verbena. The forests above turn a fresher green. The snow-crests of the southern Rockies dream against the deep blue of the sky.

If you are crossing the Far Southwest in the Spring months, via the Santa Fe, you can break your rail journey, either way, with the new Indian-detour — three glorious days by motor in the fascinating Spanish and Indian country of northern New Mexico. On the Indian-detour you are still the guest of the Santa Fe and Fred Harvey in every detail of accommodation and fine service. The low additional cost is all-inclusive.

Mail this

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines
1135-A Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me free picture folder about the Indian-detour.

VOLUME V
Number 28

APRIL
1927

THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

(With which is combined "Famous Story Magazine")

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

Editorial Board:

JOHN COTTON DANA · CHAS. MILLS GAYLEY

CONTENTS *for* APRIL

		PAGE
COVER DESIGN	Amy Hogeboom	
SOME PERSONS OF IMPORTANCE	The Editor	*Advertising* 4
HORS-D'ŒUVRES FROM THE NEWEST BOOKS		*Advertising* 12
NOTES ON AMERICA (1820)	Sydney Smith	433
THE BOOKLOVER'S CALENDAR Decorations by C. B. Falls		434
THE BRIDE COMES TO YELLOW SKY	Stephen Crane	437
ROMANCE. Poem	David P. Berenberg	442
A MUNICIPAL REPORT	O. Henry	443
AN AFGHAN'S FAITH Translated by Achmed Abdullah	Khushal Khan	450
THE WILD GOAT'S KID	Liam O'Flaherty	451
"CALLER HERRIN'." Old Scotch Song		454
ALAS, POOR BOLLINGTON!	A. E. Coppard	455
HIS CAVALIER. Poem	Robert Herrick	458
SO THEY SAY		459
SHADOWED	Mary Synon	463
AZURE PSYCHOLOGY	Lafcadio Hearn	471
HIDING LOVE. Poem Translated by Arthur Waley	Wu-ti	473
THE MILKY WAY	Stewart Edward White	474
MY FATHER'S CLOSE. Old French Song	Dante Gabriel Rossetti	484
THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN	James Stephens	485
CONNACHT LOVE SONG	Douglas Hyde	486
THE MERRY MEN	Robert Louis Stevenson	487
SOME MASCULINE THOUGHTS CONCERNING WOMEN		509
THE MONKEY'S PAW. Play Dramatized by Louis N. Parker	W. W. Jacobs	511
THE TENTH MUSE: *ADVERTISA*		520
VINE CENTER VIGNETTES	James Gordon Fraser	521
THE ACCIDENT Translated by J. A. Bimstone	Arkadyi Averchenko	525
LITTLE BREECHES. Poem	John Hay	526
A KENTUCKY CARDINAL. Part III (Conclusion)	James Lane Allen	527
PIPPA'S SONG. From "Pippa Passes"	Robert Browning	537
REMEMBERED FROM THE PLAY		538
WHEN TRADE WAS YOUNG AND ROMANTIC. Part II		540
HOW WE MADE TONO-BUNGAY HUM Sketches by the Author	H. G. Wells	547
TRILBY. Part Seventh Illustrated by the Author	George du Maurier	554
AFTER THE SHOWER. Poem	Richard Dehmel	576
ADVENTURES IN INVESTING	Boyden Sparkes	*Advertising* 48

Copyrighted, 1927, by The Review of Reviews Corporation. Trade-mark registered in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. (For further notices see Copyright Title-page, p. 10 adv.)

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TERMS:—Issued monthly, 25 cents a number, $3.00 a year in advance in the United States and Canada. Elsewhere $4.00. Entered at New York Post Office as second-class matter. Subscribers may remit to us by post-office or express money orders or by bank checks, drafts, or registered letters. Money in letters is sent at sender's risk. Renew as early as possible in order to avoid a break in the receipt of the numbers. Bookdealers, Postmasters and Newsdealers receive subscriptions.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS CORPORATION, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ALBERT SHAW, Pres. CHAS. D. LANIER, Sec. and Treas.

THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE, APRIL, 1927.
Vol. V. No. 28. Issued monthly. Entered as second-class matter, December 6, 1924, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879. Price 25 cents. $3.00 a year. The Review of Reviews Corporation, New York.
Printed by THE SCHWEINLER PRESS, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

CADILLAC *welcomes*

LaSalle

A New CAR *for* CADILLAC HOMES

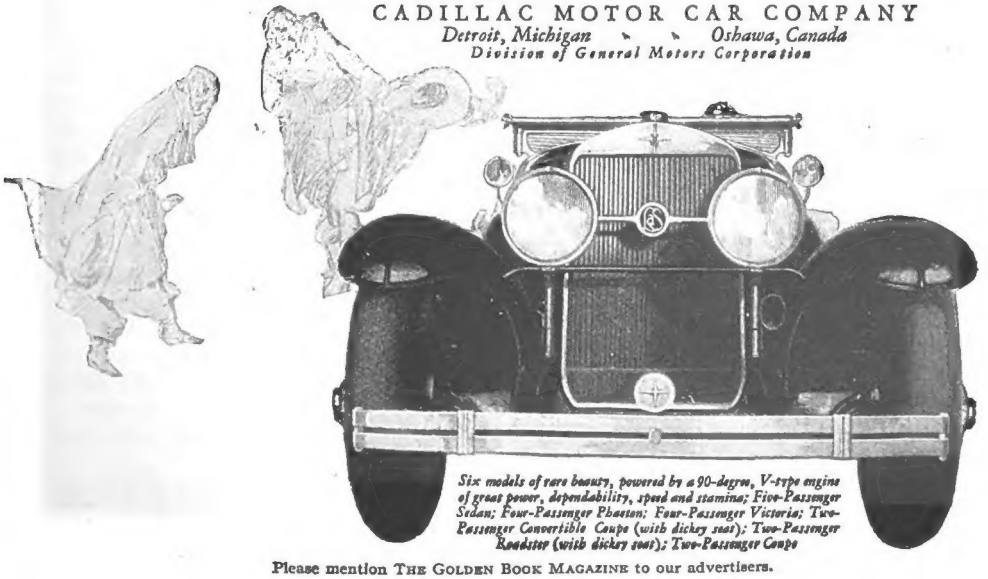
Only within the past twenty-four months has it been possible for Cadillac to look beyond its own particular field and arrange to satisfy that other great market which has long demanded a companion-car of Cadillac's calibre to fill a slightly varying field of usefulness.

The congenial task of creating this other-brother to Cadillac has gone on carefully for nearly four years. It has proceeded with those inch-at-a-time precisions and precautions which exist only in the Cadillac engineering department and shops—supplemented by the facilities and the resources of the General Motors laboratories and proving grounds.

The luminous result is a rarely beautiful car of most brilliant performance—the LaSalle—companion-car in every sense of the word to the Cadillac as *Sieur Rene Robert Cavelier* LaSalle himself was companion in distinguished achievement to that other great early-American, *Sieur Antoine de la Mothe* Cadillac.

The LaSalle is manufactured completely by the Cadillac Motor Car Company within its own plant.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan *Oshawa, Canada*
Division of General Motors Corporation



Six models of rare beauty, powered by a 90-degree, V-type engine of great power, dependability, speed and stamina; Five-Passenger Sedan; Four-Passenger Phaeton; Four-Passenger Victoria; Two-Passenger Convertible Coupe (with dickey seat); Two-Passenger Roadster (with dickey seat); Two-Passenger Coupe

Some Persons of Importance

APPARENTLY "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky" was one product of the western trip which Stephen Crane made in 1895. After bitter discouragement over his first long story, "Maggie"; after real physical hardships from his almost penniless condition, he had finished "The Red Badge of Courage" in February, 1894, had paid half the typewriting cost and got half the MS. back—to show to Hamlin Garland and thus secure a loan of the remaining fifteen dollars for the copyist. Then, that same month—the first gleam of light he'd had in his literary efforts—the Bacheller Syndicate bought the tale, for less than a hundred dollars, to use in newspaper syndication. Its reception, even through such media, was favourable enough for Bacheller to send him out with a roving commission to write about what interested him. Says Thomas Beer:

> "He had, though, three immediate wishes. He must see a cowboy ride. He wanted to be in a blizzard of the plains. He must look at the Mississippi because Elbert Hubbard had persuaded him to read 'Huckleberry Finn' and 143 East Twenty-third Street had heard his grunt of disgust over the lame conclusion of Mark Twain's masterpiece. Didn't the genius know any better? A baby could have improved the end of 'Huckleberry Finn'! The boys stopped being boys and were dolls. So, as in the mind of Arnold Bennett, 'Life on the Mississippi' was always Twain's best book. It is not known that he saw much of the Mississippi, but he had his two other wishes. He saw cowboys ride and visited a ranch near the border of Nevada, where somebody gave him or sold him some silver spurs. He changed trains once at a dreary junction town where there was a hotel of a dreadful blue that fascinated him. His thirst for blues ran to shades of cold electric tones and this blue was a lugubrious, fainter tinge. In a hotel painted so loathsomely, some dire action must take place and, after four years, he made it seem so."

This memorable tale of "The Blue Hotel" will appear later. Meanwhile, "The Bride" offers another admirable example of Crane's ability to photograph an isolated human situation in such a flood of light that every detail becomes significant—and one feels one knows these casual acquaintances through and through, lives with them through any number of unhinted situations, comprehends some of the main machinery that drives them.

I expect that must be the elusive "literary art" critics like to analyze.

Liam O'Flaherty is one of the newer Irish writers, born on the Arran Islands, County Galway. He has published four novels—"Thy Neighbour's Wife," "The Black Soul," "The Informer," and, just this season, "Mr. Gilhooley"—besides a volume of tales. In view of the subject of the tale reprinted here, it's at least interesting to find in "Who's Who" that Mr. O'Flaherty's recreations are: "Writing, rearing Kerry goats." Certainly there is something rarely authentic about his word-pictures of the Irish coast; the very breeze off the Atlantic blows through them.

Any one who has been oppressed by a certain standardization, which tends to blend contemporary short stories in the recollection, will get a fresh flavour from the work of A. E. Coppard. So far as I know, this young Englishman has produced only three volumes of fiction, "Adam and Eve and Pinch Me," in 1922, "The Black Dog" a year later and "Fishmonger's Fiddle," in 1925 (with an early volume of poems), but there would be little danger of mistaking any one of these thirty-nine stories for the work of any other. Often sketchy, frequently whimsical, with a searching sense of humour, these stories manage to get beneath the skin much more effectively than many which approach life with more pretentious solemnity.

Mary Synon was born in Chicago, and, after graduating at the University of Chicago, spent some time as a newspaper reporter there. During the war she was treasurer of the

(*Continued on page 6*)

Even the most perishable foods *stay fresh* in Frigidaire

Because of direct frost-coil cooling and self-sealing tray fronts, the temperature in the Frigidaire freezing tray is always below freezing.

BECAUSE of the constant low temperatures provided by Frigidaire *direct cooling*, hard-to-keep foods become easy to keep. Foods that you now buy only as needed can be safely bought in larger quantities. They can be kept in Frigidaire for days at a time—kept with all the wholesomeness and appetizing flavor of foods that are fresh from the market.

And Frigidaire brings you a new freedom—freedom from the need of constant planning—freedom from the trouble of frequent marketing—*freedom from outside ice supply.*

But if you want all the advantages of Frigidaire—if you want Frigidaire design, Frigidaire construction and Frigidaire *direct cooling*—be sure you *get* a Frigidaire.

The Frigidaire name-plate on the electric refrigerator you buy means ample food storage space, fine finish, a quiet-running mechanical unit, economical operation, a cabinet designed and built exclusively for electric refrigeration. It means the proven dependability of a product of General Motors and the endorsement of more than a quarter of a million users—more than all other electric refrigerators combined.

Visit the nearest Frigidaire sales office or mail the coupon for complete information.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION

Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation

Dept. R-60, DAYTON, OHIO

GENTLEMEN:

Please send me complete information about Frigidaire.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Frigidaire

PRODUCT of GENERAL MOTORS

(*Continued from page 4*)

National Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, and her only published books have been "The Fleet Goes By" and "My Country's Part." But for a number of years she has been writing stories for the popular magazines—not infrequently with a grasp of character and a dramatic power that pulls the reader up short; and "Shadowed" has a real moral problem that leaves an impression.

I have memory of a place and a magical time, in which the sun and the moon were larger and brighter than now. Whether it was of this life or some life before, I cannot tell, but I know the sky was very much more blue, and nearer to the world—almost as it seems to become above the masts of a steamer steaming into equatorial summer. . . . The sea was alive and used to talk—and the Wind made me cry out for joy when it touched me. Once or twice during other years, in divine days lived among the peaks, I have dreamed for a moment the same wind was blowing—but it was only a remembrance.

Also in that place the clouds were wonderful and of colours for which there are no names at all—colours that used to make me hungry and thirsty. I remember, too, that the days were ever so much longer than these days—and every day there were new pleasures and new wonders for me. And all that country and time were softly ruled by One who thought only of ways to make me happy. . . . When day was done, and there fell the great hush of light before moonrise, she would tell me stories that made me tingle from head to foot with pleasure. I have never heard any other stories half so beautiful. And when the pleasure became too great, she would sing a weird little song which always brought sleep. At last there came a parting day; and she wept and told me of a charm she had given that I must never, never lose, because it would keep me young, and give me power to return. But I never returned. And the years went; and one day I knew that I had lost the charm, and had become ridiculously old.

Thus the recollections of infancy by the man named after that Ionian Island (Lefcada, the Greek name of Cerigo) where his British officer father—Irish, with a strain of gypsy—fell passionately in love with the beautiful Rosa Cerigote. There followed a removal to Dublin, unhappy misunderstandings, an annulled marriage—and an exquisitely sensitive boy of seven was flung out of his home sphere to the care of a recently-converted old great-aunt in Wales: a "little, dark-eyed, dark-faced, passionate boy with the wound in his heart and the gold rings in his ears."

Small wonder that Lafcadio Hearn was different from other people! And natural that a child whose heart-strings thus sang to sky and wind and sea should have later wrought such magic with words in describing his nature emotions. "Azure Psychology" contains the essence of some of his deepest mature reflections on the feelings thus stored up from the very beginning of his life.

James Gordon Fraser has been for fifteen years a New York State newspaper man, and the "Vine Center Vignettes," in this issue, represent, I believe, his first magazine appearance. They are true storiettes of actual people, and they bring an American community before one's eyes with singular vividness.

Most of the material in this magazine has been printed somewhere before; but these entertaining little tales are entirely new. Of course, that fact doesn't really matter so greatly: if a thing seems good enough, it belongs here, whether it took shape yesterday or six thousand years ago—whether it makes its début in these pages, or has long been a source of pleasure to every well-read person.

Arkady Timofeevitch Averchenko died recently at Prague. Though only forty-three, he had written a score of volumes which had been translated into "nearly every civilized tongue" (even Chinese)—though almost unknown in the United States. I find no word of him in any of the encyclopædias, even the 1926 supplement to the "Britannica."

[And that reminds me I owe an apology to that Work: for its editors call attention to my misstatement that Max Beerbohm had not yet impinged upon its editorial consciousness—the fact being that its supplements of 1922 and 1926 had not sufficiently impinged upon my consciousness: since he is adequately treated there. A very proper punishment, surely, for animadverting upon the shortcomings of others.]

In 1908, when only twenty-seven, Averchenko founded "Satirikon," a weekly budget of humour and satire which sparkled with the work of Russia's best writers and artists.

(*Continued on page 8*)

Elephants

The elephant is man's most intelligent helper. But—consider this:

The elephant is huge compared with the electric motor that runs a logging machine. Yet that motor has the power of twenty elephants.

Some day museums will exhibit, along with elephants, old-fashioned irons, wash-tubs, and all other tools whose work can be done by motors, so much better and at so little cost.

Two million elephants could not do the work now being done by General Electric Company motors. Whatever the work to be done, whether it needs the power of an elephant or the force of a man's arm, there is a General Electric motor that will do it faithfully for a lifetime at a cost of a few cents an hour

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(*Continued from page 6*)

He had been a clerk in a Sebastopol shipping-office, then in a coal-mine; and he described his own activities during this period:

> My work at the office was disgraceful, and up to this moment I am at a loss to understand why they kept me on there for six years—an idler who contemplated work with disgust, and who, on the slightest provocation, entered into heated arguments, not only with the accountant, but even with the managing director himself.
>
> My only recommendation was that I was a "good fellow" who looked joyously on God's wide world, and who was always ready to lay aside work for laughter, and who always had a joke or a story close to his lips to cheer his fellow-workers, sunk in toil, tedious accounts, and idle tittle-tattle.

He passed on in these deft satires a lot of the entertainment he found in contemplating the world of humans about him. To an ignorant outlander, Russian literature could stand a large admixture of such laughter; and the World Library itself is the richer by the addition of every real humourist.

"The Monkey's Paw" is, of course, a dramatization by Mr. Parker of W. W. Jacobs's startling story of that name—so different from the uproarious tales for which that author stands in our minds.

It was first produced on October 6, 1903, with this cast:

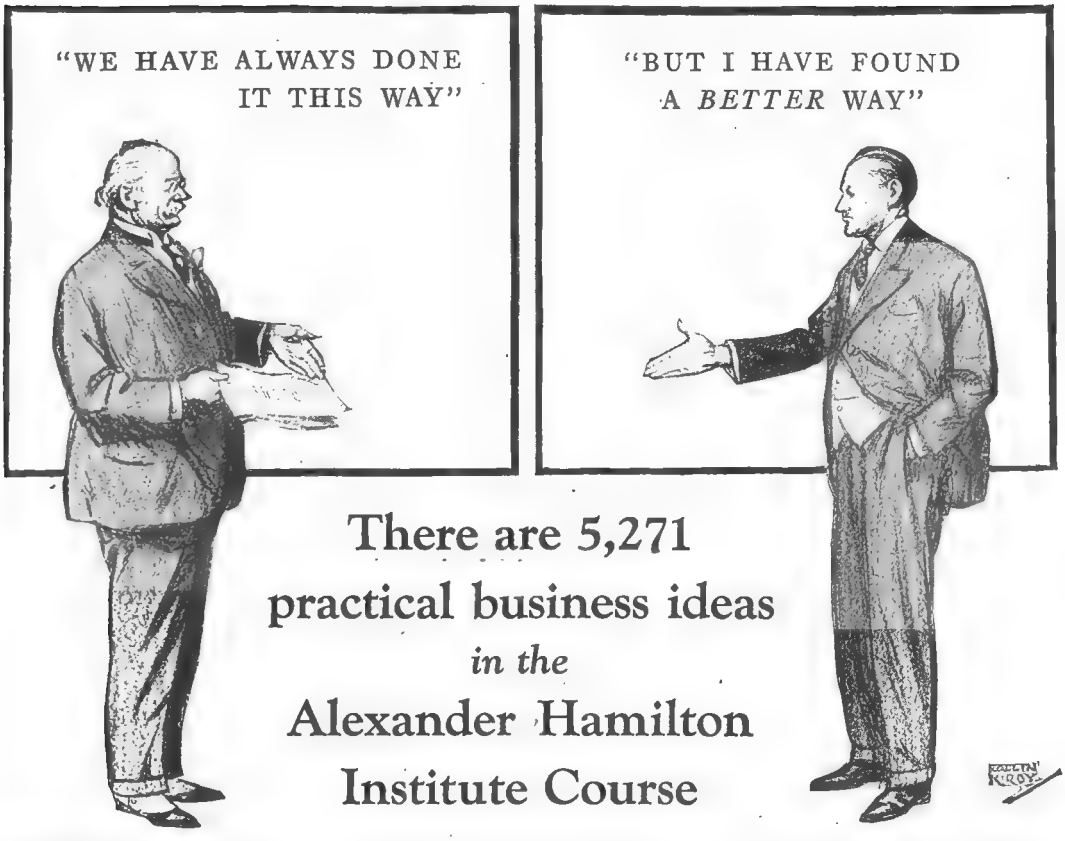
Mr. White.....CYRIL MAUDE *Herbert*.....WILFRED FORSTER
Mrs. White.....LENA ASHWELL *Sergeant-Major Morris*.SYDNEY VALENTINE
Mr. Sampson.....RUDGE HARDING

The following anonymous letter has been held several months after being put into type, because each time its length crowded it out. Recently I have read another letter, obviously by the same writer, to a third person, in which these strictures are considerably emphasized. One passage runs: "An editor who will give such food" (as THE GOLDEN BOOK) "to a young mind should be lynched. I quite mean it."

It is an old story that criticism is apt to measure more accurately the critic than anything else.

> The Editor of THE GOLDEN BOOK:
>
> Will you have patience to read this?
>
> After growing up on *Harper's*, and continuing on the magazines which used to be, each of them, an event, for several years I subscribed to the *Bookman*. On account of the expense and perhaps for other reasons, I stopped that and several delightful garden magazines. One day my husband found in the closet of the house where he was temporarily domiciled, a few copies of the *Eclectic* . . . no, the *Living Age*. I had not seen either of these for years . . . I hardly knew the *Living Age* still existed. We did enjoy that magazine so much . . . until after the war, or in the latter part of the war. Then we perceived that it was part of the new German propaganda . . . and neither of us could abide it. So we sacrificed subscription and stopped the coming of what had been a very great delight to both.
>
> From that time I read almost nothing except historical (including genealogical) and scientific quarterlies. Current fiction went by the board . . . much of it nauseating . . . tiresome.
>
> One day, about two years ago, I happened to be at the newsstand of a hotel. The young person in charge called my attention to a magazine with a very flamboyant cover . . . young lady with legs, as usual. I shook my head. "But," she said . . . not the cover young lady, but the attendant . . . "it's good. Look at it." And she mentioned names of writers, probably. I did look at it and bought it. I have bought every one since. That was the second number . . . and I have never been able to afford the first. I have traveled a good bit; and as I went about I would say to the newsstand young person, in the hotel, or to the man in the drug store or the cigar-newsstand, "Have you got THE GOLDEN BOOK? I recommend it. Try it." Sometimes they had never heard of it. A man in Spartanburg (maybe Greenville), South Carolina, had three customers for it, and so on and so forth.
>
> While much of it has been decadent in tone . . . not so very large a percentage, after all, . . . while Beardsley is a constant horror to me . . . still THE GOLDEN BOOK filled a real need . . . and "The Passing of Thomas," Fernald's stories, and many others, by their reprinting, brought back the joy of a day that is dead . . . very dead. I intended long ago to write and ask you to please reprint "The Cat and the Cherub" . . . how about "Jackanapes?" And very specially the "Abbé's Story" by de Maupassant. I have lost my copy, cut from some current publication.
>
> BUT, about two issues back you printed the very worst, most sickeningly vile story of an

(*Continued on page 10*)



There are 5,271 practical business ideas *in the* Alexander Hamilton Institute Course

FREQUENTLY this question is asked: "Why have 38,000 presidents of corporations enrolled for the Alexander Hamilton Institute Course? Aren't most presidents too busy to read such a Course?"

The answer is that many of these men have never read the Course thru and never will. The thing which makes the Institute Course different from any other is just this: you can dip into it at any point and find immediately a practical method, plan or idea, worked out and proved by the biggest men in business, which you can put to work at once.

Often a single chapter will pay a busy man ten times over for his investment. Writes Herbert M. Holway, San Francisco sales agent for a number of large manufacturers: "What I have been able to apply already from the facts in Volume I more than offsets the entire cost of the Course."

Altogether there are 5,271 definite practical business ideas. For example, there are:

169 ideas on corporation finance
513 ideas on accounting
174 ideas on office methods
182 ideas on credits and collections
647 ideas on advertising and sales promotion
278 ideas on factory management

The appeal of the Course is not to little men who are seeking an increase of a few dollars a week in income. It is to potentially big men who know that business is ideas, plans, methods, right thinking, and that other things being equal the man who can think clearest and fastest is simply bound to win.

Send for the facts

If you are such a man, we invite you to send for a little book which contains full information about the Course and Service. You will find your questions answered in it. You will understand much more clearly, after you have read it, why 300,000 men keep this Course at their elbows as a gold mine of ideas and a constant advisor in times of business problems and perplexities.

Alexander Hamilton Institute
Executive Training for Business Men

In Canada, *address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto*

In England, *67 Great Russell St., London.* In Australia, *11c Castlereagh St., Sydney*

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
827 Astor Place New York City

Send me at once the new revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

Signature.....
Business Address (*Please write plainly*).....
.....
Business Position.....

(*Continued from page 8*)

impossible thing called man, that I have ever read. I cannot find words to tell you how it affected me. I did not think I would ever look at THE GOLDEN BOOK again. I enclose that thing. *It has really taken the fine pleasure off of the reading of any number . . . I may happen on just such again.*

How could you do it? How could any man, appreciating the highest, even look twice at this horrible output of a mind that must be naturally diseased. One would think that being a man, a normal man, he could not possibly admit that any such thing could be akin to him. Beside it, the sins of the decalogue are respectable.

But I find that I cannot convey the horror of it. It is evident that you do not perfectly understand all reactions. This is shown by your scoffing reference to the reader who said THE GOLDEN BOOK left her chilled . . . she might have aptly said, with a needle of ice in her heart . . . the reader who fled to her Bible for an antidote. I, alas, am an unbeliever, but I also could fly to the music of the Bible after the body of this death. I can very readily see how you can lose subscribers of her and my type . . . that is, two types . . . and perhaps others.

Literature must first be *true*. But should it not also be beautiful in the many ways beauty can be displayed? Is physical illness beautiful? Then why mental illness? Is the defilement of the sty beautiful? Then why describe it? Certainly it seems unnecessary to revel in the vile, the distorted. There is so wide a margin for genius, why step over that margin?

Many of our somewhat doubtful classics are humorous. That is where the difficulty lies, and perhaps the excuse. Men, especially men combining the Celtic elements, have a natural sense of humour. It crops out in so many ways. I laugh myself at things I shake my head over. They do contain the element of humour. But that isn't the commonized humour . . . if it can be called that . . . of the day. It isn't the humour of brutality . . . and there comes the limit again. When sensibility is lost, fiction should stop.

That part of literature which is fantastic . . . of course, is not true, in the sense I use it . . . but it must have the touch of Ariel, and the appreciation of it is a left-over quality of the Celtic mind.

You will note that in all this I do not touch upon morality, immorality, unmorality. That does not concern me. Besides, I understand. My objection is to the ugly, the brutal, the beastly.

You were in error when you published this thing you did. It was a mistake.

Editor of ————

What can one say to that? Except that it is a continual marvel to find what different meanings literature has for different people.

The story which utterly destroyed her pleasure in all the great writings appearing in this magazine was John Fleming Wilson's "Great Arctic Handicap." Brutal enough, that tale is. I only wish I could believe it impossible to human nature—but I've just been listening to two newspaper men, back from Chicago, and relating what they assert to be everyday matters there!

And, possible or not, I might as well confess that I'd think an editor who refused to print that story a poor specimen of the genus. H. W. L.

Copyright Title Page

434.—"The Clock," by Charles Baudelaire; translated by Joseph T. Shipley. Copyright, 1919, by Boni & Liveright, Inc.
436.—"On Seeing the Portrait of a Beautiful Concubine," by Ch'en Hung-Shou; translated by Florence Ayscough and Amy Lowell. Copyright, 1921, by the translators; permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.
437.—"The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky," by Stephen Crane. Copyright, 1898, by The S. S. McClure Company; 1926, by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.
443.—"A Municipal Report," by O. Henry. Copyright, 1910, by Doubleday, Page & Co.
451.—"The Wild Goat's Kid," by Liam O'Flaherty. Permission of the author.
455.—"Alas, Poor Bollington!" by A. E. Coppard. Copyright, 1923, by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.
463.—"Shadowed," by Mary Synon. Copyright, 1923, by the "Red Book Magazine."
471.—"Azure Psychology," by Lafcadio Hearn. Copyright, 1899, by Little, Brown & Company; 1922, by Houghton Mifflin Company. Permission of Little, Brown & Co.
473.—"Hiding Love," by Wu-ti; translated by Arthur Waley. Copyright, 1919, by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.
474.—"The Milky Way," by Stewart Edward White. Copyright, 1925, by P. F. Collier & Son Co.
485.—"There is a Tavern in the Town," by James Stephens. Copyright, 1913, by The Macmillan Company.
486.—"Connacht Love Song," by Douglas Hyde. ("The Road Round Ireland," by Padraic Colum), copyright, 1926, by The Macmillan Company.
487.—"The Merry Men," by Robert Louis Stevenson. Copyright, 1905, by Charles Scribner's Sons.
509.—"Some Masculine Thoughts Concerning Women." Compiled by C. von Wrede Bremer.
511.—"The Monkey's Paw," by W. W. Jacobs; dramatized by Louis N. Parker. Copyright, 1910, by Samuel French, Ltd. Applications for right to produce this play, by either professionals or amateurs, should be made to Samuel French, 25 W. 45th Street, New York City.
525.—"The Accident," by A. Averchenko; translated by J. A. Bimstone. Permission of the translator.
526.—"Little Breeches," by John Hay. Copyright, 1899, by John Hay; permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.
527.—"A Kentucky Cardinal," by James Lane Allen. Copyright, 1894, 1899, by Harper & Brothers; 1900, by The Macmillan Company.
538.—"Remembered from the Play." Compiled by George Halasz.
547.—"How We Made Tono-Bungay Hum," by H. G. Wells. Copyright, 1908, by Street & Smith; by Duffield & Company. Permission of the author.
554.—"Trilby," by George du Maurier. Copyright, 1894, by Harper & Brothers; 1922, by Gerald du Maurier and Mrs. May du Maurier Coles.

THE FACE OF THE EARTH
as men conceived it long ago

SUDDENLY the earth had expanded. The voyages of Columbus, Vasco da Gama, Magellan, had revealed new islands, seas, continents.

And the handful of mariners who actually put out to sea were by no means the only explorers.

Their accounts inspired thousands of cultivated men who remained at home. Imagination first followed the ships and then outreached them.

Map after map was made, published, studied, each with a new conception of what this earth might be—each an attempt to embrace within the poor limits of human understanding the tremendous facts that were daily coming to light.

What wonder that the sixteenth century became one of the most intellectually productive in the history of European civilization!

Sixteenth-century maps were inaccurate, perhaps. But they were fascinating because, true or false, they represented the earth. They were inspiring because they tore men away from provincial habits of thought and gave new largeness to their views.

Less decorative, perhaps, are the maps of to-day. Yet to-day's maps have the same inspiration for the imaginative mind in the twentieth century as the map pictured above in the sixteenth.

The study of maps, globes and atlases is as fascinating now as it was then. Packed with the delights of unexpected finds, rich in historical and literary suggestion, they have all the charm and cultural value of good books.

Why not acquire the excellent and stimulating habit of reading maps? Study them frequently. Teach your children to enjoy them.

Rand McNally Maps, Globes and Atlases are always scientific, accurate, up to date. Obtainable at leading booksellers', stationers', or direct

Special maps to order

If you desire a special map, consult Rand McNally & Company. Already made up to suit your requirements are special maps of many kinds, in addition to the regular standard maps. These special maps range from the Rand McNally Territory maps for jobbers and distributors, to the Rand McNally Language Maps for students of philology. If the map must be made to order, whether it is intended for use in an advertising campaign or to illustrate a book of science, Rand McNally & Company's many years of map experience insures satisfaction. Write us about your problem.

Rand McNally Maps for every purpose

School Maps	Climatic Maps
Auto Road Maps	Economic Maps
Political Maps	Linguistic Maps
Commercial Maps	Historical Maps
Radio Maps	Mileage Maps
Population Maps	City Guide Maps

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
Map Headquarters
Dept. D-4
536 *S. Clark Street*, Chicago 270 *Madison Avenue*, New York
Washington San Francisco Los Angeles

Hors-d'œuvres from the Newest Books

Art and Eros

Though art is a total stranger to erotic attraction, it has from time immemorial proved of great indirect advantage to love-selection.

Occupation with art constantly sharpens, improves and intensifies the fundamental rhythmic sense, and since this sense in turn plays into love's corporal search for beauty and selection of beauty, art must indirectly prove a favourable factor. Eyes which have been brought up in an artistic sense must in the end prove their worth in rearing a humanity which is physically more beautiful. An artistic ideal which has become finer imparts its colour to procreation, as it were, without art itself sacrificing any of its dignity in so doing.

In this complication, which sought to banish all nakedness from public life because of its erotic connection, but in so doing came into conflict with love's springtime of choosing art's assistance, assumed particular importance for the springtime of selection. By its nakedness, art gave exercise to and refined erotic vision at a time when real nakedness generally threatened to drop out of man's comparative field of vision.

The more morality became a protective measure, which of absolute necessity had to be respected along with the great spiritual tasks of humanity, and therefore came to enjoy first rank in all public life ahead of every breath of love's springtime, no matter how hot, the more difficult was it made for eroticism, along with the eclipse of the naked human body, to have a deep fine feeling for a progressively perfected ideal of the naked body.

The more the body was generally and permanently packed up in clothes, and nakedness, as after all was extreme morality's wish, now appeared only in a dark chamber at night, the more was the sense for nuances of nakedness in connection with love's selection bound to become dulled. If the female breast or the line of the back or the line of the thighs could no longer be seen openly by bright sunlight and in the free play of muscles, the eye and the imagination in the end lost all power to grasp the characteristics of true beauty in choosing erotically. Love-selection became devoid of ideals, it lost its directions for seeking what was best and most harmonious. With this, the body's beauty itself declined according to simple natural law. Ignored, the nude could decay under its clothes like a poor neglected prisoner in a dark dungeon, without erotic selection being able to help out.

As the pendulum swings in the history of civilization, times keep on recurring when a low level in this respect really becomes menacing, when the rope drags along very close to the bottom and the body begins to degenerate inside its clothes.

In such times of danger it was art which again and again helped to save the ideal for the erotic element as well, without itself having to depart from its own straight and narrow way in so doing. *Love-Life in Nature.* Wilhelm Bolsche.

(*Continued on page 14*)

MACMILLAN

The Rise of American Civilization

by Charles A. Beard and Mary R. Beard

Here is a new book on new lines—It is a synthesis of American history rather than an outline—It is an illumination of the growth of American culture rather than a popularization of orthodox political history—It is an interpretation of American life unlike any yet written. Decorations by Wilfred Jones. *2 vols.* $12.50

NEW FICTION

Helen Hull

Islanders
by Helen Hull

There emerges in this novel a heroine who will take her place among the notable characters of American literature. $2.50

Irving Bacheller

Dawn
by Irving Bacheller

A lost romance of the time of Christ—vivid and thrilling, with all the sweep of "Ben Hur". $2.50

The Allinghams
by May Sinclair

May Sinclair returns to the mood and method of "Anne Severn" in this delightful study of children growing up. $2.50

Dear Old Templeton
by Alice Brown

Alice Brown has never been more gently humorous or more artful in character drawing than in this novel. $2.50

A Reporter for Lincoln
by Ida M. Tarbell

This story of a newspaper man in the Civil War gives a new picture of Lincoln and scenes behind the fighting front. $1.60

Getting Your Dollar's Worth
by Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink

A book for the consumers of America, written with the pungency and penetration which made "The Tragedy of Waste" such a notable study in economics. Here are revealed the wiles of the super-salesman and the high-pressure advertiser and the effect on your pocketbook. $2.00

The Logic of Modern Physics
by P. W. Bridgman

This noted physicist examines contemporary physical thought and science in a manner which will interest all readers of A. N. Whitehead's "Science and the Modern World." $3.00

BIOGRAPHY

Autobiographies *by* W. B. Yeats

Elinor Wylie says in the *New York Herald Tribune*: "One of the great poetic romances of the world... You must not deny yourself the joy of this book by one unnecessary moment." $3.50

Washington
by Joseph Sawyer

A new biographical study of Washington, illustrated with more than 1,800 pictures. *2 vols.* $20.00

James Bryce
by H. A. L. Fisher

The former British ambassador at Washington is sketched full-length in this new biography. *2 vols.* $8.00

The Early Life & Letters of John Morley
by Francis W. Hirst

"We all owe a debt of gratitude to his biographer for these... pictures, presented to us in so fair a setting."—*New York Times.* *2 vols.* $10.50

POETRY

Edwin Arlington Robinson: Tristram

One of America's great poets has written a long narrative poem in which he brings a new immortality to long-famous lovers. Also in a limited autographed edition $15.00. $1.75

Prices subject to change on publication; write for complete descriptive catalogue of spring books.

(*Continued from page 12*)

How Free Are We?

The normal man in normal environment is free to work out his own inner nature and to enlarge and refine it. He is free to desire a multitude of things, to work for these and to enjoy their attainment. Sloth, whether due to hookworm or any other cause, is an impassable barrier to this freedom. But all experience shows that a healthy and vigorous mind does have the power to whip sluggish and jaded muscles into fresh effort, and that the quickening of some interest or curiosity or hope or fear may be an adequate excitation to transform apathy into a frenzy of intense mental and physical effort.

Fatalism or Freedom. C. Judson Herrick.

The Sluggard

'Tis the Voice of the Sluggard; I heard him complain,
"You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again."
As the Door on its Hinges, so he on his Bed,
Turns his Sides and his Shoulders and his heavy Head.

"A little more Sleep, and a little more Slumber";
Thus he wastes half his Days and his Hours without Number;
And when he gets up, he sits folding his Hands,
Or walks about sauntring, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his Garden, and saw the wild Brier,
The Thorn and the Thistle grow broader and higher;
The Clothes that hang on him are turning to Rags;
And his Money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.

I made him a Visit, still hoping to find
He had took better Care for improving his Mind:
He told me his Dreams, talk'd of Eating and Drinking;
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves Thinking.

Said I then to my Heart, "Here's a Lesson for me";
That Man's but a Picture of what I might be:
But thanks to my Friends for their Care in my Breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love Working and Reading.

Oxford Book of 18th Century Verse. Edited by David Nichol Smith. Isaac Watts.

Man Can't Be Really Selfish

Industry serves. That is all it does. Business takes, either in the form of profits or wages, and delivers no service whatever. There is no objection anywhere to anyone's serving; but there are multitudinous objections everywhere to everybody's taking. There is no place for war in the industrial attitude and no place for peace in the business attitude.

But which is human nature? The answer is, both; but they are not two different natures. One is human nature trying to express itself through the concept of life as an individual ego, whose triumph over competitors is the first essential of existence. The other is the same human nature adjusting itself to facts that are just coming into consciousness—the fact that man can not live unto himself, that he does not exist apart from other human life, and that he can express himself successfully and be truly great only in the service of all. *The Myth of the Individual.* Charles W. Wood.

"Liking to Please"

The reason why I like that woman is that she has in her qualities which themselves compel a liking, or, rather, which compel me to like her solely for her own sake, and not just because she is the property of a husband. To which latter fact I never give so much as a thought. And though she has an ugly habit of billing and cooing with her husband in public, even that is no affair of mine, and it would be all one to me if she were to start

(*Continued on page 16*)

A SELECTION OF NEW BOOKS

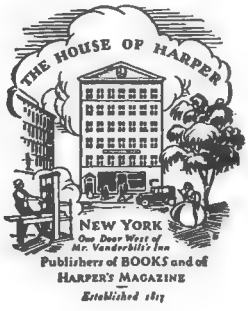
Sophistication

The Red Pavilion

By John Günther

The story of two young people who call themselves "exquisite sensualists" and whose marriage was such a success that they felt it ruining their lives as individuals. $2.00

from


THE HOUSE OF HARPER
NEW YORK
One Door West of Mr. Vanderbilt's Inn
Publishers of BOOKS and of HARPER'S MAGAZINE
Established 1817

Wit and Emotion

Jill

By E. M. Delafield

"Jill is as appealing a character as we have had in fiction since Tessa in "The Constant Nymph."—*New York Times.* "Fervently dramatic. Every character becomes a living person. Mrs. Delafield has never written with more vitality."—*Boston Transcript.* $2.00

An Anthology

Prose Preferences

By Sidney Cox and Edward L. Freeman

An interesting collection of prose readings selected from the work of Havelock Ellis, Sherwood Anderson, Anatole France, George Santayana, and many others. $2.50

Coruscation

One Crystal and a Mother

By Ellen Du Pois Taylor

"Astonishing! I never came across a first novel that had half its brilliancy, its insight into life or its power to intrigue a reader. A gay and fantastic story."—*Ford Madox Ford.* $2.00

An Anthology

Contemporary Short Stories

By Gordon E. Gerould and Charles Bayly, Jr.

A representative collection of twenty of the best modern short stories. Among the authors included are Ben Ames Williams, Ring Lardner, D. H. Lawrence, Katherine Mansfield and Wilbur Daniel Steele. $2.50

Irony and Humor

Tomorrow Morning

By Anne Parrish

Author of "The Perennial Bachelor"

"It never loses its freshness, its beauty or its universal appeal."—*Boston Herald.* $2.00

Science

Why We Behave Like Human Beings

By George A. Dorsey, Ph.D.

Answers all your questions about life and points the way to happiness. "At last there is a book about ourselves which one can cheerily recommend." —*James Harvey Robinson.* $3.50

Mystery

Behind The Fog

By H. H. Bashford

"Exciting enough to satisfy the most avid seeker after thrills." —*N. Y. Times.* A mystery story with a dramatic and unexpected climax. $2.00

HARPER & BROTHERS *Publishers Since 1817* NEW YORK CITY

Please mention The Golden Book Magazine to our advertisers.

(*Continued from page 14*)

kissing a stove or a table in public, so well do I know that she is just playing with the relations supposed to exist in such cases.

Yet she is a coquette. No: she is not a coquette. Merely she likes to please, and turn heads. The reason why I do not call her a coquette is that neither the term itself nor the idea bound up with it is nice. Mere display of the figure, mere allurement through desire, is not coquetry, but solely viciousness and immodesty; whereas *her* coquetry comes of her charm, of her indefinable quality of liking to please, and turn heads. In any case, "incidents with ladies" hurt no one (for Werthers have ceased to exist), and afford both the lady and others much innocent pleasure. I myself, when I have admired a woman, am content with that, and desire no more. But there may be coquetry of the half-calculated, half-clumsy kind—calculated because it is furtive and shuns detection, and clumsy because it is but imperfectly hidden, and keeps saying, "I may not be attractive, but do look at my ankles as I step into my carriage! Are they not nice?" True, one can reply tacitly, "Yes, I know they are nice, but since you display them on purpose, I do not intend to look at them"; but to that the calculated coquetry will retort, "What do I care? See, again, how I have taken off my hat. I have taken it off because I am hot. What does your opinion matter?"

The woman of whom I am speaking is a mixture of calculation and innocence.

Stories and Dramas. LEO N. TOLSTOY.

THE "STAR OF DAWN"

"In all the world, my friend," she said, "there is no man but you shall have his way with me. Now do not worry. I shall ask you to send off the Star of Dawn very soon, but I want just a glimpse of it now—a farewell glimpse."

Greymarsh held her tight for a moment, then, releasing her, he went without a word into a small laboratory, opening off the consulting-room. Here were more bottles and boxes of medicines stacked upon the shelves, together with jars and test-tubes and many instruments.

"I can feel your disapproval, Eric," observed Naïda Lal, with her musical little laugh, "but I shall sleep all the sounder for a glance at my beautiful fountain of pink fire."

"I doubt it," said the doctor uncompromisingly.

He took down a large jar of ointment, unscrewed the cover, and, plunging his fingers into the unguent, finally drew forth an object the size of a walnut, carefully wrapped in tinfoil.

Naïda watched with quivering features as the doctor unrolled the tinfoil, and held up to the light a magnificent pink diamond of irreproachable purity and transparence, cut in the shape of a star, flashing and glittering with a thousand fires, and taking by refraction a lovely rose tint.

"My beautiful Star of Dawn!" the Eurasian breathed.

"Worth over a quarter of a million pounds," said the physician gravely. "A dangerous possession, Naïda—an inciter of men's lusts through bloodstained centuries."

"But so exquisite, so radiant, Eric." Her fingers caressed the rose-tinged facets of the jewel.

The Golden Lotus. G. E. LOCKE.

OUR FIRST MAN OF THE WORLD

Franklin was ever concerned about women; married and unmarried, elderly spinsters, fruitful mothers, bereft widows and blooming maids—he liked them all; and when he could, made love to them all.

At 16, then, we find Franklin to be a free thinker, a foe of religious intolerance, a potential rebel against powers arbitrarily exercised, and a defender of women's rights. He has revealed his abilities as a printer, a verse-maker, a humorous writer, and a journalist. He is getting on. *Benjamin Franklin, The First Civilized American.* PHILLIPS RUSSELL.

CELESTIAL HEADACHE POWDERS

But when the first man our father Adam heard these things, that Jesus was baptized in Jordan, he called out to his son, Seth, and said,

(*Continued on page 18*)

Think of the many good books you have missed in the past!

The Book-of-the-Month Club will prevent you from missing such books in the future. Do you know how it operates?

Handed to you by the postman —just the books you don't want to miss!

THINK over the last few years. How often have outstanding books appeared, widely discussed and widely recommended—books you were anxious to read and fully intended to read, when you "got around to it," but which nevertheless you *missed!* Why does this happen so often? Because you are either so busy, or so procrastinating, that you *overlook* obtaining the books you really want. Or you live in a district remote from bookstores, where it is hard to get the best new books.

This need be true no longer. The Book-of-the-Month Club will deliver to you every month, just like a magazine, *the outstanding book of that month*, and with a double guarantee against dissatisfaction.

The outstanding book each month is chosen impartially *from all the important new books.* The choice is made by a group of unbiased critics, who have no business connection with the enterprise—Henry Seidel Canby, chairman; Heywood Broun, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley and William Allen White. The theory is—and it works!—that any book appealing strongly to a majority of five individuals (of such good judgment and such varying taste) is *likely* to be a book few people will care to miss reading.

But you are not obliged to accept willy-nilly the judgment of this committee. Before the book-of-the-month comes to you, you receive a carefully written report *describing what sort of book it is.* If you think you will like it, you let it come to you. If not, you specify that some other book you prefer be sent instead. You make your choice of a substitute from a list of other worthwhile new books, *which are also described carefully*, to guide you in your decision. Moreover, if you let the chosen "book-of-the-month" come, and find you are disappointed, *even then you may exchange it for some other book you may prefer.*

Thus you can be absolutely sure that you will never again, through oversight, miss books you are anxious to read; you keep completely informed about all the best books; you choose your reading with more discrimination than ever before; and you *do* obtain and *do* read the outstanding books you are anxious not to miss.

The cost of this unique service is—nothing. You pay the same price for the books as if you got them from the publisher himself, by mail. Send for our prospectus which explains how simply the service operates. It is working smoothly and satisfactorily for over 40,000 discriminating people.

Your request for our prospectus will involve you in no obligation to subscribe.

24-D

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc.
218 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me, without cost, your Prospectus outlining the details of the Book-of-the-Month Club Plan. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

(*Continued from page 16*)

Declare to your sons, the patriarchs and prophets, all those things, which thou didst hear from Michael, the archangel, when I sent thee to the gates of Paradise, to entreat God that he would anoint my head when I was sick.

Then Seth, coming near to the patriarchs and prophets, said, I Seth, when I was praying to God at the gates of Paradise, beheld the angel of the Lord, Michael appear unto me saying, I am sent unto thee from the Lord; I am appointed to preside over human bodies.

I tell thee Seth, do not pray to God in tears, and entreat him for the oil of the tree of mercy wherewith to anoint thy father Adam for his head-ache;

Because thou canst not by any means obtain it till the last day and times, namely, till five thousand and five hundred years be past.

Then will Christ, the most merciful Son of God, come on earth to raise again the human body of Adam, and at the same time to raise the bodies of the dead, and when he cometh he will be baptized in Jordan.

The Lost Books of the Bible. EXTRACT FROM THE GOSPEL OF NICODEMUS, formerly called THE ACTS OF PONTIUS PILATE.

WITCHES OF HUMAN NATURE

RINALDI—But you don't really mean? . . . Nonsense! Then you would have to believe in witches.

IMPERIA—No, not in such witches. But there comes a Saturday Night in our lives, even the most peaceful of them, when our souls, like the witches, fly to their lairs. We exist for years to reach one hour which is vital and real. Then our witches' souls take flight, some toward their hopes and ambitions, some toward their vices, their follies, others toward their loves—toward something which is far from and alien to our lives, but which has always smouldered in us, and at heart is what we are.

RINALDI—It is true. And to-night we are in our lair. We may salute each other. Hail, sister!

IMPERIA—Sister and brother, hail! Whither away, toward good or toward ill?

LEONARDO—I? Where life dissolves in the desert and is gone like the flower.

RINALDI—I? To the Kingdom of Love where joy is—joy that outlasts death.

LEONARDO—And you, Imperia?

IMPERIA—I? To find myself, to find Donina, poor, ignorant Donina—Donina in love. Your art has revealed to me the light that was in me, and I follow my dream!

Saturday Night. JACINTO BENAVENTE.

AN ITALIAN AUTHOR REVEALS THE THOUGHTS OF DEITY

Does it surprise you that your God should be so sensitive and so uselessly merciful? "If you, yourself, created us, did you not know that misfortune would be our lot and evil our destiny? If you could not make us differently why did you cause us to be born? If you are so moved by our fate why not destroy us? Why not make us better or return us to the abysses whence we came at your command?"

Terrible questions these to which none of my vicars on earth, though eloquent dialecticians and flatterers, has been able to answer in such a way as to make it impossible for similar questions to formulate themselves every little while in the human mind. Not even I may hope to close your mouth for ever. The intelligence which, to your misfortune, I assigned to you, though weak and dull, is however an image of my own and is not always satisfied with mere sounds.

It is a fact that I am the original cause, the universal cause of the whole creation, and therefore, in the last analysis, every evil in the world must be attributed to me. The wise one and the kind one *par excellence* is author of that which is imperfect and evil. . . .

The truth is that *I, myself, deliberately willed evil.* . . . I held it necessary to my experiment and I mixed it and kneaded it with the reality of your existence.

The Memoirs of God. GIOVANNI PAPINI.

(*Continued on page 20*)

The Old Countess

A new Anglo-French Novel by the author of

THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

$ 2.50

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

THE PIPER, an illustrated Monthly Bulletin of book news, will be sent free to book lovers on application to Houghton, Mifflin Co., 2 Park Street, Boston

Divorce
Sex
Marriage
in the modern world

Read **Keyserling's** *explosive*

THE BOOK OF MARRIAGE

At all bookstores, $5.00

If you cannot obtain it at your local dealer, fill in the coupon below.

Harcourt, Brace and Company
383 Madison Avenue, New York

I enclose $5.15, for which send me by return mail one copy of Count Keyserling's "THE BOOK OF MARRIAGE."

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

An inspiring book for boys and girls by the editor of The Golden Book

THE BOOK OF BRAVERY

By Henry Wysham Lanier

These "True Stories in the Ascending Scale of Courage" record the lives of brave men and women who first were obliged to overcome their own traits of cowardice and fear before they were able to perform the brave acts which are here recounted. This volume of 1344 pages includes all the stories formerly contained in the three Books of Bravery. In its new form, this work will be a source of great inspiration for boys and girls; they will find it, furthermore, intensely interesting.

With illustrations. $3.50

"A Fascinating Novel"

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS

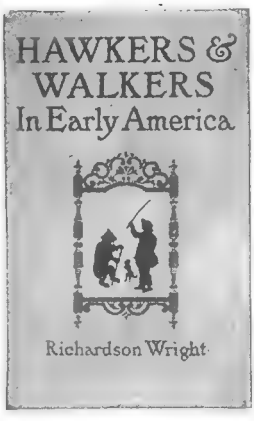
By Struthers Burt

"Sound and fine intelligence and spirit in evidence on every page. An American story with breadth and vision. . . . Unfailingly good reading—*New York Evening Post.*

Now in its third large printing $2.00

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

"Here Walk the Ancient Ghosts of the Vagrant Past"



HAWKERS & WALKERS IN EARLY AMERICA

By RICHARDSON WRIGHT
Author of "The Practical Book of Outdoor Flowers," Editor of "House and Garden."

In picturesque vagabondage the enterprising New England "chapman," the strolling cobbler and his ilk, the wandering preacher, the trained animals and freaks and all the odd characters of the past trudge up through the weaving tides of the road. A volume rich in quaint recollections and colorful bits of economic history, colonial commerce and antiquities, and unique personalities—Bronson Alcott, John Fitch, Johnnie Apleseed, etc. In beautiful make-up with special lining papers after an early American chintz and 68 amusing illustrations from elusive old sources. $4.50.

Here Are Novels for Every Taste

THE AMAZING CHANCE
By PATRICIA WENTWORTH. The tale of a lost personality. Was it husband, lover or—that returned from the War? $2.00.

A CHEQUER-BOARD
By ROBERT CLAY. "A vivid and pulsing romance of pirates, quick death and violent love." —Phila. Ledger. $2.00.

THE MYSTERY OF THE ASHES
By ANTHONY WYNNE. A new "Dr. Hailey" story of evil passions and ghostly revenge. $2.00.

ALL AT SEA
By CAROLYN WELLS. A new "Fleming Stone" story that piques one's curiosity and holds one's interest to the end. $2.00.

THE HOUSE OF SIN
By ALLEN UPWARD. A new "Dr. Tarleton" detective story of deadly poisons, mystery and intrigue. $2.00.

THE GIRL IN BLACK
By VICTOR BRIDGES. An idle young adventurer, a whisper in the dark, an unbelievably exciting adventure. $2.00.

COMRADE JILL
By HERBERT ADAMS. A story of 1931. "A daring guess at the future that makes an excellent story."—Davenport Democrat. $2.00.

At All Good Book Stores

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
Publishers Philadelphia

(*Continued from page 18*)

"Tell Me Another," By a Trobriand Lagoon

Let us then float over in spirit to the shores of a Trobriand lagoon, and penetrate into the lives of the natives—see them at work, see them at play, and listen to their stories. Late in November the wet weather is setting in. There is little to do in the gardens, the fishing season is not in full swing as yet, overseas sailing looms ahead in the future, while the festive mood still lingers after the harvest dancing and feasting. Sociability is in the air, time lies on their hands, while bad weather keeps them often at home. Let us step through the twilight of the approaching evening into one of their villages and sit at the fireside, where the flickering light draws more and more people as the evening falls and the conversation brightens. Sooner or later a man will be asked to tell a story, for this is the season of *fairy tales*. If he is a good reciter, he will soon provoke laughter, rejoinders, and interruptions, and his tale will develop into a regular performance. . . .

Every story is "owned" by a member of the community. Each story, though known by many, may be recited only by the "owner"; he may, however, present it to some one else by teaching that person and authorizing him to retell it. *Myth in Primitive Psychology.*

Bronislaw Malinowski.

Statistics that Won't Stay up to Date

Nicaragua—*Past Presidents*

Dr. José Madriz (provisional)	1909
Juan J. Estrada	1910
Adolfo Diaz (provisional)	1910
Adolfo Diaz	1913
General Emiliano Chamorro	1917
Diego M. Chamorro (d. 1923)	1921
Dr. Bartolo Martinez	1923
Carlos Solórzano	1925

N. B. The names of the Solórzano Administration, formed 1 January, 1925, are repeated from our last edition. General Emiliano Chamorro assumed the office of President in January, 1926. Hostilities have proceeded in 1926 between Chamorist and Solórzanist troops. *The South American Handbook, 1927.*

If these tastes of newest books cause you to want any facts about them, a line to this Editorial Department will bring you information as to publisher, price, size, or anything else.

Magazines Cost You Less by the Year— *Why Not Books?*

WHEN you subscribe for a magazine for a year, you pay less than when you buy a single copy. When you subscribe in advance for a series of concerts you get a much lower price than for one performance.

If you subscribe through the Literary Guild for 12 books a year you get your new books for less than if you buy each book separately at a bookstore.

The Literary Guild of America abolishes the risk of uncertain editions and helter-skelter distribution. Its plan is to publish for an organized body of subscribers in advance. They will receive twelve books—one each month—as they would a magazine.

By adopting the magazine idea, the Guild gives you better contemporary books at lower prices.

Literary Guild of America

Privileges to Members

1 ***Discrimination***—Your books are selected for you by an Editorial Board of distinguished critics.

2 ***Width of Choice***—The books are chosen from original manuscripts—not from books already published. These manuscripts are submitted by any publisher or author in America and Europe.

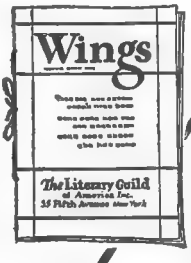
3 ***Special Beautiful Edition***—The Literary Guild makes a special edition of the book. At the same time the regular publisher will make a regular edition to be sold through the bookstore. The Guild book will always be at least as good as the regular edition.

4 ***Convenience***—Once a month the postman will hand you a book from the Guild. *All postage will be prepaid.* It will reach you with as little trouble as your magazines.

5 ***Promptness***—You do not receive your copy three or four months after the book is published. The Guild edition will reach you on the same day that the book-seller receives his copy at the regular price.

6 ***Half Price***—By subscribing for a year at a time, the members of the Guild get these books, *postage prepaid*, at about half the price non-members pay for single books in the stores.

7 ***Experimental Low Price***—The present price holds good to immediate subscribers. It is an experiment. It may prove too low, in which case later subscribers will have to pay more. And you pay in small installments if you prefer.



CARL VAN DOREN
Editor-in-Chief

GLENN FRANK
Associate Editor

ZONA GALE
Associate Editor

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
Associate Editor

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON
Associate Editor

ELINOR WYLIE
Associate Editor

Some Early Subscribers

The public is enthusiastic. We cannot give you here a list of the names of the subscribers who have joined. Here are a few among the first.

Theodore Dreiser,
Novelist, Author "An American Tragedy"
Louis Marshall,
Corporation Lawyer
Dean Ray of the Church of the Transfiguration of N. Y.
George Foster Peabody,
Philanthropist
George Vincent,
President,
Rockefeller Foundation
Florence C. Floore,
Retiring Treasurer,
General Federation of Women's Clubs
Mrs. Ogden Reid
Henry D. Lindsley,
Past National Commander,
American Legion; Director,
War Risk Insurance Bureau
W. E. Woodward
Author
"George Washington,
The Image and the Man."

Your name belongs next

FREE

Send for "Wings," the story of a new economy

We have made up a small edition of a special booklet containing short essays by our editors—with portraits, and cartoon by Hendrik Willem van Loon. As long as this lasts it will be sent you without charge. At the same time you will get the stimulating and vivid story of the Literary Guild and what it means to you.

The Literary Guild of America, Inc.
55 Fifth Avenue, New York

Send me free of charge, without obligation to me, *Wings*, with essays and portraits of your distinguished Editors. Also the story of the Literary Guild of America and how it will bring me twelve important new books each year at a gigantic saving in price.

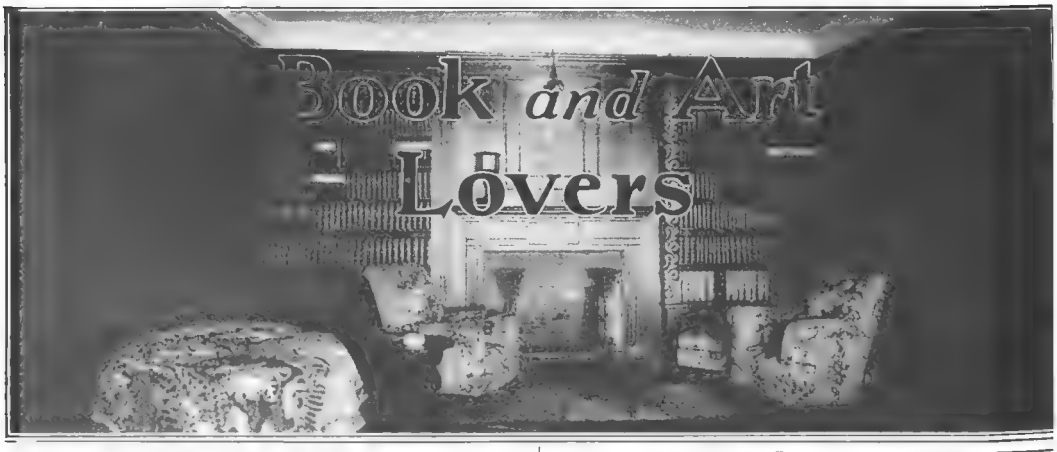
Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

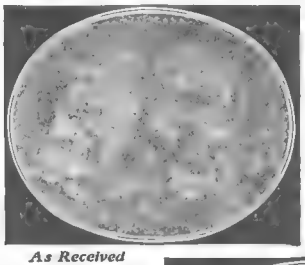
G.B. 4-27

Send coupon today



Your Family Portraits
Restored and Reproduced

From old daguerreotypes, ambrotypes, tintypes, faded photographs, snapshots, paintings, etc. Have them reproduced privately in THE COPLEY PRINTS.



As Received

These pictures, before and after, show what we can do also for YOURS

It is not only the vogue to have portraits of your ancestors on your walls: they make treasured gifts to one's relatives.

They should be copied, if only to provide against fire, loss or fading.

After Restoration

ALSO PORTRAITS PAINTED ON CANVAS

OIL PAINTINGS CLEANED AND RESTORED.

Portrait Circular Free, giving sizes and prices.

The Copley Prints

(for 32 years a hall-mark of good taste in pictures)

Fine Art Reproductions of Distinguished American Art

In sepia and in color. *$2.00 to $100.00*

for Gifts, *your* Home, *and* Schools

Wide range of subjects, including Abbey's **Holy Grail,** depicting the **Triumph of Right over Evil.**

We Send on Approval, with no obligation to you.

Send 25 cents for Illustrated Catalogue
It is a little Handbook of American Art
Send Check, Money Order or Stamps—NOT COIN

CURTIS & CAMERON, 246 Harcourt Street, BOSTON
Salesroom: Pierce Building, opposite Public Library

The New Unexpurgated Edition of BALZAC'S

DROLL STORIES

The thirty famous "Contes Drolatiques"—gay, witty, daring—translated from the French of the celebrated novelist, complete and unabridged. A handsome library volume, large size, bound in cloth; beautifully printed from new type on fine white paper, with gilt tops, and reinforced with silk head and foot bands. 48 full-page illustrations. Limited edition, regularly $5.00; our special price.... **$3.50**

Order direct from this advertisement, enclosing remittance; or we will send C. O. D. if preferred. "Money-back" guarantee.

BOOK BARGAINS Send for free interesting CATALOG G-5, listing modern and classic literature at reduced prices—choice, unusual books and sets, sexology, art, etc. WE WILL SEND PREPAID ANY CURRENT BOOK ADVERTISED IN THIS MAGAZINE OR ELSEWHERE AT 20% DISCOUNT OFF REGULAR PRICE. In ordering, mention publisher if known. Out-of-print books supplied.

ALTMAN BOOK SERVICE, 45 W. 45th St., New York City
Telephone Bryant 2406

The Books You *Can't Get* Elsewher
May Be *Rented* For A Nominal Fe

Members throughout the United States ha access to a collection of rare, scarce, unusual, out-o print and curious books chosenlargely by themselve

Limited editions, privately printed items, unexpu gated translations and exceptional reprints may be h through this entirely unique service.

You may now *read without buying,* at moderate cost, bo the quaint old books and the extraordinary new on

Please state occupation or profession when writing f information and lists.

ESOTERIKA BIBLION SOCIETY, Inc., *Dept. T-4*
45 West 45th Street New York Ci

Old Coins Bought and Sol

Single coins, bills or stamps, or entire collections. Tho sands on hand. Thousands of others wanted. W furnish or secure what you want. Will buy what y have. Established over 25 years. Largest rare coin tablishment in the U. S. Get in touch with me. Send 1 for my current 40-page catalog of offerings.

Write B. MAX MEHL, NUMISMATIST
405 Mehl Building Fort Worth, Tex

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY ADVISE

Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized a marketed; special department for plays and moti pictures. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC., 1 EAST FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET, NEW YOR

The Complete Romances of

VOLTAIRE

all in *One* Volume!

VOLTAIRE is the greatest example in history of the freedom and power of the press. The kings of France summoned his literary genius to their aid—and their own heads fell at one stroke of his liberty-loving pen. As a writer of satirical romances he ranks first in the world's literature.

Think of having Voltaire's complete Romances, Zadig, Candide, The Princess of Babylon, and twenty others and his complete Philosophy of History, The Ignorant Philosopher and Dialogues and philosophic criticism, all within the covers of a single beautiful volume.

His Eastern Romances have the charm of the Arabian nights, the wisdom of the Orient, and the satire of—Voltaire. You are seized in a whirl of Oriental characters, desert passion—fanatic love and super-thrilling adventures. His was a daring pen of flashing romance. And in this one book are his *complete* romances!

In addition there are included Voltaire's greatest philosophical works. The Philosophy of History, for instance, which can be understood by a child and finished in one reading. Yet it is the deepest philosophic treatment of the knowledge and history of all times.

Read it ON APPROVAL!

Within the covers of one slender, beautiful volume, has been placed enough of the immortal work of Voltaire *to fill an eight volume set!* We know you will want to own this new, single volume edition of the works of Voltaire, but to utterly convince *you* we ask you to examine it one week at our expense. See it—*read* it, and if you like it, pay only the small price mentioned in the coupon below. If you do not like it, return it at our expense.

Famous Voltaire Titles
included in this edition.

Zadig
Candide
The Princess of Babylon
The White Bull
Micromegas
Jeannot and Colin
An Adventure in India
Philosophy of History
Ignorant Philosopher
Chinese Catechism
MysteriesoftheEgyptians

and many other romances, dialogues and philosophic criticism.

WALTER J. BLACK CO.
171 Madison Avenue
NEW YORK CITY

374

WALTER J. BLACK CO.,
171 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

Send me for free examination the works of Voltaire in one volume printed on Library Text paper, bound in flexible Keratol. I will either return the book at your expense or will remit $5.45 in full payment within a week.

Name.. .....

Address ....

City.... ..... State.....

☐ Mark X here if you prefer your copy bound in Persian Morocco at only $1.50 more.

G.C.

He was a Real American

As the eyes of the country turn toward the next presidential election, think of

Grover Cleveland

He placed principles above vote-getting. He did not capitalize his silence. His friends loved him. Entirely new light is thrown on the human side of Cleveland by three authorities and intimates: John Finley, of the *New York Times;* John G. Milburn, noted New York lawyer; Paul van Dyke, of Princeton University, in the April Scribner's Magazine.

Cleveland as sportsman, as companion, as friend revealed. Illustrated by valuable and rare autographs and photographs.

IN THE SAME NUMBER

"The George Washington Scandals," *by John C. Fitzpatrick*
"Is the Preacher a Professional?" *by Theodore Wesley Darnell*
"The Next War and How To Nip It," *by Albert Guérard*
Two New Stories *by Ernest Hemingway,* author of that brilliant novel "The Sun Also Rises."

Extra! A larger magazine beginning with the May number to carry the first *big installment* of a new kind of detective story. It is called "The 'Canary' Murder Case." *It will be complete in four numbers. Remember the first installment is in the May Scribner's.*

in April Scribner's

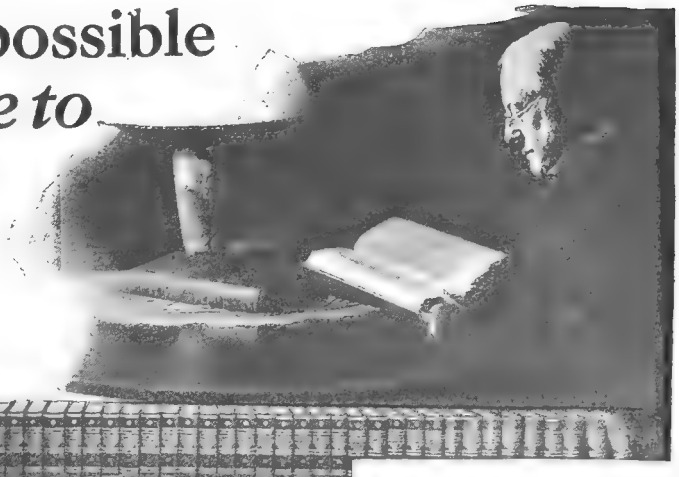
At the nearest news-stand TO-DAY

Please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE to our advertisers.

He made it possible for *everyone to* be well read

The best acquisition of a cultivated man is a liberal frame of mind or way of thinking; but there must be added to that possession acquaintance with the prodigious store of recorded discoveries, experiences and reflections which humanity has acquired and laid up.

Charles W. Eliot



DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT, America's greatest scholar and the compiler of the famous Five-Foot Shelf of Books, made this interesting and significant remark:

"I have been surprised," he said, "to see how often I myself turn to the Harvard Classics to enjoy pieces of permanent literature, in contrast with the mass of ephemeral reading matter which I am obliged to go through."

Everybody knows that good reading is an essential part of every complete human life.

But how can a busy man or woman know what is the best literature? How can you single out the books that will entertain and benefit you most, when the smallest public library contains enough volumes to keep you reading for fifty lifetimes?

It was this very question that prompted America's greatest scholar to assemble in one set the books that are "the essentials of a liberal education." Dr. Eliot, for forty years president of Harvard University, has wonderfully solved your reading problem at last.

UNIQUE FEATURES *of the* FIVE-FOOT SHELF

In addition to these priceless writings themselves, the Five-Foot Shelf contains special features of great importance. These are:

Daily Reading Guide

365 reading selections from The Harvard Classics are here appropriately assigned, one for every day in the year. Each selection can be read by the average person in about 15 minutes with leisurely enjoyment. The Guide is attractively illustrated and each assignment is introduced by interesting comments on the author, the subjects or the chief characters.

Easy Reading Courses

In the fiftieth volume Dr. Eliot, out of his wide experience as a teacher, prescribes eleven reading courses. In these he explains the purpose and plan of each course, and gives you an exact list of the titles, with the order in which you should read them, and just where you will find them in the set.

Index to 76,000 Subjects

Here is an absolutely unique feature, the Index Volume of the Five-Foot Shelf. It is the only volume of its kind in existence; over a year of expert work was spent on it. It gives instant access to the most worth-while things that have been written on practically any subject.

DR. ELIOT'S Five-Foot Shelf of Books

(*The Harvard Classics*)

This great library contains 418 complete masterpieces f literature, the best thought of the past twenty nturies. And to-day thousands of cultured families in hose private libraries these fifty volumes have a place f honor, are ready to testify to the value of Dr. Eliot's xpert guidance.

Every forward-thinking man and woman should know at least *mething* about these famous "Harvard Classics." A handsome ee book has been published that tells all about them. It explains how, from his lifetime of reading, study and teaching, Dr. Eliot chose the masterpieces of all time; and how he has so arranged them with Footnotes, Indexes and Reading Courses that *anyone* may get from them the broad knowledge, the cultural viewpoint that every university strives to give.

And best of all, by the famous Collier plan of paying *while you enjoy them*, these great books are within reach of *all*. There's no obligation. Just mail the coupon for your copy of the free book to-day.

SEND FOR THE FREE BOOK

Since 1875 COLLIER Good Books

P. F. Collier & Son Co.
250 Park Ave., New York City

By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics). Also, please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments.

Name Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....

Address .....

5072-HCX-L

The publishers cannot undertake to send the booklet free to children

Save Your Eyes

Prof. E. L. Eaton, University of Wis., says: *"It is a joy to read a book of any size resting easily in a rocking chair. Thousands will now have a new joy reading while resting."*

Insures Correct Posture

The Eyes of the World Need It

At last a Long Felt Human Want is Filled by the Invention of this Great Necessity—Dr. Farrington's Portable

Reading Table for the Lap

Conserves and Prolongs the LIFE OF YOUR EYES

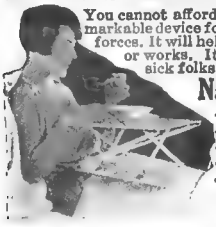
Here is the helper you have always needed. It saves your eyes—conserves your energy—permits concentration with **real relaxation** and absolute comfort. The **Farrington** supports books, magazines, reading matter, typewriter, writing materials, etc., **at just the right angle to insure correct vision,** regardless of position.

SIT RIGHT — READ RIGHT —FEEL RIGHT

Think what this means! Comfort, enjoyment, greater mental and physical energies. Greater facility for mechanics of reading or writing. **Genuine relaxation.** The Farrington allows you to assume a comfortable position when reading, writing, etc.

Students Delight In Its Use

Men, Women and Children Should HAVE A FARRINGTON



You cannot afford to go longer without this remarkable device for the conservation of your vital forces. It will help everyone who reads, writes, or works. It is indespensable to invalids, sick folks and shut-ins.

Nature Demands Its Use

—Prevents Eyestrain
—Insures Correct Posture
—Conserves Mental Energy
—Permits Greater Concentration
—Conserves all Vital Forces

IDEAL GIFT FOR ALL AGES

You couldn't buy a more practical gift than the Farrington. It's light (less than 44 ozs.) handy, durable, portable, collapsible and instantly adjustable to any position. Size 12x18 inches, folds to one inch. Should last a lifetime.

STYLES AND PRICES

1. Natural Finish - $6.50
2. Walnut Finish - - - 7.50
3. Mahogany Finish - 7.50
4. Genuine Walnut - - 9.50
5. Genuine Mahogany, 9.50

State Style Desired

PREPAID IN U. S. A. If you wish table equipped with special detachable legs, as shown, add $1 to above price.

SEND NOW You will be delighted with the Farrington. Your money back after 5 days trial, if you are not satisfied. Personal check accepted from Golden Book Readers.

THE FARRINGTON COMPANY
21 W. Elm
Dept. 5200
Chicago, Illinois

SEX

G.B.-427

AND THE LOVE-LIFE

By William J. Fielding

Just published. A complete, frank discussion of every question concerning sexual and marriage problems. Written by an authority and widely endorsed. Contains much information not found elsewhere. Price $2.50 at bookstores or $2.65 carriage prepaid from

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
Publishers since 1839
4th Avenue & 30th Street, New York

All Set for College

Earn Your Expense Money—Now an During This Summer's Vacation

Bob Freund, though just a beginner last Summer, averaged better than a dollar for every hour he worked.

As a Golden Book Review of Reviews Scholarship Candidat you can easily pu enough to your credi by September to pa next year's tuition an expenses at any Colleg you plan to attend.

Salesmanship training, expense money while you work—introducing THE GOLDEN BOOK and REVIEW OF REVIEWS to interested people in your own community. Or, if you prefer, become a member of a travelling crew.

This coupon will bring you details of how you can use our plan.

Golden Book—Review of Reviews Dept. G-74
REVIEW OF REVIEWS CORPORATION
55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen.—Give me your plan for getting all set for next year's School expenses.

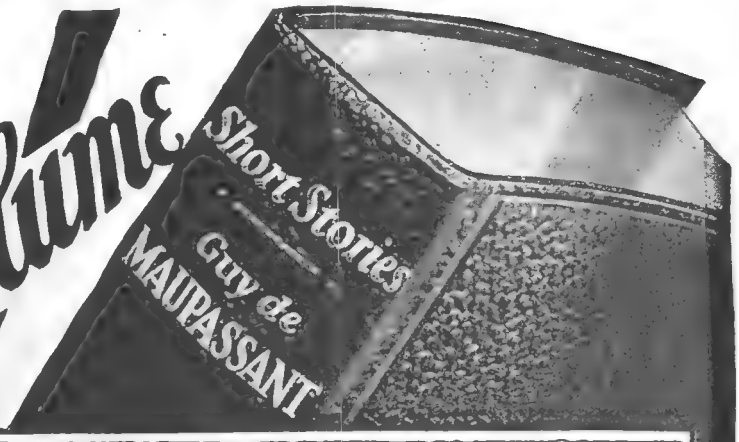
Name.. .. ..

Address .....

.....

( ) At Home ( ) Travelling

All in One Volume!



The Complete Short Stories of MAUPASSANT

"AMUSE me." "Thrill me." "Make me dream." "Make me laugh." "Make me shudder." "Make me weep." "Make me think." Thus Guy de Maupassant defined the cry the public raises to the writer.

Witty, ironic, unsparingly frank and whimsical; this unapproached master of the short story produced 222 immortal masterpieces; daringly colorful short stories to suit every mood—every hour!

The seething passions of French life and love, of Parisian intrigues, crowd the pages of these sparkling stories—portrayed in the dramatic, throbbing, intensely vivid style of Maupassant!

At last—you can possess *all* of the impassioned, glittering gems of Guy de Maupassant, every word translated exactly as it was written in the original French. Every translation faithful, complete and unabridged.

Read it FREE!

Fine bookmaking reaches new heights in this volume of Maupassant. Fine quality India paper made to our order by the S. D. Warren Co.; large, clear type and the superb, famous "*Lifetime*" Fabricoid richly grained binding, stamped with 22 kt. gold. Your home—your library table boasts of no finer volume Simply mail the coupon *now* for a copy. Examine it for a week. Then decide if you want it. The examination privilege costs you absolutely nothing. Send no money—just the coupon.

222 Immortal Masterpieces

Virtue
In the Moonlight
Mlle. Fifi
The Inn
The Devil
The Venus of Braniza
The Sequel of Divorce
Mademoiselle
The Charm Dispelled
A Little Walk
A Dead Woman's Secret
Bed No. 29
Room No. 11
A Passion
Regret
Was It a Dream?
Boule de Suif
The Diamond Necklace
The Story of a Farm Girl
Love
A Family
Bertha
A Mesalliance
The Carter's Wench
The Bed
Forbidden Fruit
Madame Parisse
A Wife's Confession
Love's Awakening
Woman's Wiles
The Wedding Night
One Phase of Love
A Poor Girl
Countess Satan
The New Sensation
The Diary of a Madman
In His Sweetheart's Livery
Lost
Margot's Tapers
The Mad Woman
Virtue in the Ballet
Fecundity
Words of Love
The Impolite Sex
The Farmer's Wife
The Artist's Wife
The Rendezvous
A Fashionable Woman
An Old Maid
A Queer Night in Paris
The Love of Long Ago

(374)

And 171 more thrilling tales—all in this golden book

WALTER J. BLACK COMPANY
171 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Walter J. Black Co.
171 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Send me for free examination a copy of Guy de Maupassant's Complete Short Stories, 1000 pages, printed in large, clear type on fine India Paper, limp, maroon binding. I will remit $5.45 in full payment or return the book to you within one week.

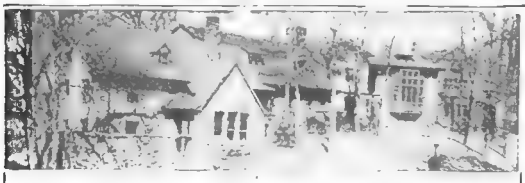
Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Mark X here if you prefer your copy bound in Persian Morocco. Add $1.50 to the price. Same approval privilege.

EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY



EDGEWOOD

A UNIQUE boarding and day school for boys and girls from kindergarten to preparation for college examination. Each child is a special study, and is developed rather than instructed. The stress is laid on teaching pupils rather than subjects—with a remarkably successful record in stimulating the natural potentiality of every child in an exceptionally rich, safe, and inspiring environment.

The Edgewood School is an educational laboratory, based on the conditions of life in good homes, where health, happiness, and freedom are developed while the student is prompted to actively seek instruction rather than passively wait for it to be "pounded into him." Edgewood is fully equipped as a thoroughly modern school, with every facility for the enrichment of a child's mental, physical, and spiritual life along sound lines.

Imagination and initiative are developed through correlation of study and play, in craft shops, pageantry, plays, nature study, music, and folk dancing. The high school offers two courses: one, an excellent preparation for college; the other, for students not wishing to conform to college requirements, gives a chance to specialize in subjects of interest to the individual.

The grounds are twenty acres in extent in the most attractive part of Greenwich, affording unusual opportunity for sports and outdoor life.

Send for the illustrated catalog which fully describes the aims of the school, and gives a list of trustees and references.

Box 400 **GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT**

Short Story Writing

DR. ESENWEIN

A practical forty-lesson course in the writing and marketing of the Short-Story, taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, famous critic and teacher; Editor of The Writer's Monthly.

One pupil has earned over $5,000 writing in his spare time—hundreds are selling constantly to the leading publishers.

150 page catalog free. Please address

The Home Correspondence School

Dept. 49 **Estab. 1897** **Springfield, Mass.**

NEW YORK, Saratoga Springs.

Our Lady of the Star

A select boarding school for girls. Located in a region noted for the salubrity of its climate and its mineral springs. Although a Catholic school, girls from six to fourteen years old of any Christian denomination accepted. A six-year elementary course followed by an intermediate course of two years in which some subjects formerly given in the high school are taught. Rates reasonable.

STAMMERING

If the stammerer can talk with ease when alone, and most of them can, but stammers in the presence of others, it must be that in the presence of others he does something that interferes with Nature in the speech process. If then we know what it is that interferes, and the stammerer be taught how to avoid that, it must be that he is getting rid of the thing that makes him stammer. That's the philosophy of our method of cure. Let us tell you about it. SCHOOL FOR STAMMERERS, Tyler, Texas

School Information FREE

ALL BOYS' or GIRLS' Schools and Camps in U. S

Free Catalogs, ratings and advice. **State your wants**

Write or call at American Schools Association, 1212-G Times Bldg., New York, or 1204-G Stevens Bldg., Chicago

Will Durant's—The Story of

PHILOSOPHY

127th Thousand

At All Bookstores—$5.00

Simon and Schuster, Inc., Publishers, New York

TEACHERS *SEND FOR FREE LESSON PLAN*

Last year the GOLDEN BOOK was used in the classroom by thousands of teachers who have become enthusiasts.

We make special rates for this purpose and supply the teachers with a Monthly Lesson Plan. We should be glad to send a sample copy if you will send in the coupon.

Educational Dept. G B-4-27
The Review of Reviews Corp.
55 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me sample Golden Book Lesson Plan, together with information as to your special rates to Teachers and Students.

Name.....

Address.....

School.....

'He's the most interesting man I know"

His wide knowledge of worth-while things makes im a most welcome addition to any gathering." oth men and women are drawn to him.

'ES, I think he's one of the most interesting men I have ever met."

'Who is he? What does he do?"

'Nothing very exciting! He's just ordinary business man."

'But he certainly doesn't talk like ordinary business man.' He seems be able to talk intelligently about , music, literature, science, drama— ost *any* subject."

'Yes, that's true, and furthermore he ays seems to have a new angle, an resting viewpoint. He evidently a splendid education and the ad- tage of having traveled widely."

* * * *

lut this man they all admire is not reled, not highly educated. He left ol when a boy, was drawn into the ling vortex of business, never had to read, or study—or even *think* profoundly.

s he became more and more success- in business, he became more and dissatisfied with himself. Other around him had something he ed. Other men had polish, poise— it *culture*, if you like—but something gible which he was aware he him- did not possess.

made him uncomfortable. At ers, at social functions—even in ess conferences—he recognized his cap. Began to understand what that handicap was. When others spoke of art, of science, of music, of literature —he was silent. It made him feel stupid. Out of things. Why, he was actually *ashamed* to come into brilliant or cultivated company.

How He Acquired a Cultural Background

But then, overnight almost, his personality changed! People began to notice him, to find him interesting. *Without* a long course of study, *without* wading through ponderous volumes, he acquired a cultural background that enabled him to feel at home even in the most brilliant company.

That's what the Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book is doing for those denied the advantages of higher education—men and women eager to keep their minds alert, their imaginations active. This famous book contains ideas, thoughts, passages, excerpts, poems, epigrams—selected by Elbert Hubbard from the master thinkers of all ages.

Hubbard devoted a whole lifetime to making this Scrap Book for his own inspiration. It represents the best thoughts and ideas of the last 4000 years. Now this wonderful collection of great thoughts is yours for the price of an ordinary best-seller!

Examine It FREE

The Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book is a fine example of Roycroft bookmaking. The type is set Venetian style—a page within a page—printed in two colors on fine tinted book paper. Bound scrapbook style and tied with linen tape.

Examine it at our expense! The coupon entitles you to the special five-day examination—if you act at once. Just send it off today, and the famous Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book will go forward promptly. When it arrives, glance through it. If you aren't inspired, enchanted—simply return it within the 5-day period and the examination will have cost you nothing. Otherwise send only $2.90 plus few cents postage in full payment.

Judge for yourself! Clip and mail this coupon NOW. Wm. H. Wise & Co., Roycroft Distributors, Dept. 134, 50 West 47th Street, New York City.

Wm. H. Wise & Co.
Roycroft Distributors, Dept. 134,
50 West 47th Street, New York City

Please send me for five days' free examination a copy of Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book in the cloth-lined butcher paper binding. Within the five-day period I will either return the Scrap Book without obligation or keep it for my own, sending you only $2.90 (plus few cents postage) in full payment.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ A few copies are available in a de luxe binding of semi-flexible basket-weave buckram for only $1 additional. Please check in the square at the left if you want this de luxe binding, with the same return privilege.

STORIES JOKES EDUCATION AMUSEMENT 5c Per Book!

LITTLE BLUE BOOKS, 15,000 WORDS, PER VOLUME, POCKET SIZE, AT AMAZING BARGAIN PRICE OF 5c EACH

ORDER BY NUMBER

795 Gunga Din, & Other Poems. Kipling
556 Hints on Etiquette
821 How to Improve Your Vocabulary
876 Curiosities of Mathematics
893 500 Riddles
1012 Best Negro Jokes
1013 Best Irish Jokes
673 Tales of Love & Life
1 Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam
166 English As She Is Spoke Mark Twain
491 Beginners' Psychology
1070 How to Fight Nervous Troubles
651 How to Psycho-Analyze Yourself
868 General Hints on Self-Improvement
1003 How to Think Logically Markun
1097 Memory: How to Use and Improve It
815 Familiar Quotations
835 Book of Useful Tables
682 Grammar Self Taught
855 How to Write Letters
639 4,000 Most Essential English Words
697 4,000 Words Often Mispronounced
23 Great Sea Stories
277 Man Without a Country. Hale
698 Tales of Chicago
12 Mystery Tales. Poe
152 Son of the Wolf. Jack London
102 Sherlock Holmes Tales Doyle
819 Strange Murders
942 Detective Stories
1056 N. Y.'s Chinatown
847 Book of Card Games
831 Crossword Puzzles
1023 Popular Recitations
214 Lincoln's Speeches
56 Slang Dictionary
962 Comic Poems
995 How to Teach Yourself to Play the Piano
217 Puzzle of Personality
417 Nature of Dreams
1069 Conquest of Fear
435 100 Best Books
367 How to Improve Your Conversation
1009 Typewriting Self Taught
895 Astronomy Manual
997 Cooking Recipes
1004 How to Save Money
82 Common Faults in Writing English
986 How to Debate
734 Useful Phrases
145 Great Ghost Stories
1025 Casey at the Bat
1119 Follies in Fiction
1092 Simple Beauty Hints
1096 How to Dress
872 Parliamentary Law
749 Camping Woodcraft
685 Interior Decoration
364 How to Argue
681 Spelling Self Taught
78 Public Speaking
192 Book of Synonyms
1064 Simplicity of Radio
1170 Funny Ghost Stories
1038 T. B. Fannie Hurst
1062 Humoresque Hurst
4 Age of Reason
1020 Why I Am an Infidel Luther Burbank
688 Care of Teeth
558 Great Pirates
943 Mystery Stories
944 Adventure Tales
399 Arabian Nights
783 Mandalay, etc. Kipling
1010 Magic Tricks
1103 Book of Puzzles
21 Carmen. Merimee
167 Health Rules
1080 Haunted Houses
382 Lincoln's Humor
1018 Humorous Limericks
1016 Nonsense Poems
1093 Amusing Puns
948 Russian Love Stories
1049 How to Sing
718 Great Women
1160 Masterly Ghost Stories
1158 Mystery Sea Tales
1161 Weird Tales
1230 Radio Stations
1231 Best 1926 Jokes
1146 College Humor
1132 Witchcraft. McCabe
1126 Eating for Health
1124 On the Bum: Tramp Life
1106 Greenwich Village
1074 Commercial Law
1058 N. Y.'s White Lights
1028 Crime Stories

YOUR CHOICE 5c EACH!

GREAT BARGAIN! Any book in the above list for 5c—order as many as you like, remitting 5c each, plus 1c per book for carriage charges or your order will be shipped express collect. Canadian and foreign price 7c per book. Always ORDER BY NUMBER. NEW CATALOGUE, listing 1,200 different books at 5c each, included with all orders or free on request.

HALDEMAN-JULIUS PUBLICATIONS
Dept. S-15 Girard, Kansas

ADVENTURES IN INVESTING

(See page 48)

THE SERVICE BUREAU FOR WRITERS

[*James Knapp Reeve—Agnes M. Reeve, Editors.] offers competent editorial assistance in the criticism, revision, and marketing of manuscripts. Home study for Student Writers. Book Mss. a specialty, correctly typed and prepared for publication. Manuscripts Marketed. Explanatory leaflets. Correspondence Invited.

ALSO TEXT BOOKS FOR WRITERS:

1001 Places to Sell Manuscripts (Reeve)	$2.50
Art of Inventing Characters (Polti)	2.50
The Writer's Book	2.50
Technique of Fiction Writing (Dowst)	1.75
36 Dramatic Situations (Polti)	1.50
Figurative Language (Reibold)	1.50
Plotting the Short Story (Chunn)	1.00
Rhymes & Meters (Winslow)	.75
How to Write a Short Story (Quirk)	.65
The Way Into Print	.50

Twenty other titles. Catalogue.

THE SERVICE BUREAU FOR WRITERS
FRANKLIN, OHIO, U. S. A.
*Founder of the Editor.

Life's Secrets

Amazing book, **"Safe Counsel,"** tells you the things you want to know about sex matters, straight from the shoulder. Gives advice to newl married. Explains anatomy of reproducti organs; impotence, laws of Sex-Life, mistak to avoid, disease, pregnancy, etc. Contai nine startling sections: 1—Science of Eugeni 2—Love, 3—Marriage, 4—Child-birth, 5 Family Life, 6—Sexual Science, 7—Diseas and Disorders, 8—Health and Hygiene, 9 Story of Life.

In all, 104 chapters, 77 illustrations, 5 pages. Over a million copies sold. Will y examine at our risk? Mailed in a plain wrappe

SEND NO MONEY

Write for your copy today. Don't send a ce Pay postman only $1.98, plus postage, on arriv Money refunded if not satisfactory

FRANKLIN ASSOCIATION
Dept. 3505, 186 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Illi

WRITERS

"The students of Palmer Institute certainly receive big value."

Carl Clausen

"THE Palmer courses are the best I know anything about, and the students certainly receive big value fo what they pay," says Carl Clausen, writer for *The Saturday Evening Post* and fifty other magazines. "The fact that not only beginners, but many professiona writers, are numbered among the students speaks wel for the Institute."

Carl Clausen owes his fame to long, lone persistence But if you also have persistence, the Palmer Institut can help your talent to grow enough in a much shorte time to produce stories that also sell to numerou magazines. Palmer training is psychological, thorough It strengthens, enriches your present talent. It build for the kind of stories the magazines want right now Use the coupon for more information.

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP
Palmer Building, Hollywood, Calif. 67-I
CLAYTON HAMILTON - - - *President*
FREDERICK PALMER - *Vice-president*

Please send me, without any obligation, details abou the course I have checked.

☐ Short Story Writing ☐ English and Self-Expressio
☐ Photoplay Writing

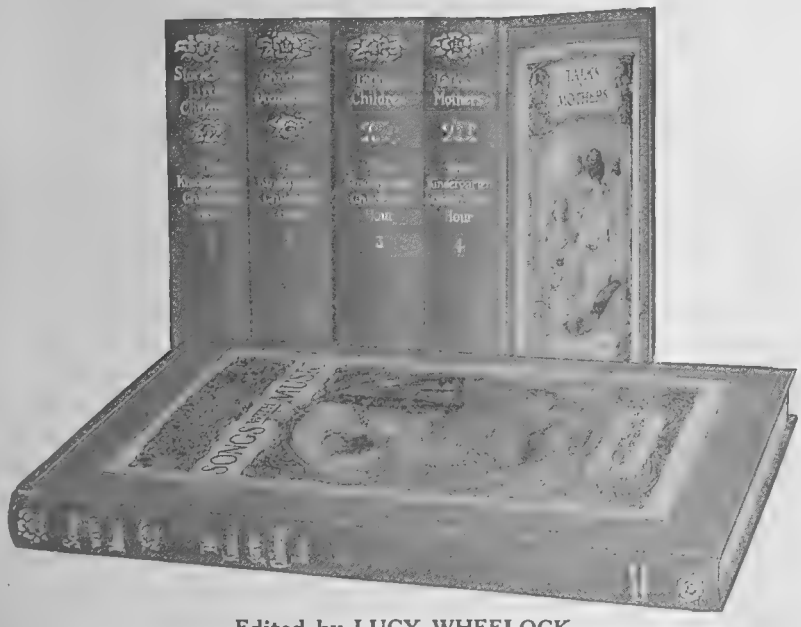
Name _____

Address _____

All correspondence strictly confidential
No salesman will call on you

America's Leading Authorities Endorse

The Kindergarten Children's Hour



Edited by LUCY WHEELOCK

Head of The Wheelock School for Kindergarteners, Boston

The Kindergarten Children's Hour offers a rich library of the most carefully selected material to help mothers in guiding and instructing their children.

A New Idea in Helps for Mothers

IN ONE VOLUME you will find 135 matchless stories especially adapted for very little children—and such stories are the hardest of all stories to find. Another volume is crammed full of just the right suggestions for games and occupations to answer adequately the cry of "What can we do now, mother?" A third volume tells you how to explain, in a way intensely interesting to your children, the everyday things of life that every child wants to know. Still another volume contains wonderfully inspiring and helpful advice by one of the world's leading experts upon child training, telling how best to handle children of every temperament on all occasions. And lastly a volume of 155 songs that children love, together with singing games.

This gives you but a faint idea of the wealth of material in these five volumes.

Simply fill out and mail the coupon below. The postman brings the five volumes to your door. We want you to inspect these books for a week at your leisure, *free*.

Send No Money—Send Coupon NOW!

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, Private Library Dept.
4 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

Please send me the five volumes of *The Kindergarten Children's Hour*. If they are not just what I want, I will return the books within seven days after receiving them, without obligation, or if satisfactory, I will pay $1 within seven days after receipt of the books and $2 a month thereafter for seven months, or $14.25 within seven days after receipt of the books, in full payment.

Name . . . . . Street . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . .

G.B.-4

NEITHER EXCLUSIVE NOR INCLUSIVE

A CERTAIN highly restricted residential park on Cape Cod was advertised in THE QUALITY GROUP, and direct inquiries asked for. When the inquirers were checked up, *seventy-five per cent of them were found in the Blue Books of the large cities.*

Not that we take the Blue Book too seriously. It just happens that among those who qualify for that volume are the best prospects for fine shore property. And people of that kind are QUALITY GROUP readers.

Other advertisers have had occasion to check THE QUALITY GROUP against the Directory of Directors. And they find that the sort of men who become directors are also QUALITY GROUP readers.

Or they may check us against Who's Who—

Or against lists of country club members—

Or women's club officers—

Or statesmen or doctors or investors or faculty members.

People of that kind are QUALITY GROUP readers. Not all of them, of course; and there is not a preponderance of any class in these magazines, because they do not make a limited or special appeal either to the snobbish, the wealthy, or the highbrow. They are neither exclusive nor inclusive. They are rather evenly distributed throughout the upper levels of the American structure. Pierce any of those levels at any time and you will find a fair proportion of QUALITY GROUP readers.

This is an automatic and inevitable result of policies long maintained. If we had yielded to the mania for millions of circulation, it would have been necessary to lower subscription prices or editorial appeals, or both. Declining to do that, we have deliberately chosen to accept a limitation of circulation. And by that choice we naturally flourish most where there are Blue Books and Who's Whos and other compilations of outstanding people.

To the advertiser, therefore, THE QUALITY GROUP offers what it always has offered—the means by which to reach over the heads of the millions and with confident precision knock at the doors of those most hospitable to him. This is not a class distinction in the meaner sense. It is a recognition of that peculiar composite quality which is made up of intelligence, buying power, and social leadership. It is those who have all three who are characteristically QUALITY GROUP readers.

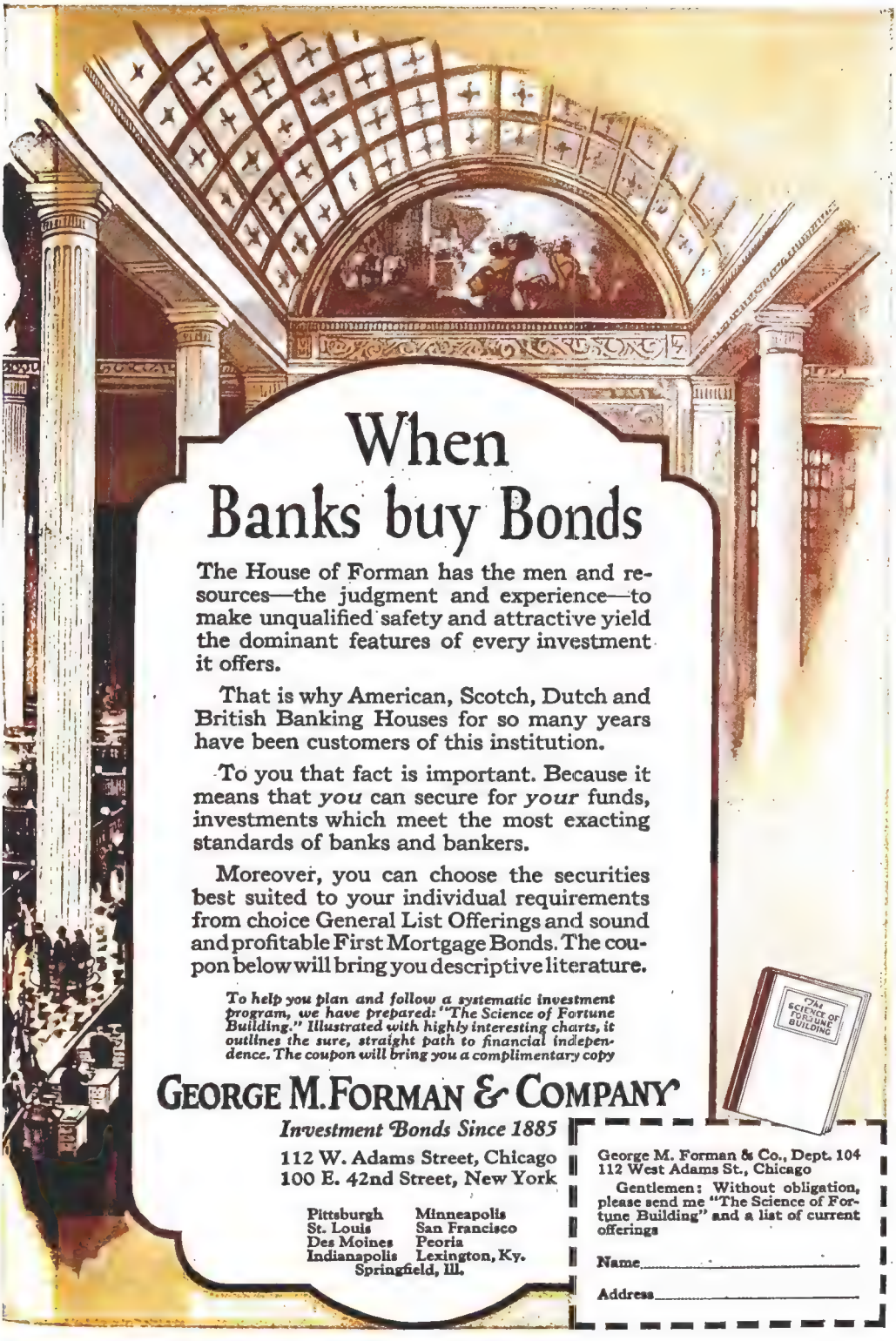
THE QUALITY GROUP

285 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

1058 Park Square Bldg. Boston | **244 La Arcada Santa Barbara** | **30 North Michigan Ave. Chicago**

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE
HARPER'S MAGAZINE
REVIEW OF REVIEWS
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
THE WORLD'S WORK

Over 700,000 Copies Sold Each Month



When Banks buy Bonds

The House of Forman has the men and resources—the judgment and experience—to make unqualified safety and attractive yield the dominant features of every investment it offers.

That is why American, Scotch, Dutch and British Banking Houses for so many years have been customers of this institution.

To you that fact is important. Because it means that *you* can secure for *your* funds, investments which meet the most exacting standards of banks and bankers.

Moreover, you can choose the securities best suited to your individual requirements from choice General List Offerings and sound and profitable First Mortgage Bonds. The coupon below will bring you descriptive literature.

To help you plan and follow a systematic investment program, we have prepared: "The Science of Fortune Building." Illustrated with highly interesting charts, it outlines the sure, straight path to financial independence. The coupon will bring you a complimentary copy

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY

Investment Bonds Since 1885

112 W. Adams Street, Chicago
100 E. 42nd Street, New York

Pittsburgh — Minneapolis
St. Louis — San Francisco
Des Moines — Peoria
Indianapolis — Lexington, Ky.
Springfield, Ill.

George M. Forman & Co., Dept. 104
112 West Adams St., Chicago

Gentlemen: Without obligation, please send me "The Science of Fortune Building" and a list of current offerings

Name_____

Address_____

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

PAINTS VARNISHES

Rely upon "Paint Headquarters"

The Sherwin-Williams dealer's store

There you will find the famous Household Painting Guide. It is a scientific service that enables the Sherwin-Williams dealer to select unerringly the right finish for any surface. Behind this service and the products specified is the famous "Cover The Earth" trade mark—known and respected the world over.

LARGEST IN

WILLIAMS

LACQUERS · ENAMELS

Write! **We will send you a copy of this valuable Household Painting Guide. It will save you money.**

A warm *and* human business

It is sometimes said that Sherwin-Williams grew to greatness principally because likable, understanding, human men have always served as sponsors of this enterprise.

And it is true that unselfish solicitude for the customer's welfare—inbred into this business by its pioneers—has, for sixty years, been winning us warm friendships in every corner of the civilized world.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

THE WORLD

New-Amazing-Sublime

In Bryce Canyon are mammoth amphitheatres of realistic, gorgeously colored sculpture and architecture: queens, princes and potentates, ogres and fairies, ruined Oriental cities, castles and cathedrals of the Middle Ages.

Tremendous colored canyons, colossal buttes, prismatic plains, vast virgin forests, wild horses, countless deer, mysterious cliff dwellings. The most enchanting vacationland is

Zion National Park
Bryce Canyon — Cedar Breaks
Kaibab Forest — Grand Canyon

Easy to reach. Low summer fares. Through Pullmans to Cedar City, Utah, thence 3, 4 or 5-day all-expense motor-bus tours; also escorted tours. Comfortable lodges. Miles of scenic trails for horseback and hiking. A memorable vacation itself or a side trip en route to Yellowstone or the Pacific Coast. Season June 1 to October 1.

The Zion Red Book tells all. Ask for it.

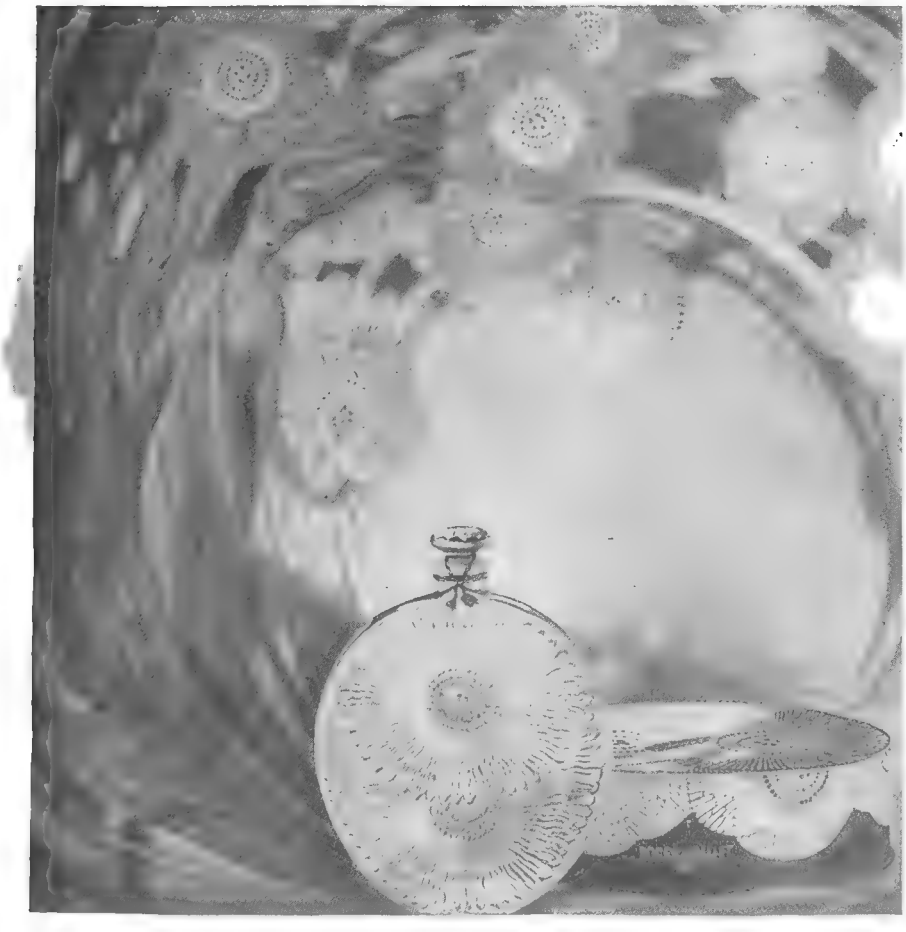
Address nearest representative or General Passenger Agent, Dept. 115, at Omaha, Neb. : Salt Lake City, Utah : Portland, Ore. : Los Angeles, Calif.

UNION PACIFI

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

PAVOTS d'ARGENT

SILVER POPPIES



"The fragrance of your sweetest dream" *says* Paris

ROGER & GALLET

PARIS — NEW YORK

CREATORS OF FLEURS d'AMOUR - Le JADE AND MANY OTHER RARE PERFUMES

Reproduction from a painting made on the estate of Mr. William A. Rockefeller, Greenwich, Connecticut, by Frank Swift Chase

© The D. T. E. Co., Inc., 1

To whom will you entrust your priceless trees?

Davey Tree Service—reliable, proved, safe—can be had only from the Davey Company, whose experts live and work in your vicinity

Your trees are living things. They will usually respond to intelligent, skillfu care, but they can't be patched like a brick wall or treated by careless, un trained hands—if you want to save them.

While occasional trees are nearly perfect, most trees require some care in vary ing degrees. The majority probably need only limited treatment to preven more serious troubles later—like teeth. Some are in advanced states of deca or decline. If a tree is worth saving, it is worth reliable expert service.

Every Davey Tree Expert is Davey trained—is trained before he is allowe to work on your priceless trees. Men who are dishonest or lazy or careless ar eliminated from the Davey organization as quickly as they are found, nearl all of them in the training school. The result is that only the right kind of me are left, and all of them are thoroughly trained by Davey experts who kno Tree Surgery values and the most advanced methods of practice and the fin professional ethics.

These trained, reliable Davey Tree Experts live and work in your vicinity. They are easily ar quickly available to you. No car fare is charged and you pay only for actual working time reasonable rates, plus the necessary materials and the cost of delivering them.

You can afford Davey Tree Expert Service. Eighty-four per cent of Davey clients in 19 paid less than $200.00 each. The total volume of business last year was $2,000,000, but the bu of this was made up of small operations for people of moderate means who appreciate their tre as living things and priceless possessions. Above everything, get reliability. Davey Tree Exper will save your trees without guessing or experiment. Write or wire nearest office.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., Inc., 698 City Bank Bldg., Kent, Oh

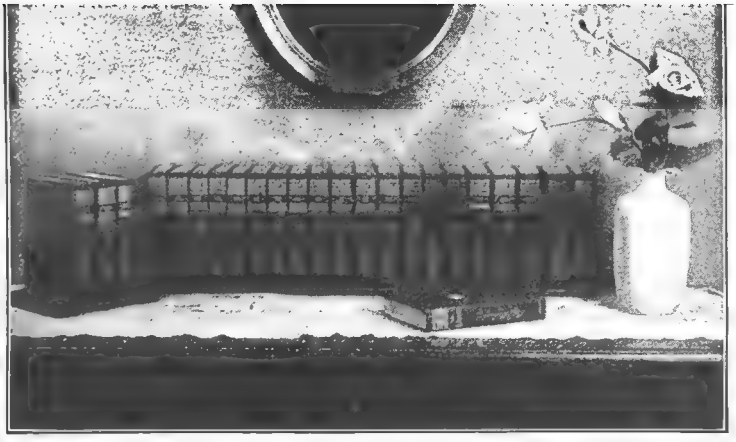
Branch offices with telephones: New York, 501 Fifth Ave., Phone: Murray Hill 1629; Alban City Savings Bank Bldg.; Boston, 705 Statler Bldg.; Pittsfield, Mass., Stevenson Bldg.; Prov dence, R. I., 36 Exchange Pl.; Philadelphia, Land Title Bldg.; Baltimore, American Bldg.; Was ington, Investment Bldg.; Pittsburgh, 331 Fourth Ave.; Buffalo, 110 Franklin St.; Cleveland, Hipp drome Bldg.; Detroit, General Motors Bldg.; Cincinnati, Mercantile Library Bldg.; Louisvil Todd Bldg.; Indianapolis, Fletcher Savings & Trust Bldg.; Chicago, Westminster Bldg.; St. Lou Arcade Bldg.; Kansas City, Scarritt Bldg.; Minneapolis, Andrus Bldg.; Montreal, Insurance E change Bldg.; Toronto, 71 King St., West; Stamford, Conn., Gurley Bldg.; Hartford, Conn., 36 Pearl

Among prominent persons and institutions served by the Davey Tree Surgeons are the following:

AUGUSTUS A. BUSCH
McGILL UNIVERSITY
SAMUEL INSULL
GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
ALFRED P. SLOAN, Jr.
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY
SCIOTO COUNTRY CLUB
HOWARD HEINZ
UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA
CHARLES SCRIBNER, Jr.
BETHLEHEM STEEL CORP.
HON. WILL H. HAYS

JOHN DAVEY
Father of Tree Surgery
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

DAVEY TREE SURGEON



and

CREDITS

Kipling's latest volume has been added to the Outward Bound Edition.

Send for your copy if you haven't received it.

KIPLING COMPLETE WORKS

THE OUTWARD BOUND EDITION

PUBLISHED UNDER THE PERSONAL SUPERVISION OF MR. KIPLING

YOU have seen these volumes—they have the white elephant medallion on the front cover. They are found in discriminating homes everywhere. If you haven't a set, you have always wanted one in your own library. Now you may secure this splendid edition at a surprisingly low price and on terms that will fit in conveniently with your financial schedule. Nothing could be finer than to have this edition as your very own. Let us explain our plan.

Send the coupon below—it obligates you in no way

One set at a time or all at one time—you should own these books

☐ Barrie
☐ Davis
☐ Dickens
☐ Dumas
☐ Field
☐ Gaboriau
☐ Galsworthy
☐ Ibsen
☐ James
☐ Kipling
☐ Meredith
☐ Mitchell

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
597 Fifth Avenue, New York

Send, **without obligation on my part, information concerning the *Outward Bound Edition of the works of Rudyard Kipling,* and your subscription plan and details about the library sets which I have checked.**

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

GB.4-27

☐ Page
☐ Parker
☐ Poe
☐ Roosevelt
☐ Shakespea
☐ Smith
☐ Stevenson
☐ Thackera
☐ Tolstoï
☐ Turgénie
☐ Van Dyke
☐ Wells, H.

The tempo of Youth

"—a moment of strength, of glamour, of romance — of youth. A flick of sunshine upon a strange shore . . ."

WE bring you every month a bit of this . . . young laughter . . . young loves . . . young hopes . . . the fleeting magic of life's springtime . . .

We have caught the infectious tempo of Youth . . . from Youth itself.

Twelve times a year *every* college humorous magazine in America gives you its best in our pages.

. . . the fast stuff, the wisecracks, the inimitable satire and burlesque of our young moderns.

Your favorite authors write for you of people who are charmingly, sometimes a little tragically, always genuinely youthful.

. . . life as Nineteen sees it and lives it—truly drawn, we know, because we are Youth's best-liked and most-read magazine.

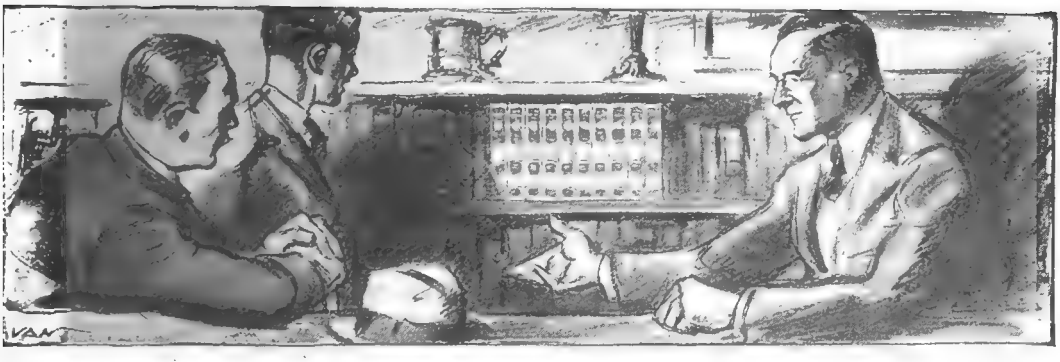
You will find College Humor refreshing, we are sure; a little more than merely entertaining; a bit heartening, perhaps, as contact with the *élan vital* of Youth is always so . . .

George Jean Nathan begins his New American Credo in our April issue. With him are O. O. McIntyre, Cyril Hume, Abe Martin, Corey Ford, Katharine Brush, May Edginton, and others. Any newsstand can supply you—now.

College Humor

ON ALL NEWSSTANDS

Please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE to our advertisers.



"By all means, own The World Book"

Nathaniel Butler, Dean, University of Chicago, says: "The World Book is the best and most practical family encyclopedia of which I have any knowledge. For the man of affairs, and for a household with boys and girls growing up, I do not know of a set of books I should recommend in its stead."

Charles McKenny, President, Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti, Michigan: "The World Book is one of the best reference books for both young and old that could be put in any home."

E. George Payne, Professor of Education, New York University: "So far as my experience goes The World Book is the most valuable reference work on the market for the school library, for the teacher and for the pupil of the elementary and secondary schools."

Here in ten convenient, beautifully bound volumes is all vital world-knowledge, of all yesterday and today, made simple, entertaining, rich with story and picture, rich with human interest and a broad world viewpoint . . . timely and down to date. The World Book is the only reference work of its kind that has the unqualified approval of the highest educational authorities. Compiled only a few years ago—it is already in almost every school library of any size in the United States . . . from one to 100 sets in practically every city library. Approved by State Boards of Education . . . judged "best of its type" by the American Library Association, America's supreme court on books.

Compare any World Book article with a similar article in any general reference work or encyclopedia. You find it more animated, easily understood, more to the point—giving you a survey of a subject in few minutes. Yet it invites browsing—invites looking up related subjects listed at the end of each article. It is the children's own reference book. The encyclopedia for your own culture.

Your city librarian, the superintendent of your schools, the teacher of your boy or girl, know The World Book, use it. The World Book is sold exclusively through just such professional men and women. The coupon brings complete information.

W. F. QUARRIE & Co., *Publishers,* Chicago
Roach-Fowler Company, Kansas City, Mo.

The WORLD BOOK
[10 VOLUMES]

The humanized reference work for the whole family

W. F. QUARRIE & CO.
Dept. 6-D, 154 East Erie Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me, without cost or obligation, full information of The World Book.

Name _____

Address _____

An Easter Gift that speaks of spring

Whitman's SALMAGUNDI CHOCOLATES

A generous gesture of hospitality—an open box of Salmagundi.

A thoughtful attention and a charming compliment—Salmagundi Chocolates carried with one and presented in calling.

A message that speaks louder than words—Salmagundi through the post.

Second only to the Sampler as the most favored package of candy in all the world. Chocolates of choice quality and careful assortment packed in an artistic metal box.

The Whitman agency near you will be glad to mail Salmagundi, in one pound or two pound sizes, to your friends at a distance, with an Easter greeting band added for the occasion.

NOTES ON AMERICA

By SYDNEY SMITH (1820)

SUCH is the land of Jonathan—and thus has it been governed. In his honest endeavours to better his situation, and in his manly purpose of resisting injury and insult, we most cordially sympathize. We hope he will always continue to watch and suspect his government as he now does—remembering that it is the constant tendency of those intrusted with power to conceive that they enjoy it by their own merits, and for their own use, and not by delegation and for the benefit of others.

Thus far we are the friends and admirers of Jonathan. But he must not grow vain and ambitious; or allow himself to be dazzled by the galaxy of epithets by which his orators and newspaper scribblers endeavour to persuade their supporters that they are the greatest, the most refined, the most enlightened, and the most moral people upon earth. The effect of this is unspeakably ludicrous on this side of the Atlantic; and even on the other, we should imagine, must be rather humiliating to the reasonable part of the population.

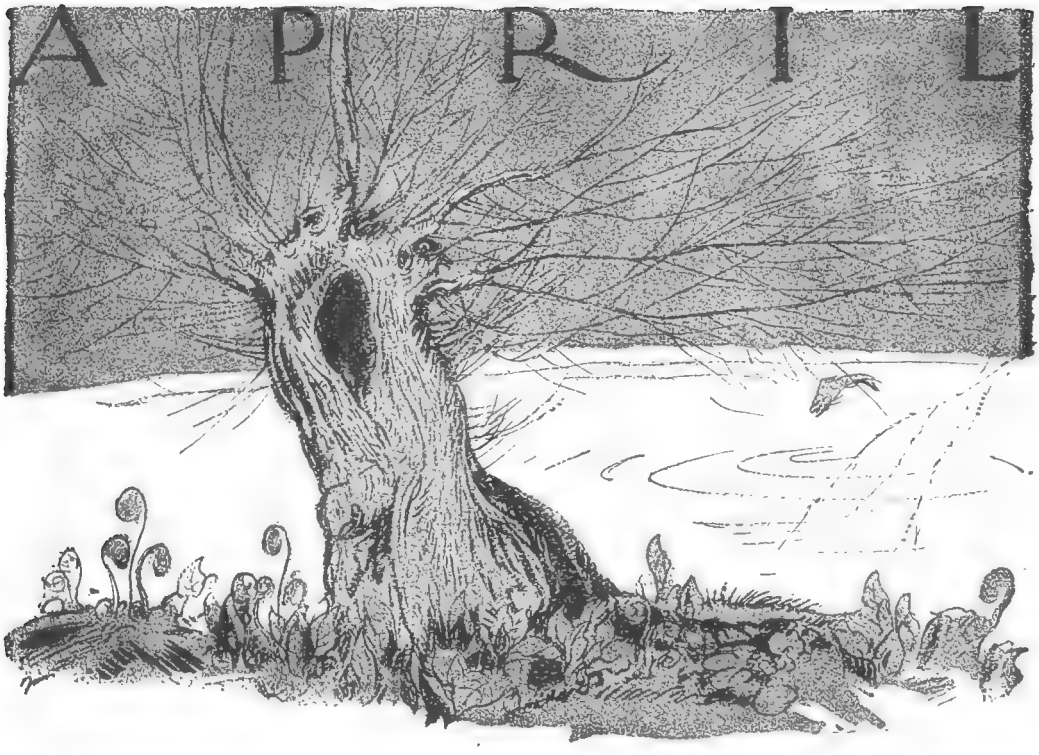
The Americans are a brave, industrious, and acute people; but they have hitherto given no indications of genius, and made no approaches to the heroic, either in their morality or character. They are but a recent offset indeed from England; and should make it their chief boast, for many generations to come, that they are sprung from the same race with Bacon and Shakespeare and Newton. Considering their numbers, indeed, and the favourable circumstances in which they have been placed, they have yet done marvelously little to assert the honour of such a descent, or to show that their English blood has been exalted or refined by their republican training and institutions. Their Franklins and Washingtons, and all the other sages and heroes of their revolution, were born and bred subjects of the King of England—and not among the freest or most valued of his subjects. And since the period of their separation, a far greater proportion of their statesmen and artists and political writers have been foreigners than ever occurred before in the history of any civilized and educated people.

During the thirty or forty years of their independence, they have done absolutely nothing for the sciences, for the arts, for literature, or even for the statesmanlike studies of politics or political economy.

Confining ourselves to our own country, and to the period that has elapsed since they had an independent existence, we would ask, where are their Foxes, their Burkes, their Sheridans, their Windhams, their Horners, their Wilberforces?—where their Arkwrights, their Watts, their Davys? . . . their Siddonses, Kembles, Keans, or O'Neils?—their Wilkies, Lawrences, Chantrys?—or their parallels to the hundred other names that have spread themselves over the world from our little island in the course of the last thirty years, and blest or delighted mankind by their works, inventions, or examples? In so far as we know, there is no such parallel to be produced from the whole annals of this self-adulating race.

In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book, or goes to an American play, or looks at an American picture or statue? What does the world yet owe to American physicians or surgeons? What new substances have their chemists discovered, or what old ones have they analyzed? What new constellations have been discovered by the telescopes of Americans? What have they done in the mathematics? Who drinks out of American glasses, or eats from American plates, or wears American coats or gowns, or sleeps in American blankets? Finally, under which of the old tyrannical governments of Europe is every sixth man a slave, whom his fellow-creatures may buy and sell and torture?

When these questions are fairly and favourably answered, their laudatory epithets may be allowed; but till that can be done, we would seriously advise them to keep clear of superlatives.



The Clock

By CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Translated by Joseph T. Shipley

THE Chinese tell the time in the eyes of cats. One day a missionary, walking in the suburbs of Nanking, noticed that he had forgotten his watch, and asked a little boy what time it was.

The youngster of the Heavenly Empire hesitated at first; then, carried away by his thought, he answered: "I'll tell you." A few moments later he reappeared, bearing in his arms an immense cat; and looking, as they say, into the whites of its eyes, he announced without hesitation: "It's not quite noon." Which was the fact.

As for me, if I turn toward the fair feline, to her so aptly named, who is at once the honour of her sex, the pride of my heart and the fragrance of my mind, be it by night or by day, in the full light or in the opaque shadows, in the depths of her adorable eyes I always tell the time distinctly, always the same, a vast, a solemn hour, large as space, without division of minutes or of seconds,—an immovable hour which is not marked on the clocks, yet is slight as a sigh, is rapid as the lifting of a lash.

And if some intruder comes to disturb me while my glance rests upon that charming dial, if some rude and intolerant genie, some demon of the evil hour, comes to ask: "What are you looking at so carefully? What are you hunting for in the eyes of that being? Do you see the time there, mortal squanderer and do-nothing?" I shall answer, unhesitant: "Yes, I see the time, it is Eternity!"

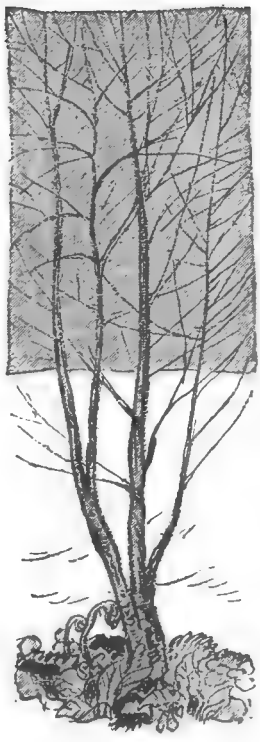
Is not this, madame, a really worth-while madrigal, just as affected as yourself? Indeed, I have had so much pleasure in embroidering this pretentious gallantry, that I shall ask you for nothing in exchange.

1 Merry is the April season
When impulse will not wait for reason.
LIBAEUS DESCONIUS.

2 No, I don't like dogs: I always expect them to go mad. A lady asked me once for a motto for her dog, Spot. I proposed, "Out, damned Spot!" but she did not think it sentimental enough. SYDNEY SMITH.

3 A Wife is to thank God that her husband has faults. A husband without faults is a dangerous observer.
The Whole Duty of a Woman (1737).

4 Ah, take the season and have done,
Love well the hour and let it go. SWINBURNE.



9 A people must be very rich before it can afford the luxury of democratic government.
ANATOLE FRANCE (LEGOFF).

10 He felt the benign, tonic medicament of the trained nurse, Spring, tripping softly around the wards of the convalescent city. O. HENRY.

11 "Supplementary to an Act to amend an Act making it penal to alter the mark of an unmarked dog."
A Virginia Legal Enactment.

12 It is only in the passion of facing the naked beauty of the world and its naked truth that we can win intrinsic purity.
HAVELOCK ELLIS.

5 "Never cross-examine a woman. . . They cannot disintegrate the story they have once told; they cannot eliminate the part that is for you from that which is against you. They can neither combine nor shade nor qualify. They go for the whole thing, and the minute you begin to cross-examine one of them, instead of being bitten by a single rattlesnake you are bitten by a whole barrelful."
RUFUS CHOATE (SPRAGUE).

6 I look on solemnity as a disease; I had rather a thousand times be feeble and feverish—than think lugubriously.
VOLTAIRE.

7 Newport unites the advantages of a low price for all the necessaries of life, with that of not offering any means, nor holding out any temptation, for expenses foreign to the necessities of existence.
LA ROCHEFOUCAULD-LIANCOURT (1798)

8 A dull friend offers a great relief. It is like taking the cat in your lap after holding a squirrel. HOLMES.

13 April for me I choose,
Because it storms and scourges,
Because it smiles and blesses,
Because its power purges,
Because its strength possesses,—
In it the summer grows. . BJÖRNSON.

14 Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be,—since you cannot make yourself as you wish to be. THOMAS À KEMPIS.

15 "Some creatures require a deal of food (I myself among the number), and some can do with a very little; making, no doubt, the best of it. And I have often noticed, that the plumpest and most perfect women never eat so hard, and fast, as the skinny and three-cornered ones. These last be often ashamed of it, and eat most when the men be absent." BLACKMORE.

16 The morning wind forever blows, the poem of creation is uninterrupted; but few are the ears that hear. Olympus is but the outside of the earth everywhere. THOREAU.

17 Life is not made for happiness, but for achievement. WILL DURANT.

18 If I pluck thee, my hand will defile thee, O flower!
Standing in the meadow as thou art, I offer thee to the Buddhas of the past, of the present, of the future.
EMPRESS KOMITO of Japan (8th Century).

19 The efforts of modern times aim to set up the ideal of the "free man." If one could find it, there would be a new religion, because a new ideal; there would be a new longing, a new torment, a new devotion, a new deity, a new contrition.
MAX STIRNER.

20 The dog who walks finds a bone.
GIPSY PROVERB.

21 There's a kind of man who succumbs to the appeal of women he doesn't love. He's exalted by the sense of his own generosity. JOHN ERSKINE.

22 Most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us . . . and gives us flowers and showers, and stomachs and meat, and content and leisure to go a-fishing. IZAAK WALTON.

23 Men have thought it attractive in women to be full of irrational terrors because it gave them a chance to seem protective without incurring any real danger.
BERTRAND RUSSELL.

24 Dawn after dawn the last doth nearer bring;
Ah! what avails the shy return of spring?
Then fill the wine-cup of today and let
Night and the roses fall, while we forget.
WANG WEI (8th Century).

25 Women always pause, expecting something complimentary, when they have been mentioning their age.
TOLSTOY.

26 There is hardly any situation so interesting to reflect upon as a man without a penny in his pocket, and a gizzard full of pride. MEREDITH.

27 The dryest hearts are most inflammable. DAUDET.

28 Communication between God and man must always be either above words or below them.
SAMUEL BUTLER.

29 Death must come at last; Man must die, as Shallow says; but before that is my fate I fain would try what more pleasures than you have given, so sweet a creature as you can give.
KEATS (To Fanny Brawne).

30 But, Lord! what a stir Stankes makes with his being crowded in the streets, and wearied in walking in London, and would not be wooed by my wife and Ashwell to go to a play, nor to White Hall, or to see the lyons, though he was carried in a coach. I never could have thought there had been on earth a man so little curious in the world as he is.
PEPYS.

ON SEEING THE PORTRAIT OF A BEAUTIFUL CONCUBINE

Fine rain,
Spring mud
Slippery as bean curds.
In a rose-red flash, she approaches—
Beautiful, sparkling like wine;
Tottering as though overcome with wine.

Her little feet slip on the sliding path;
Who will support her?
Clearly it is her picture
We see here,
In a rose-red silken dress,
Her hair plaited like the folds
Of the hundred clouds.
It is Manshu.
CH'EN HUNG-SHOU (LOWELL).
19th Century.

The Golden Book Magazine

VOLUME V APRIL, 1927 NUMBER 28

The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky

By STEPHEN CRANE

THE great Pullman was whirling onward with such dignity of motion that a glance from the window seemed simply to prove that the plains of Texas were pouring eastward. Vast flats of green grass, dull-hued spaces of mesquit and cactus, little groups of frame houses, woods of light and tender trees, all were sweeping into the east, sweeping over the horizon, a precipice.

A newly married pair had boarded this coach at San Antonio. The man's face was reddened from many days in the wind and sun, and a direct result of his new black clothes was that his brick-coloured hands were constantly performing in a most conscious fashion. From time to time he looked down respectfully at his attire. He sat with a hand on each knee, like a man waiting in a barber's shop. The glances he devoted to other passengers were furtive and shy.

The bride was not pretty, nor was she very young. She wore a dress of blue cashmere, with small reservations of velvet here and there, and with steel buttons abounding. She continually twisted her head to regard her puff sleeves, very stiff, straight, and high. They embarrassed her. It was quite apparent that she had cooked, and that she expected to cook, dutifully. The blushes caused by the careless scrutiny of some passengers as she had entered the car were strange to see upon this plain, underclass countenance, which was drawn in placid, almost emotionless lines.

They were evidently very happy. "Ever been in a parlour-car before?" he asked, smiling with delight.

"No," she answered; "I never was. It's fine, ain't it?"

"Great! And then after a while we'll go forward to the diner, and get a big lay-out. Finest meal in the world. Charge a dollar."

"Oh, do they?" cried the bride. "Charge a dollar? Why, that's too much—for us—ain't it, Jack?"

"Not this trip, anyhow," he answered

Copyrighted, 1927, by THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS CORPORATION

bravely. "We're going to go the whole thing."

Later he explained to her about the trains. "You see, it's a thousand miles from one end of Texas to the other; and this train runs right across it, and never stops but four times." He had the pride of an owner. He pointed out to her the dazzling fittings of the coach; and in truth her eyes opened wider as she contemplated the sea-green figured velvet, the shining brass, silver, and glass, the wood that gleamed as darkly brilliant as the surface of a pool of oil. At one end a bronze figure sturdily held a support for a separated chamber, and at convenient places on the ceiling were frescoes in olive and silver.

To the minds of the pair, their surroundings reflected the glory of their marriage that morning in San Antonio; this was the environment of their new estate; and the man's face in particular beamed with an elation that made him appear ridiculous to the negro porter. This individual at times surveyed them from afar with an amused and superior grin. On other occasions he bullied them with a skill in ways that did not make it exactly plain to them that they were being bullied. He subtly used all the manners of the most unconquerable kind of snobbery. He oppressed them; but of this oppression they had small knowledge, and they speedily forgot that infrequently a number of travellers covered them with stares of derisive enjoyment. Historically there was supposed to be something infinitely humorous in their situation.

"We are due at Yellow Sky at 3:42," he said, looking tenderly into her eyes.

"Oh, are we?" she said, as if she had not been aware of it. To evince surprise at her husband's statement was part of her wifely amiability. She took from her pocket a little silver watch; and as she held it before her, and stared at it with a frown of attention, the new husband's face shone.

"I bought it in San Anton' from a friend of mine," he told her gleefully.

"It's seventeen minutes past twelve," she said, looking up at him with a kind of shy and clumsy coquetry. A passenger, noting this play, grew excessively sardonic, and winked at himself in one of the numerous mirrors.

At last they went to the dining-car. Two rows of negro waiters, in glowing white suits, surveyed their entrance with the interest, and also the equanimity, of men who had been forewarned. The pair fell to the lot of a waiter who happened to feel pleasure in steering them through their meal. He viewed them with the manner of a fatherly pilot, his countenance radiant with benevolence. The patronage, entwined with the ordinary deference, was not plain to them. And yet, as they returned to their coach, they showed in their faces a sense of escape.

To the left, miles down a long purple slope, was a little ribbon of mist where moved the keening Rio Grande. The train was approaching it at an angle, and the apex was Yellow Sky. Presently it was apparent that, as the distance from Yellow Sky grew shorter, the husband became commensurately restless. His brick-red hands were more insistent in their prominence. Occasionally he was even rather absent-minded and far-away when the bride leaned forward and addressed him.

As a matter of truth, Jack Potter was beginning to find the shadow of a deed weigh upon him like a leaden slab. He, the town marshal of Yellow Sky, a man known, liked, and feared in his corner, a prominent person, had gone to San Antonio to meet a girl he believed he loved, and there, after the usual prayers, had actually induced her to marry him, without consulting Yellow Sky for any part of the transaction. He was now bringing his bride before an innocent and unsuspecting community.

Of course people in Yellow Sky married as it pleased them, in accordance with a general custom; but such was Potter's thought of duty to his friends, or of their idea of his duty, or of an unspoken form which does not control men in these matters, that he felt he was heinous. He had committed an extraordinary crime. Face to face with this girl in San Antonio, and spurred by his sharp impulse, he had gone headlong over all the social hedges. At San Antonio he was like a man hidden in the dark. A knife to sever any friendly duty, any form, was easy to his hand in that remote city. But the hour of Yellow Sky—the hour of daylight—was approaching.

He knew full well that his marriage was an important thing to his town. It could only be exceeded by the burning of the new hotel. His friends could not forgive him. Frequently he had reflected on the advisability of telling them by telegraph, but a new cowardice was upon him. He feared to do it. And now the train was hurrying him toward a scene of amazement, glee, and reproach. He glanced out of the window at the line of haze swinging slowly in toward the train.

Yellow Sky had a kind of brass band, which played painfully, to the delight of

the populace. He laughed without heart as he thought of it. If the citizens could dream of his prospective arrival with his bride, they would parade the band at the station and escort them, amid cheers and laughing congratulations, to his adobe home.

He resolved that he would use all the devices of speed and plainscraft in making the journey from the station to his house. Once within that safe citadel, he could issue some sort of vocal bulletin, and then not go among the citizens until they had time to wear off a little of their enthusiasm.

The bride looked anxiously at him. "What's worrying you, Jack?"

He laughed again. "I'm not worrying, girl; I'm only thinking of Yellow Sky."

She flushed in comprehension.

A sense of mutual guilt invaded their minds and developed a finer tenderness. They looked at each other with eyes softly aglow. But Potter often laughed the same nervous laugh; the flush upon the bride's face seemed quite permanent.

The traitor to the feelings of Yellow Sky narrowly watched the speeding landscape. "We're nearly there," he said.

Presently the porter came and announced the proximity of Potter's home. He held a brush in his hand, and, with all his airy superiority gone, he brushed Potter's new clothes as the latter slowly turned this way and that way. Potter fumbled out a coin and gave it to the porter, as he had seen others do. It was a heavy and muscle-bound business, as that of a man shoeing his first horse.

The porter took their bag, and as the train began to slow they moved forward to the hooded platform of the car. Presently the two engines and their long string of coaches rushed into the station of Yellow Sky.

"They have to take water here," said Potter, from a constricted throat and in mournful cadence, as one announcing death. Before the train stopped his eye had swept the length of the platform, and he was glad and astonished to see there was none upon it but the station-agent, who, with a slightly hurried and anxious air, was walking toward the water-tanks. When the train had halted, the porter alighted first, and placed in position a little temporary step.

"Come on, girl," said Potter, hoarsely. As he helped her down they each laughed on a false note. He took the bag from the negro, and bade his wife cling to his arm. As they slunk rapidly away, his hang-dog glance perceived that they were unloading the two trunks, and also that the station-agent, far ahead near the baggage-car, had turned and was running toward him, making gestures. He laughed, and groaned as he laughed, when he noted the first effect of his marital bliss upon Yellow Sky. He gripped his wife's arm firmly to his side, and they fled. Behind them the porter stood, chuckling fatuously.

II

THE California Express on the Southern Railway was due at Yellow Sky in twenty-one minutes. There were six men at the bar of the Weary Gentleman Saloon. One was a drummer who talked a great deal and rapidly; three were Texans who did not care to talk at that time; and two were Mexican sheep-herders, who did not talk as a general practice in the Weary Gentleman Saloon. The barkeeper's dog lay on the board walk that crossed in front of the door. His head was on his paws, and he glanced drowsily here and there with the constant vigilance of a dog that is kicked on occasion. Across the sandy streets were some vivid green grass-plots, so wonderful in appearance, amid the sands that burned near them in a blazing sun, that they caused a doubt in the mind. They exactly resembled the grass mats used to represent lawns on the stage. At the cooler end of the railway station, a man without a coat sat in a tilted chair and smoked his pipe. The fresh-cut bank of the Rio Grande circled near the town, and there could be seen beyond it a great plum-coloured plain of mesquit.

Save for the busy drummer and his companions in the saloon, Yellow Sky was dozing. The new-comer leaned gracefully upon the bar, and recited many tales with the confidence of a bard who has come upon a new field.

—"And at the moment that the old man fell downstairs with the bureau in his arms, the old woman was coming up with two scuttles of coal, and of course——"

The drummer's tale was interrupted by a young man who suddenly appeared in the open door. He cried: "Scratchy Wilson's drunk, and has turned loose with both hands." The two Mexicans at once set down their glasses and faded out of the rear entrance of the saloon.

The drummer, innocent and jocular, answered: "All right, old man. S'pose he has? Come in and have a drink, anyhow."

But the information had made such an obvious cleft in every skull in the room that

the drummer was obliged to see its importance. All had become instantly solemn. "Say," said he, mystified, "what is this?" His three companions made the introductory gesture of eloquent speech; but the young man at the door forestalled them.

"It means, my friend," he answered, as he came into the saloon, "that for the next two hours this town won't be a health resort."

The barkeeper went to the door, and locked and barred it; reaching out of the window, he pulled in heavy wooden shutters, and barred them. Immediately a solemn, chapel-like gloom was upon the place. The drummer was looking from one to the other.

"But say," he cried, "what is this, anyhow? You don't mean there is going to be a gun-fight?"

"Don't know whether there'll be a fight or not," answered one man, grimly; "but there'll be some shootin'—some good shootin'."

The young man who had warned them waved his hand. "Oh, there'll be a fight fast enough, if any one wants it. Anybody can get a fight out there in the street. There's a fight just waiting."

The drummer seemed to be swayed between the interest of a foreigner and a perception of personal danger.

"What did you say his name was?" he asked.

"Scratchy Wilson," they answered in chorus.

"And will he kill anybody? What are you going to do? Does this happen often? Does he rampage around like this once a week or so? Can he break in that door?"

"No; he can't break down that door," replied the barkeeper. "He's tried it three times. But when he comes you'd better lay down on the floor, stranger. He's dead sure to shoot at it, and a bullet may come through."

Thereafter the drummer kept a strict eye upon the door. The time had not yet been called for him to hug the floor, but, as a minor precaution, he sidled near to the wall. "Will he kill anybody?" he said again.

The man laughed low and scornfully at the question.

"He's out to shoot, and he's out for trouble. Don't see any good in experimentin' with him."

"But what do you do in a case like this? What do you do?"

A man responded: "Why, he and Jack Potter——"

"But," in chorus the other men interrupted, "Jack Potter's in San Anton'."

"Well, who is he? What's he got to do with it?"

"Oh, he's the town marshal. He goes out and fights Scratchy when he gets on one of these tears."

"Wow!" said the drummer, mopping his brow. "Nice job he's got."

The voices had toned away to mere whisperings. The drummer wished to ask further questions, which were born of an increasing anxiety and bewilderment; but when he attempted them, the men merely looked at him in irritation and motioned him to remain silent. A tense waiting hush was upon them. In the deep shadows of the room their eyes shone as they listened for sounds from the street. One man made three gestures at the barkeeper; and the latter, moving like a ghost, handed him a glass and a bottle. The man poured a full glass of whisky, and set down the bottle noiselessly. He gulped the whisky in a swallow, and turned again toward the door in immovable silence. The drummer saw that the barkeeper, without a sound, had taken a Winchester from beneath the bar. Later he saw this individual beckoning to him, so he tiptoed across the room.

"You better come with me back of the bar."

"No, thanks," said the drummer, perspiring; "I'd rather be where I can make a break for the back door."

Whereupon the man of bottles made a kindly but peremptory gesture. The drummer obeyed it, and finding himself seated on a box with his head below the level of the bar, balm was laid upon his soul at sight of various zinc and copper fittings that bore a resemblance to armour plate. The barkeeper took a seat comfortably upon an adjacent box.

"You see," he whispered, "this here Scratchy Wilson is a wonder with a gun—a perfect wonder; and when he goes on the war-trail, we hunt our holes—naturally. He's about the last one of the old gang that used to hang out along the river here. He's a terror when he's drunk. When he's sober he's all right—kind of simple—wouldn't hurt a fly—nicest fellow in town. But when he's drunk—whoo!"

There were periods of stillness. "I wish Jack Potter was back from San Anton'," said the barkeeper. "He shot Wilson up once—in the leg—and he would sail in and pull out the kinks in this thing."

Presently they heard from the distance

the sound of a shot, followed by three wild yowls. It instantly removed a bond from the men in the darkened saloon. There was a shuffling of feet. They looked at each other. "Here he comes," they said.

III

A MAN in a maroon-coloured flannel shirt, which had been purchased for purposes of decoration, and made principally by some Jewish women on the East Side of New York, rounded a corner and walked into the middle of the main street of Yellow Sky. In either hand the man held a long, heavy, blue-black revolver. Often he yelled, and these cries rang through a semblance of a deserted village, shrilly flying over the roofs in a volume that seemed to have no relation to the ordinary vocal strength of the man. It was as if the surrounding stillness formed the arch of a tomb over him. These cries of ferocious challenge rang against the walls of silence. And his boots had red tops with gilded imprints, of the kind beloved in winter by little sledding boys on the hillsides of New England.

The man's face flamed in a rage begot of whisky. His eyes, rolling, and yet keen for ambush, hunted the still doorways and windows. He walked with the creeping movement of the midnight cat. As it occurred to him, he roared menacing information. The long revolvers in his hands were as easy as straws. The little finger of each hand played sometimes in a musician's way. Plain from the low collar of the shirt, the cords of his neck straightened and sank, straightened and sank, as passion moved him. The only sounds were his terrible invitations. The calm adobes preserved their demeanour at the passing of this small thing in the middle of the street.

There was no offer of fight—no offer of fight. The man called to the sky. There were no attractions. He bellowed and fumed and swayed his revolvers here and everywhere.

The dog of the barkeeper of the Weary Gentleman Saloon had not appreciated the advance of events. He yet lay dozing in front of his master's door. At sight of the dog, the man paused and raised his revolver humorously. At sight of the man, the dog sprang up and walked diagonally away, with a sullen head, and growling. The man yelled, and the dog broke into a gallop. As it was about to enter an alley, there was a loud noise, a whistling, and something spat the ground directly before it. The dog screamed, and wheeling in terror, galloped headlong in a new direction. Again there was a noise, a whistling, and sand was kicked viciously before it. Fear-stricken, the dog turned and flurried like an animal in a pen. The man stood laughing, his weapons at his hips.

Ultimately the man was attracted by the closed door of the Weary Gentleman Saloon. He went to it and, hammering with a revolver, demanded drink.

The door remaining imperturbable, he picked a bit of paper from the walk, and nailed it to the framework with a knife. He then turned his back contemptuously upon this popular resort and, walking to the opposite side of the street and spinning there on his heel quickly and lithely, fired at the bit of paper. He missed it by a half-inch. He swore at himself, and went away. Later he comfortably fusilladed the windows of his most intimate friend. The man was playing with this town; it was a toy for him.

But still there was no offer of fight. The name of Jack Potter, his ancient antagonist, entered his mind, and he concluded that it would be a glad thing if he should go to Potter's house, and by bombardment induce him to come out and fight. He moved in the direction of his desire, chanting Apache scalp-music.

When he arrived at it, Potter's house presented the same still front as had the other adobes. Taking up a strategic position, the man howled a challenge. But this house regarded him as might a great stone god. It gave no sign. After a decent wait, the man howled further challenges, mingling with them wonderful epithets.

Presently there came the spectacle of a man churning himself into deepest rage over the immobility of a house. He fumed at it as the winter wind attacks a prairie cabin in the North. To the distance there should have gone the sound of a tumult like the fighting of two hundred Mexicans. As necessity bade him, he paused for breath or to reload his revolvers.

IV

POTTER and his bride walked sheepishly and with speed. Sometimes they laughed together shamefacedly and low.

"Next corner, dear," he said finally.

They put forth the efforts of a pair walking bowed against a strong wind. Potter was about to raise a finger to point the first appearance of the new home when, as they circled the corner, they came face to face

with a man in a maroon-coloured shirt, who was feverishly pushing cartridges into a large revolver. Upon the instant the man dropped his revolver to the ground and, like lightning, whipped another from its holster. The second weapon was aimed at the bridegroom's chest.

There was a silence. Potter's mouth seemed to be merely a grave for his tongue. He exhibited an instinct to at once loosen his arm from the woman's grip, and he dropped the bag to the sand. As for the bride, her face had gone as yellow as old cloth. She was a slave to hideous rites, gazing at the apparitional snake.

The two men faced each other at a distance of three paces. He of the revolver smiled with a new and quiet ferocity.

"Tried to sneak up on me," he said. "Tried to sneak up on me!" His eyes grew more baleful. As Potter made a slight movement, the man thrust his revolver venomously forward. "No; don't you do it, Jack Potter. Don't you move a finger toward a gun just yet. Don't you move an eyelash. The time has come for me to settle with you, and I'm going to do it in my own way, and loaf along with no interferin'. So if you don't want a gun bent on you, just mind what I tell you."

Potter looked at his enemy. "I ain't got a gun on me, Scratchy," he said. "Honest, I ain't." He was stiffening and steadying, but yet somewhere at the back of his mind a vision of the Pullman floated: the sea-green figured velvet, the shining brass, silver, and glass, the wood that gleamed as darkly brilliant as the surface of a pool of oil—all the glory of the marriage, the environment of the new estate. "You know I fight when it comes to fighting, Scratchy Wilson; but I ain't got a gun on me. You'll have to do all the shootin' yourself."

His enemy's face went livid. He stepped forward and lashed his weapon to and fro before Potter's chest. "Don't you tell me you ain't got no gun on you, you whelp. Don't tell me no lie like that. There ain't a man in Texas ever seen you without no gun. Don't take me for no kid." His eyes blazed with light, and his throat worked like a pump.

"I ain't takin' you for no kid," answered Potter. His heels had not moved an inch backward. "I'm takin' you for a damn fool. I tell you I ain't got a gun, and I ain't. If you're goin' to shoot me up, you better begin now; you'll never get a chance like this again."

So much enforced reasoning had told on Wilson's rage; he was calmer. "If you ain't got a gun, why ain't you got a gun?" he sneered. "Been to Sunday-School?"

"I ain't got a gun because I've just come from San Anton' with my wife. I'm married," said Potter. "And if I'd thought there was going to be any galoots like you prowling around when I brought my wife home, I'd had a gun, and don't you ferget it."

"Married!" said Scratchy, not at all comprehending.

"Yes, married. I'm married," said Potter, distinctly.

"Married?" said Scratchy. Seemingly for the first time, he saw the drooping, drowning woman at the other man's side. "No!" he said. He was like a creature allowed a glimpse of another world. He moved a pace backward, and his arm, with the revolver, dropped to his side. "Is this the lady?" he asked.

"Yes; this is the lady," answered Potter.

There was another period of silence.

"Well," said Wilson at last, slowly, "I s'pose it's all off now."

"It's all off if you say so, Scratchy. You know I didn't make the trouble." Potter lifted his valise.

"Well, I 'low it's off, Jack," said Wilson. He was looking at the ground. "Married!" He was not a student of chivalry; it was merely that in the presence of this foreign condition he was a simple child of the earlier plains. He picked up his starboard revolver, and placing both weapons in their holsters, he went away. His feet made funnel-shaped tracks in the heavy sand.

Romance—By DAVID P. BERENBERG

DO YOU remember Lancelot
And Guinevere?
And Modred's dark and evil soul
And silent sneer?
And Arthur's cold, immobile smile
And her dim fear?

Do you remember Abelard
And Heloise?
Read those old letters over
On your knees,
You know the whole of sorrow—
Knowing these.

A Municipal Report

By O. HENRY

O. Henry

The cities are full of pride,
Challenging each to each—
This from her mountainside,
That from her burthened beach.
R. KIPLING.

Fancy a novel about Chicago or Buffalo, let us say, or Nashville, Tennessee! There are just three big cities in the United States that are "story cities"—New York, of course, New Orleans, and, best of the lot, San Francisco.—FRANK NORRIS.

EAST is East, and West is San Francisco, according to Californians. Californians are a race of people; they are not merely inhabitants of a State. They are the Southerners of the West. Now, Chicagoans are no less loyal to their city; but when you ask them why, they stammer and speak of lake fish and the new Odd Fellows Building. But Californians go into detail.

Of course they have, in the climate, an argument that is good for half an hour while you are thinking of your coal bills and heavy underwear. But as soon as they come to mistake your silence for conviction, madness comes upon them, and they picture the city of the Golden Gate as the Bagdad of the New World. So far, as a matter of opinion, no refutation is necessary. But, dear cousins all (from Adam and Eve descended), it is a rash one who will lay his finger on the map and say: "In this town there can be no romance—what could happen here?" Yes, it is a bold and a rash deed to challenge in one sentence history, romance, and Rand and McNally.

NASHVILLE.—A city, port of delivery, and the capital of the State of Tennessee, is on the Cumberland River and on the N. C. & St. L. and the L. & N. railroads. This city is regarded as the most important educational centre in the South.

I stepped off the train at 8 P. M. Having searched the thesaurus in vain for adjectives, I must, as a substitution, hie me to comparison in the form of a recipe.

Take of London fog 30 parts; malaria 10 parts; gas leaks 20 parts; dewdrops gathered in a brick yard at sunrise, 25 parts; odour of honeysuckle 15 parts. Mix.

The mixture will give you an approximate conception of a Nashville drizzle. It is not so fragrant as a moth-ball nor as thick as pea-soup; but 'tis enough—'twill serve.

I went to a hotel in a tumbril. It required strong self-suppression for me to keep from climbing to the top of it and giving an imitation of Sidney Carton. The vehicle was drawn by beasts of a bygone era and driven by something dark and emancipated.

I was sleepy and tired, so when I got to the hotel I hurriedly paid it the fifty cents it demanded (with approximate lagniappe, I assure you). I knew its habits; and I did not want to hear it prate about its old "marster" or anything that happened "befo' de wah."

The hotel was one of the kind described as "renovated." That means $20,000 worth of new marble pillars, tiling, electric lights and brass cuspidors in the lobby, and a new L. & N. time table and a lithograph of Lookout Mountain in each one of the great rooms above. The management was without reproach, the attention full of exquisite Southern courtesy, the service as slow as the progress of a snail and as good-humoured as Rip Van Winkle. The food was worth traveling a thousand miles for. There is no other hotel in the world where you can get such chicken livers *en brochette*.

At dinner I asked a Negro waiter if there was anything doing in town. He pondered gravely for a minute, and then replied: "Well, boss, I don't really reckon there's anything at all doin' after sundown."

Sundown had been accomplished; it had been drowned in the drizzle long before. So that spectacle was denied me. But I went forth upon the streets in the drizzle to see what might be there.

It is built on undulating grounds; and the streets are lighted by electricity at a cost of $32,470 per annum.

As I left the hotel there was a race riot. Down upon me charged a company of freedmen, or Arabs, or Zulus, armed with—no, I saw with relief that they were not rifles, but whips. And I saw dimly a caravan of black, clumsy vehicles; and at the reassuring shouts, "Kyar you anywhere in the town, boss, fuh fifty cents," I reasoned that I was merely a "fare" instead of a victim.

I walked through long streets, all leading uphill. I wondered how those streets ever came down again. Perhaps they didn't until they were "graded." On a few of the "main streets" I saw lights in stores here and there; saw street cars go by conveying worthy burghers hither and yon; saw people pass engaged in the art of conversation, and heard a burst of semi-lively laughter issuing from a soda-water and ice-cream parlour. The streets other than "main" seemed to have enticed upon their borders houses consecrated to peace and domesticity. In many of them lights shone behind discreetly drawn window shades; in a few pianos tinkled orderly and irreproachable music. There was, indeed, little "doing." I wished I had come before sundown. So I returned to my hotel.

In November, 1864, the Confederate General Hood advanced against Nashville, where he shut up a National force under General Thomas. The latter then sallied forth and defeated the Confederates in a terrible conflict.

All my life I have heard of, admired, and witnessed the fine marksmanship of the South in its peaceful conflicts in the tobacco-chewing regions. But in my hotel a surprise awaited me. There were twelve bright, new, imposing, capacious brass cuspidors in the great lobby, tall enough to be called urns and so wide-mouthed that the crack pitcher of a lady baseball team should have been able to throw a ball into one of them at five paces distant. But, although a terrible battle had raged and was still raging, the enemy had not suffered. Bright, new, imposing, capacious, untouched, they stood. But, shades of Jefferson Brick! the tile floor—the beautiful tile floor! I could not avoid thinking of the battle of Nashville, and trying to draw, as is my foolish habit, some deductions about hereditary marksmanship.

Here I first saw Major (by misplaced courtesy) Wentworth Caswell. I knew him for a type the moment my eyes suffered from the sight of him. A rat has no geographical habitat. My old friend, A. Tennyson, said, as he so well said almost everything:

> Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip,
> And curse me the British vermin, the rat.

Let us regard the word "British" as interchangeable *ad lib.* A rat is a rat.

This man was hunting about the hotel lobby like a starved dog that had forgotten where he had buried a bone. He had a face of great acreage, red, pulpy, and with a kind of sleepy massiveness like that of Buddha. He possessed one single virtue—he was very smoothly shaven. The mark of the beast is not indelible upon a man until he goes about with a stubble. I think that if he had not used his razor that day I would have repulsed his advances, and the criminal calendar of the world would have been spared the addition of one murder.

I happened to be standing within five feet of a cuspidor when Major Caswell opened fire upon it. I had been observant enough to perceive that the attacking force was using Gatlings instead of squirrel rifles; so I side-stepped so promptly that the major seized the opportunity to apologize to a non-combatant. He had the blabbing lip. In four minutes he had become my friend and had dragged me to the bar.

I desire to interpolate here that I am a Southerner. But I am not one by profession or trade. I eschew the string tie, the slouch hat, the Prince Albert, the number of bales of cotton destroyed by Sherman, and plug chewing. When the orchestra plays Dixie I do not cheer. I slide a little lower on the leather-cornered seat and, well, order another Würzburger and wish that Longstreet had—but what's the use?

Major Caswell banged the bar with his fist, and the first gun at Fort Sumter re-echoed. When he fired the last one at Appomattox I began to hope. But then he began on family trees, and demonstrated that Adam was only a third cousin of a collateral branch of the Caswell family. Genealogy disposed of, he took up, to my distaste, his private family matters. He spoke of his wife, traced her descent back to Eve, and profanely denied any possible rumour that she may have had relations in the land of Nod.

By this time I began to suspect that he was trying to obscure by noise the fact that he had ordered the drinks, on the chance that I would be bewildered into paying for them. But when they were down he crashed a silver dollar loudly upon the bar. Then, of course, another serving was obligatory. And when I had paid for that I took leave of him brusquely; for I wanted no more of him. But before I had obtained my release

he had prated loudly of an income that his wife received, and showed a handful of silver money.

When I got my key at the desk the clerk said to me courteously: "If that man Caswell has annoyed you, and if you would like to make a complaint, we will have him ejected. He is a nuisance, a loafer, and without any known means of support, although he seems to have some money most of the time. But we don't seem to be able to hit upon any means of throwing him out legally."

"Why, no," said I, after some reflection; "I don't see my way clear to making a complaint. But I would like to place myself on record as asserting that I do not care for his company. Your town," I continued, "seems to be a quiet one. What manner of entertainment, adventure, or excitement have you to offer to the stranger within your gates?"

"Well, sir," said the clerk, "there will be a show here next Thursday. It is—I'll look it up and have the announcement sent up to your room with the ice water. Good night."

After I went up to my room I looked out the window. It was only about ten o'clock, but I looked upon a silent town. The drizzle continued, spangled with dim lights, as far apart as currants in a cake sold at the Ladies' Exchange.

"A quiet place," I said to myself, as my first shoe struck the ceiling of the occupant of the room beneath mine. "Nothing of the life here that gives colour and variety to the cities in the East and West. Just a good, ordinary, humdrum business town."

Nashville occupies a foremost place among the manufacturing centers of the country. It is the fifth boot and shoe market in the United States, the largest candy and cracker manufacturing city in the South, and does an enormous wholesale dry-goods, grocery, and drug business.

I must tell you how I came to be in Nashville, and I assure you the digression brings as much tedium to me as it does to you. I was traveling elsewhere on my own business, but I had a commission from a Northern literary magazine to stop over there and establish a personal connection between the publication and one of its contributors, Azalea Adair.

Adair (there was no clue to the personality except the handwriting) had sent in some essays (lost art!) and poems that had made the editors swear approvingly over their one o'clock luncheon. So they had commissioned me to round up said Adair and corner by contract his or her output at two cents a word before some other publisher offered her ten or twenty.

At nine o'clock the next morning, after my chicken livers *en brochette* (try them if you can find that hotel), I strayed out into the drizzle, which was still on for an unlimited run. At the first corner I came upon Uncle Cæsar. He was a stalwart Negro, older than the pyramids, with gray wool and a face that reminded me of Brutus, and a second afterwards of the late King Cettiwayo. He wore the most remarkable coat that I ever had seen or expect to see. It reached to his ankles and had once been a Confederate gray in colour. But rain and sun and age had so variegated it that Joseph's coat, beside it, would have faded to a pale monochrome. I must linger with that coat, for it has to do with the story—the story that is so long in coming, because you can hardly expect anything to happen in Nashville.

Once it must have been the military coat of an officer. The cape of it had vanished, but all adown its front it had been frogged and tasseled magnificently. But now the frogs and tassels were gone. In their stead had been patiently stitched (I surmised by some surviving "black mammy") new frogs made of cunningly twisted common hempen twine. This twine was frayed and disheveled. It must have been added to the coat as a substitute for vanished splendours, with tasteless but painstaking devotion, for it followed faithfully the curves of the long-missing frogs. And, to complete the comedy and pathos of the garment, all its buttons were gone save one. The second button from the top alone remained. The coat was fastened by other twine strings tied through the buttonholes and other holes rudely pierced in the opposite side. There was never such a weird garment so fantastically bedecked and of so many mottled hues. The lone button was the size of a half-dollar, made of yellow horn and sewed on with coarse twine.

This Negro stood by a carriage so old that Ham himself might have started a hack line with it after he left the ark, with the two animals hitched to it. As I approached he threw open the door, drew out a feather-duster, waved it without using it, and said in deep, rumbling tones:

"Step right in, suh; ain't a speck of dust in it—jus' got back from a funeral, suh."

I inferred that on such gala occasions carriages were given an extra cleaning. I looked up and down the street and perceived

that there was little choice among the vehicles for hire that lined the curb. I looked in my memorandum book for the address of Azalea Adair.

"I want to go to 861 Jessamine Street," I said, and was about to step into the hack. But for an instant the thick, long, gorilla-like arm of the old Negro barred me. On his massive and saturnine face a look of sudden suspicion and enmity flashed for a moment. Then, with quickly returning conviction, he asked blandishingly: "What are you gwine there for, boss?"

"What is that to you?" I asked, a little sharply.

"Nothin', suh, jus' nothin'. Only it's a lonesome kind of part of town, and few folks ever has business out there. Step right in. The seats is clean—jes' got back from a funeral, suh."

A mile and a half it must have been to our journey's end. I could hear nothing but the fearful rattle of the ancient hack over the uneven brick paving; I could smell nothing but the drizzle, now further flavoured with coal smoke and something like a mixture of tar and oleander blossoms. All I could see through the streaming windows were two rows of dim houses.

The city has an area of 10 square miles; 181 miles of streets, of which 137 miles are paved; a system of waterworks that cost $2,000,000, with 77 miles of mains.

Eight-sixty-one Jessamine Street was a decayed mansion. Thirty yards back from the street it stood out, merged in a splendid grove of trees and untrimmed shrubbery. A row of box bushes overflowed and almost hid the paling fence from sight; the gate was kept closed by a rope noose that encircled the gate post and the first paling of the gate. But when you got inside you saw that 861 was a shell, a shadow, a ghost of former grandeur and excellence. But in the story, I have not yet got inside.

When the hack had ceased from rattling and the weary quadrupeds came to a rest I handed my jehu his fifty cents with an additional quarter, feeling a glow of conscious generosity as I did so. He refused it.

"It's two dollars, suh," he said.

"How's that?" I asked. "I plainly heard you call out at the hotel: 'Fifty cents to any part of the town.'"

"It's two dollars, suh," he repeated obstinately. "It's a long ways from the hotel."

"It is within the city limits and well within them," I argued. "Don't think that you have picked up a greenhorn Yankee. Do you see those hills over there?" I went on, pointing toward the east (I could not see them, myself, for the drizzle); "well, I was born and raised on their other side. You old fool nigger, can't you tell people from other people when you see 'em?"

The grim face of King Cettiwayo softened. "Is you from the South, suh? I reckon it was them shoes of yourn fooled me. They is somethin' sharp in the toes for a Southern gen'l'man to wear."

"Then the charge is fifty cents, I suppose?" said I inexorably.

His former expression, a mingling of cupidity and hostility, returned, remained ten seconds, and vanished.

"Boss," he said, "fifty cents is right; but I *needs* two dollars, suh; I'm *obleeged* to have two dollars. I ain't *demandin'* it now, suh, after I knows whar you's from; I'm jus' sayin' that I *has* to have two dollars to-night, and business is mighty po'."

Peace and confidence settled upon his heavy features. He had been luckier than he had hoped. Instead of having picked up a greenhorn, ignorant of rates, he had come upon an inheritance.

"You confounded old rascal," I said, reaching down to my pocket, "you ought to be turned over to the police."

For the first time I saw him smile. He knew; *he knew*; HE KNEW.

I gave him two one-dollar bills. As I handed them over I noticed that one of them had seen parlous times. Its upper right-hand corner was missing, and it had been torn through in the middle, but joined again. A strip of blue tissue paper, pasted over the split, preserved its negotiability.

Enough of the African bandit for the present: I left him happy, lifted the rope and opened the creaky gate.

The house, as I said, was a shell. A paint brush had not touched it in twenty years. I could not see why a strong wind should not have bowled it over like a house of cards, until I looked again at the trees that hugged it close—the trees that saw the battle of Nashville and still drew their protecting branches around it against storm and enemy and cold.

Azalea Adair, fifty years old, white-haired, a descendant of the cavaliers, as thin and frail as the house she lived in, robed in the cheapest and cleanest dress I ever saw, with an air as simple as a queen's, received me.

The reception room seemed a mile square, because there was nothing in it except some rows of books, on unpainted white-pine

bookshelves, a cracked marble-top table, a rag rug, a hairless horse-hair sofa and two or three chairs. Yes, there was a picture on the wall, a coloured crayon drawing of a cluster of pansies. I looked around for the portrait of Andrew Jackson and the pine-cone hanging basket, but they were not there.

Azalea Adair and I had conversation, a little of which will be repeated to you. She was a product of the old South, gently nurtured in the sheltered life. Her learning was not broad, but was deep and of splendid originality in its somewhat narrow scope. She had been educated at home, and her knowledge of the world was derived from inference and by inspiration. Of such is the precious, small group of essayists made. While she talked to me I kept brushing my fingers, trying, unconsciously, to rid them guiltily of the absent dust from the half-calf backs of Lamb, Chaucer, Hazlitt, Marcus Aurelius, Montaigne and Hood. She was exquisite, she was a valuable discovery. Nearly everybody nowadays knows too much—oh, so much too much—of real life.

I could perceive clearly that Azalea Adair was very poor. A house and a dress she had; not much else, I fancied. So, divided between my duty to the magazine and my loyalty to the poets and essayists who fought Thomas in the valley of the Cumberland, I listened to her voice, which was like a harpsichord's, and found that I could not speak of contracts. In the presence of the nine Muses and the three Graces one hesitated to lower the topic to two cents. There would have to be another colloquy after I had regained my commercialism. But I spoke of my mission, and three o'clock of the next afternoon was set for the discussion of the business proposition.

"Your town," I said, as I began to make ready to depart (which is the time for smooth generalities), "seems to be a quiet, sedate place. A home town, I should say, where few things out of the ordinary ever happen."

It carries on an extensive trade in stoves and hollow ware with the West and South, and its flouring mills have a daily capacity of more than 2,000 barrels.

Azalea Adair seemed to reflect.

"I have never thought of it that way," she said, with a kind of sincere intensity that seemed to belong to her. "Isn't it in the still, quiet places that things do happen? I fancy that when God began to create the earth on the first Monday morning one could have leaned out one's window and heard the drops of mud splashing from His trowel as He built up the everlasting hills. What did the noisiest project in the world—I mean the building of the tower of Babel—result in finally? A page and a half of Esperanto in the *North American Review*."

"Of course," said I platitudinously, "human nature is the same everywhere; but there is more colour—er—more drama and movement and—er—romance in some cities than in others."

"On the surface," said Azalea Adair, "I have traveled many times around the world in a golden airship wafted on two wings—print and dreams. I have seen (on one of my imaginary tours) the Sultan of Turkey bowstring with his own hands one of his wives who had uncovered her face in public. I have seen a man in Nashville tear up his theater tickets because his wife was going out with her face covered—with rice powder. In San Francisco's Chinatown I saw the slave girl Sing Yee dipped slowly, inch by inch, in boiling almond oil to make her swear she would never see her American lover again. She gave in when the boiling oil had reached three inches above her knee. At a euchre party in East Nashville the other night I saw Kitty Morgan cut dead by seven of her schoolmates and lifelong friends because she had married a house painter. The boiling oil was sizzling as high as her heart; but I wish you could have seen the fine little smile that she carried from table to table. Oh, yes, it is a humdrum town. Just a few miles of red brick houses and mud and stores and lumber yards."

Some one knocked hollowly at the back of the house. Azalea Adair breathed a soft apology and went to investigate the sound. She came back in three minutes with brightened eyes, a faint flush on her cheeks, and ten years lifted from her shoulders.

"You must have a cup of tea before you go," she said, "and a sugar cake."

She reached and shook a little iron bell. In shuffled a small negro girl about twelve, barefoot, not very tidy, glowering at me with thumb in mouth and bulging eyes.

Azalea Adair opened a tiny, worn purse and drew out a dollar bill, a dollar bill with the upper right-hand corner missing, torn in two pieces and pasted together again with a strip of blue tissue paper. It was one of the bills I had given the piratical negro—there was no doubt of it.

"Go up to Mr. Baker's store on the

corner, Impy," she said, handing the girl the dollar bill, "and get a quarter of a pound of tea—the kind he always sends me—and ten cents worth of sugar cakes. Now, hurry. The supply of tea in the house happens to be exhausted," she explained to me.

Impy left by the back way. Before the scrape of her hard, bare feet had died away on the back porch, a wild shriek—I was sure it was hers—filled the hollow house. Then the deep, gruff tones of an angry man's voice mingled with the girl's further squeals and unintelligible words.

Azalea Adair rose without surprise or emotion and disappeared. For two minutes I heard the hoarse rumble of the man's voice; then something like an oath and a slight scuffle, and she returned calmly to her chair.

"This is a roomy house," she said, "and I have a tenant for part of it. I am sorry to have to rescind my invitation to tea. It was impossible to get the kind I always use, at the store. Perhaps to-morrow Mr. Baker will be able to supply me."

I was sure that Impy had not had time to leave the house. I inquired concerning street-car lines and took my leave. After I was well on my way I remembered that I had not learned Azalea Adair's name. But to-morrow would do.

That same day I started in on the course of iniquity that this uneventful city forced upon me. I was in the town only two days, but in that time I managed to lie shamelessly by telegraph, and to be an accomplice—after the fact, if that is the correct legal term—to a murder.

As I rounded the corner nearest my hotel, the Afrite coachman of the polychromatic, nonpareil coat seized me, swung open the dungeony door of his peripatetic sarcophagus, flirted his feather duster and began his ritual: "Step right in, boss. Carriage is clean—jus' got back from a funeral. Fifty cents to any——"

And then he knew me and grinned broadly. "'Scuse me, boss; you is de genl'man what rid out with me dis mawnin'. Thank you kindly, suh."

"I am going out to 861 again to-morrow afternoon at three," said I, "and if you will be here, I'll let you drive me. So you know Miss Adair?" I concluded, thinking of my dollar bill.

"I belonged to her father, Judge Adair, suh," he replied.

"I judge that she is pretty poor," I said. "She hasn't much money to speak of, has she?"

For an instant I looked again at the fierce countenance of King Cettiwayo, and then he changed back to an extortionate old negro hack-driver.

"She ain't gwine to starve, suh," he said slowly. "She has reso'ces, suh; she has reso'ces."

"I shall pay you fifty cents for the trip," said I.

"Dat is puffeckly correct, suh," he answered humbly. "I jus' *had* to have dat two dollars dis mawnin', boss."

I went to the hotel and lied by electricity. I wired the magazine: "A. Adair holds out for eight cents a word."

The answer that came back was: "Give it to her quick, you duffer."

Just before dinner "Major" Wentworth Caswell bore down upon me with the greetings of a long-lost friend. I have seen few men whom I have so instantaneously hated, and of whom it was so difficult to be rid. I was standing at the bar when he invaded me; therefore I could not wave the white ribbon in his face. I would have paid gladly for the drinks, hoping, thereby, to escape another; but he was one of those despicable, roaring, advertising bibbers who must have brass bands and fireworks attend upon every cent that they waste in their follies.

With an air of producing millions he drew two one-dollar bills from a pocket and dashed one of them upon the bar. I looked once more at the dollar bill with the upper right-hand corner missing, torn through the middle, and patched with a strip of blue tissue paper. It was my dollar bill again. It could have been no other.

I went up to my room. The drizzle and the monotony of a dreary, eventless Southern town had made me tired and listless. I remember that just before I went to bed I mentally disposed of the mysterious dollar bill (which might have formed the clew to a tremendously fine detective story of San Francisco) by saying to myself sleepily: "Seems as if a lot of people here own stock in the Hack-Drivers' Trust. Pays dividends promptly, too. Wonder if—" Then I fell asleep.

King Cettiwayo was at his post the next day, and rattled my bones over the stones out to 861. He was to wait and rattle me back again when I was ready.

Azalea Adair looked paler and cleaner and frailer than she had looked on the day before. After she had signed the contract at eight cents per word she grew still paler and began to slip out of her chair. Without

much trouble I managed to get her up on the antediluvian horse-hair sofa and then I ran out to the sidewalk and yelled to the coffee-coloured pirate to bring a doctor. With a wisdom that I had not suspected in him, he abandoned his team and struck off up the street afoot, realizing the value of speed. In ten minutes he returned with a grave, gray-haired and capable man of medicine. In a few words (worth much less than eight cents each) I explained to him my presence in the hollow house of mystery. He bowed with stately understanding, and turned to the old negro.

"Uncle Cæsar," he said calmly, "run up to my house and ask Miss Lucy to give you a cream pitcher full of fresh milk and half a tumbler of port wine. And hurry back. Don't drive—run. I want you to get back some time this week."

It occurred to me that Dr. Merriman also felt a distrust as to the speeding powers of the land-pirate's steeds. After Uncle Cæsar was gone, lumberingly, but swiftly, up the street, the doctor looked me over with great politeness and as much careful calculation until he had decided that I might do.

"It is only a case of insufficient nutrition," he said. "In other words, the result of poverty, pride, and starvation. Mrs. Caswell has many devoted friends who would be glad to aid her, but she will accept nothing except from that old negro, Uncle Cæsar, who was once owned by her family."

"Mrs. Caswell!" said I, in surprise. And then I looked at the contract and saw that she had signed it "Azalea Adair Caswell."

"I thought she was Miss Adair," I said.

"Married to a drunken, worthless loafer, sir," said the doctor. "It is said that he robs her even of the small sums that her old servant contributes toward her support."

When the milk and wine had been brought the doctor soon revived Azalea Adair. She sat up and talked of the beauty of the autumn leaves that were then in season, and their height of colour. She referred lightly to her fainting seizure as the outcome of an old palpitation of the heart. Impy fanned her as she lay on the sofa. The doctor was due elsewhere, and I followed him to the door. I told him that it was within my power and intentions to make a reasonable advance of money to Azalea Adair on future contributions to the magazine, and he seemed pleased.

"By the way," he said, "perhaps you would like to know that you have had royalty for a coachman. Old Cæsar's grandfather was a king in the Congo. Cæsar himself has royal ways, as you may have observed."

As the doctor was moving off I heard Uncle Cæsar's voice inside: "Did he git bofe of dem two dollars from you, Mis' Zalea?"

"Yes, Cæsar," I heard Azalea Adair answer weakly. And then I went in and concluded business negotiations with our contributor. I assumed the responsibility of advancing fifty dollars, putting it as a necessary formality in binding our bargain. And then Uncle Cæsar drove me back to the hotel.

Here ends all of the story as far as I can testify as a witness. The rest must be only bare statements of facts.

At about six o'clock I went out for a stroll. Uncle Cæsar was at his corner. He threw open the door of his carriage, flourished his duster and began his depressing formula: "Step right in, suh. Fifty cents to anywhere in the city—hack's puffickly clean, suh—jus' got back from a funeral——"

And then he recognized me. I think his eyesight was getting bad. His coat had taken on a few more faded shades of colour, the twine strings were more frayed and ragged, the last remaining button—the button of yellow horn—was gone. A motley descendant of kings was Uncle Cæsar!

About two hours later I saw an excited crowd besieging the front of a drug store. In a desert where nothing happens this was manna; so I wedged my way inside. On an extemporized couch of empty boxes and chairs was stretched the mortal corporeality of Major Wentworth Caswell. A doctor was testing him for the immortal ingredient. His decision was that it was conspicuous by its absence.

The erstwhile Major had been found dead on a dark street and brought by curious and ennuiéd citizens to the drug store. The late human being had been engaged in terrific battle—the details showed that. Loafer and reprobate though he had been, he had been also a warrior. But he had lost. His hands were yet clinched so tightly that his fingers would not be opened. The gentle citizens who had known him stood about and searched their vocabularies to find some good words, if it were possible, to speak of him. One kind-looking man said, after much thought: "When 'Cas' was about fo'teen, he was one of the best spellers in school."

While I stood there the fingers of the right

hand of "the man that was," which hung down the side of a white pine box, relaxed, and dropped something at my feet. I covered it with one foot quietly, and a little later on I picked it up and pocketed it. I reasoned that in his last struggle his hand must have seized that object unwittingly and held it in a death grip.

At the hotel that night the main topic of conversation, with the possible exceptions of politics and prohibition, was the demise of Major Caswell. I heard one man say to a group of listeners:

"In my opinion, gentlemen, Caswell was murdered by some of these no-account niggers for his money. He had fifty dollars this afternoon which he showed to several gentlemen in the hotel. When he was found the money was not on his person."

I left the city the next morning at nine, and as the train was crossing the bridge over the Cumberland River I took out of my pocket a yellow horn overcoat button the size of a fifty-cent piece, with frayed ends of coarse twine hanging from it, and cast it out of the window into the slow, muddy waters below.

I wonder what's doing in Buffalo!

An Afghan's Faith

By KHUSHAL KHAN

Translated by Achmed Abdullah

(This poem, by the chief of the Khatak tribe, is his confession of faith. Written at a time when esoteric Sufiism was rampant in Persia and when Omar Khayyam and similar third-rate poetasters were the fashion from Teheran to Kabul, while the Moslems of India were influenced and tainted by Hindu heathendom, it is purely and refreshingly Islamic and shows a sturdiness which is typically Afghan. With the change of a word here and there, it might have been written by a poetically inclined Scots clergyman of the "Free Kirk.")

THEE do I ask for help, O God, the One, the Indivisible.
Only beneath Thy shadow can I succeed.
I crouch on Thy threshold, Thy slave. Thee do I praise.
Thee shall I praise while breath is in my body.

Thy mercies are without number, like the sands of the desert.
And who can count the sands?
Thou art beyond age and time. Thou wast. Thou remainest.
Eternal art Thou, the One.

Thou alone, with help from none,
Hast created the earth, the seven heavens,
The two worlds, all humans and all animals.
Thy will, O God, created everything.
Yet none created Thee!

White or black, we are all but symbols of Thy unity.
All Thy works are wondrous, fashioned in goodness,
While the work of men's hands may be good or bad.
But Thou dost not close the door of mercy to the sinner.

Thus my confession of faith. Does my life agree with it?
No! My life stammers, though my words do not.
I do not deserve Thy mercy.
Then help me to deserve it, O God, Eternal and One!

The Wild Goat's Kid

By LIAM O'FLAHERTY

HER nimble hoofs made music on the crags all winter, as she roamed along the cliff-tops over the sea.

During the previous autumn, when goats were mating, she had wandered away, one of a small herd that trotted gaily after a handsome fellow, with a splendid gray-black hide and winding horns. It was her first mating. Then, with the end of autumn, peasant boys came looking for their goats. The herd was broken up. The gallant buck was captured and slain by two hungry dogs from the village of Drumranny. The white goat alone remained. She had wandered too far away from her master's village. He couldn't find her. She was given up as lost.

So that she became a wild one of the cliffs, where the sea-gulls and the cormorants were lords, and the great eagle of Moher soared high over the thundering sea. Her big, soft, yellow eyes became wild from looking down often at the sea, with her long chin whiskers swaying gracefully in the wind. She was a long, slender thing, with short, straight horns and ringlets of matted hair trailing far down on either haunch.

With her tail in the air, snorting, tossing her horns, she fled when anybody approached. Her hoofs would patter over the crags until she was far away. Then she would stand on some eminence and turn about to survey the person who had disturbed her, calmly, confident in the power of her slender legs to carry her beyond pursuit.

She roamed at will. No stone fence however high could resist her long leap, as she sprang on muscular thighs that bent like silk. She was so supple that she could trot on the top of a thin fence, carelessly, without a sound except the gentle tapping of her delicate hoofs. She hardly ever left the cliff-tops. There was plenty of food there, for the winter was mild, and the leaves and grasses that grew between the crevices of the crags were flavoured by the strong, salt taste of the brine carried up on the wind. She grew sleek and comely.

Toward the end of winter a subtle change came over her. Her hearing became more acute. She took fright at the least sound. She began to shun the sea except on very calm days, when it did not roar. She ate less. She grew very particular about what she ate. She hunted around a long time before she chose a morsel. She often went on her knees, reaching down to the bottom of a crevice to nibble at a briar that was inferior to the more accessible ones. She became corpulent. Her udder increased.

Winter passed. Green leaves began to sprout. Larks sang in the morning. There was sweetness in the air and a great urge of life. The white goat, one morning a little after dawn, gave birth to a grey-black kid.

The kid was born in a tiny, green glen under an overhanging ledge of low rock that sheltered it from the wind. It was a male kid, an exquisite, fragile thing, tinted delicately with many colours. His slender belly was milky white. The insides of his thighs were of the same colour. He had deep rings of gray, like bracelets, above his hoofs. He had black knee-caps on his forelegs, like pads, to protect him when he knelt to take his mother's teats into his silky, black mouth. His back and sides were gray-black. His ears were black, long, and drooping with the weakness of infancy.

The white goat bleated over him, with soft eyes and shivering flanks, gloating over the exquisite thing that had been created within her by the miraculous power of life. And she had this delicate creature all to herself, in the wild solitude of the beautiful little glen, within earshot of the murmuring sea, with little birds whistling their spring songs around about her, and the winds coming with their slow whispers over the crags. The first tender hours of her first motherhood were undisturbed by any restraint, not even by the restraint of a mate's presence. In absolute freedom and quiet, she watched with her young.

How she manœuvered to make him stand! She breathed on him to warm him. She raised him gently with her forehead, uttering strange, soft sounds to encourage him.

Then he stood up, trembling, staggering, swaying on his curiously long legs. She became very excited, rushing around him, bleating nervously, afraid that he should fall again. He fell. She was in agony. Bitter wails came from her distended jaws and she crunched her teeth. But she renewed her efforts, urging the kid to rise, to rise and live . . . to live, live, live.

He rose again. Now he was steadier. He shook his head. He wagged his long ears as his mother breathed into them. He took a few staggering steps, came to his padded knees, and rose again immediately. Slowly, gently, gradually, she pushed him toward her udder with her horns. At last he took the teat within his mouth, he pushed joyously, sank to his knees and began to drink.

She stayed with him all day in the tiny glen, just nibbling a few mouthfuls of the short grass that grew around. Most of the time she spent exercising her kid. With a great show of anxiety and importance, she brought him on little expeditions across the glen to the opposite rock, three yards away and back again. At first he staggered clumsily against her side, and his tiny hoofs often lost their balance on tufts of grass, such was his weakness. But he gained strength with amazing speed, and the goat's joy and pride increased. She suckled and caressed him after each tiny journey.

When the sun had set he was able to walk steadily, to take little short runs, to toss his head. They lay all night beneath the shelter of the ledge, with the kid between his mother's legs, against her warm udder.

Next morning she hid him securely in a crevice of the neighbouring crag, in a small groove between two flags that were covered with a withered growth of wild grass and ferns. The kid crawled instinctively into the warm hole without any resistance to the gentle push of his mother's horns. He lay down with his head toward his doubled hind legs, and closed his eyes. Then the goat scraped the grass and fern-stalks over the entrance hole with her fore feet, and she hurried away to graze, as carelessly as if she had no kid hidden.

All the morning, as she grazed hurriedly and fiercely around the crag, she took great pains to pretend that she was not aware of her kid's nearness. Even when she grazed almost beside the hiding-place, she never noticed him, by look or by cry. But still, she pricked her little ears at every distant sound.

At noon she took him out and gave him suck. She played with him on a grassy knoll and watched him prance about. She taught him how to rear on his hind legs and fight the air with his forehead. Then she put him back into his hiding-place and returned to graze. She continued to graze until nightfall.

Just when she was about to fetch him from his hole and take him to the overhanging ledge to rest for the night, a startling sound reached her ears. It came from afar, from the south, from beyond a low fence that ran across the crag on the skyline. It was indistinct, barely audible, a deep, purring sound. But to the ears of the mother-goat, it was loud and ominous as a thunderclap. It was the heavy breathing of a dog sniffing the wind.

She listened stock-still, with her head in the air and her short tail lying stiff along her back, twitching one ear. The sound came again. It was nearer. Then there was a patter of feet. Then a clumsy, black figure hurtled over the fence and dropped on to the crag, with awkward secrecy. The goat saw a black dog, a large, curly fellow, standing by the fence in the dim twilight, with his fore paw raised and his long, red tongue hanging. Then he shut his mouth suddenly, and raising his snout upward sniffed several times, contracting his nostrils as he did so, as if in pain. Then he whined savagely, and trotted toward the goat sideways.

She snorted. It was a sharp, dull thud, like a blow from a rubber sledge. Then she rapped the crag three times with her left fore foot, loudly and sharply. The dog stood still and raised his fore paw again. He bent down his head and looked at her with narrowed eyes. Then he licked his breast and began to run swiftly to the left. He was running toward the kid's hiding-place, with his tail stretched out straight and his snout to the wind.

With another fierce snort the goat charged him at full speed, in order to cut him off from his advance on the kid's hiding-place. He stopped immediately when she charged. The goat halted too, five yards from the hiding-place, between the dog and the hiding-place, facing the dog.

The dog stood still. His eyes wandered around in all directions, with the bashfulness of a sly brute, caught suddenly in an awkward position. Then slowly he raised his bloodshot eyes to the goat. He bared his fangs. His mane rose like a fan. His tail shot out. Picking his steps like a lazy

cat, he approached her without a sound. The goat shivered along her left flank, and she snorted twice in rapid succession.

When he was within six yards of her he uttered a ferocious roar—a deep, rumbling sound in his throat. He raced toward her, and leaped clean into the air, as if she were a fence that he was trying to vault. She parried him subtly with her horns, like a swordthrust, without moving her fore feet. Her sharp horns just grazed his belly as he whizzed past her head. But the slight blow deflected his course. Instead of falling on his feet, as he had intended cunningly to do, between the goat and the kid, he was thrown to the left and fell on his side, with a thud. The goat whirled about and charged him.

But he had arisen immediately and jerked himself away, with his haunches low down, making a devilish scraping and yelping and growling noise. He wanted to terrify the kid out of his hiding-place. Then it would be easy to overpower the goat, hampered by the task of hiding the kid between her legs.

The kid uttered a faint, querulous cry, but the goat immediately replied with a sharp, low cry. The kid mumbled something indistinct, and then remained silent. There was a brushing sound among the ferns that covered him. He was settling himself down farther. The goat trotted rigidly to the opposite side of the hiding-place to face the dog again.

The dog had run away some distance, and lay on his belly, licking his paws. Now he meant to settle himself down properly to the prolonged attack, after the failure of his first onslaught. He yawned lazily and made peculiar, mournful noises, thrusting his head into the air and twitching his snout. The goat watched every single movement and sound, with her ears thrust forward past her horns. Her great, soft eyes were very wild and timorous in spite of the valiant posture of her body, and the terrific force of the blows she delivered occasionally on the hard crag with her little hoofs.

The dog remained lying for half an hour or so, continuing his weird pantomime. The night fell completely. Everything became unreal and ghostly under the light of the distant myriads of stars. An infant moon had arisen. The sharp rushing wind and the thunder of the sea only made the silent loneliness of the night more menacing to the white goat, as she stood bravely on the limestone crag defending her newborn young. On all sides the horizon was a tumultuous line of barren crag, dented with shallow glens and seamed with low, stone fences that hung like tattered curtains against the rim of the sky.

Then the dog attacked again. Rising suddenly, he set off at a long, swinging gallop, with his head turned sideways toward the goat, whining as he ran. He ran around the goat in a wide circle, gradually increasing his speed. A white spot on his breast flashed and vanished as he rose and fell in the undulating stretches of his flight. The goat watched him, fiercely rigid from tail to snout. She pawed the crag methodically, turning around on her own ground slowly to face him.

When he passed his starting-point, he was flying at full speed, a black ball shooting along the gloomy surface of the crag, with a sharp rattle of claws. The rattle of his claws, his whining and the sharp tapping of the goat's fore feet as she turned about, were the only sounds that rose into the night from this sinister engagement.

He sped round and round the goat, approaching her imperceptibly each round, until he was so close that she could see his glittering eyes and the white lather of rage on his half-open jaws. She became slightly dizzy and confused, turning about so methodically in a confined space, confused and amazed by the subtle strategy of the horrid beast. His whining grew louder and more savage. The rattle of his claws was like the clamour of hailstones driven by a wind. He was upon her.

He came in a whirl on her flank. He came with a savage roar that deafened her. She shivered and then stiffened in rigid silence to receive him. The kid uttered a shrill cry. Then the black bulk hurtled through the air, close up, with hot breathing, snarling, with reddened fangs and . . . smash.

He had dived for her left flank. But as he went past her head she turned like lightning and met him again with her horns. This time she grazed his side, to the rear of the shoulder. He yelped and tumbled sideways, rolling over twice. With a savage snort she was upon him. He was on his haunches, rising, when her horns thudded into his head. He went down again with another yelp. He rolled over and then suddenly, with amazing speed, swept to his feet, whirled about on swinging tail and dived for her flank once more. The goat uttered a shriek of terror. He had passed her horns. His fangs had embedded themselves in the matted ringlet that trailed along her right flank. The dog's

flying weight, swinging on to the ringlet as he fell, brought her to her haunches.

But she was ferocious now. As she wriggled to her feet beside the rolling dog that gripped her flank, she wrenched herself around and gored him savagely in the belly. He yelled and loosed his hold. She rose on her hind legs in a flash, and with a snort she gored him again. Her sharp, pointed horns penetrated his side between the ribs. He gasped and shook his four feet in the air. Then she pounded on him with her fore feet, beating his prostrate body furiously. Her little hoofs pattered with tremendous speed for almost a minute. She beat him blindly, without looking at him.

Then she suddenly stopped. She snorted. The dog was still. He was dead. Her terror was passed. She lifted her right fore foot and shook it with a curious movement. Then she uttered a wild, joyous cry and ran toward her kid's hiding-place.

Night passed with a glorious dawn that came over a rippling sea from the west. A wild, sweet dawn, scented with dew and the many perfumes of the germinating earth. The sleepy sun rose brooding from the sea, golden and soft, searching far horizons with its concave shafts of light. The dawn was still. Still and soft and pure.

The white goat and her kid were traveling eastward along the cliff-tops over the sea. They had traveled all night, flying from the horrid carcass of the beast that lay stretched on the crag beside the little glen. Now they were far away, on the summit of the giant white Precipice of Cahir. The white goat rested to give suck to her kid, and to look out over the cliff-top at the rising sun.

Then she continued her flight eastward, pushing her tired kid before her gently with her horns.

"Caller Herrin'"

Old Scotch Song

WHA'LL buy caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin',
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth.
When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dream'd ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darklin' as they face the billows
A' to fill our woven willows;
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth.
Caller herrin'!

An' when the creel o' herrin' passes,
Leddies, clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Toss their heads, and screw their faces,
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth.
Noo, neighbour wives, come tent my tellin',
When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',
At a word be aye your dealin',
Truth will stand when a' thing's failin',
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're no brought here without brave darin',
Buy my caller herrin',
Ye little ken their worth.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin';
Wives and mithers, maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men!
Caller herrin'!

Alas, Poor Bollington!

By A. E. COPPARD

Yours sincerely
A. E. Coppard

"I WALKED out of the hotel, just as I was, and left her there. I never went back again. I don't think I intended anything quite so final, so dastardly; I had not intended it, I had not thought of doing so, but that is how it happened. I lost her, lost my wife purposely. It was heartless, it was shabby, for she was a nice woman, a charming woman, a good deal younger than I was, a splendid woman, in fact she was very beautiful, and yet I ran away from her. How can you explain that, Turner?"

Poor Bollington looked at Turner, who looked at his glass of whiskey, and that looked irresistible—he drank some. Bollington sipped a little from his glass of milk.

I often found myself regarding Bollington as a little old man. Most of the club members did so too, but he was not that at all, he was still on the sunny side of fifty, but *so* unassertive, no presence to speak of, no height, not enough hair to mention—if he had had it would surely have been yellow. So mild and modest he cut no figure at all, just a man in glasses that seemed rather big for him. Turner was different, though he was just as bald; he had stature and bulk, his very pince-nez seemed twice the size of Bollington's spectacles. They had not met each other for ten years.

"Well, yes," Turner said, "but that was a serious thing to do."

"Wasn't it!" said the other, "and I had no idea of the enormity of the offence—not at the time. She might have been dead, poor girl, and her executors advertising for me. She had money you know, her people had been licensed victuallers, quite wealthy. Scandalous!"

Bollington brooded upon his sin until Turner sighed: "Ah well, my dear chap."

"But you have no idea," protested Bollington, "how entirely she engrossed me. She was twenty-five and I was forty when we married. She was entrancing. She had always lived in a stinking hole in Balham, and it is amazing how strictly some of those people keep their children; licensed victuallers, did I tell you? Well I was forty, and she was twenty-five; we lived for a year dodging about from one hotel to another all over the British Isles, she was a perfect little nomad. Are you married, Turner?"

No, Turner was not married, he never had been.

"O, but you should be," cried little Bollington, "it's an extraordinary experience, the real business of the world is marriage, marriage. I was deliriously happy and she was learning French and Swedish—that's where we were going later. She was an enchanting little thing, fair, with blue eyes; Phoebe her name was."

Turner thoughtfully brushed his hand across his generous baldness, then folded his arms.

"You really should," repeated Bollington, "you ought to, really. But I remember we went from Killarney to Belfast, and there something dreadful happened. I don't know, it had been growing on her I suppose, but she took a dislike to me there, had strange fancies, thought I was unfaithful to her. You see she was popular wherever we went, a lively little woman, in fact she wasn't merely a woman, she was a little magnet, men congregated and clung to her like so many tacks and nails and pins. I didn't object at all—on the contrary, 'Enjoy yourself, Phoebe,' I said, 'I don't expect you always to hang around an old fogey like me.' Fogey was the very word I used; I didn't mean it, of course, but that was the line I took, for she was so charming until she began to get so bad-tempered. And believe me, that made her angry, furious. No, not the fogey, but the idea that I did not object to her philandering. It was fatal, it gave colour to her suspicions

of me—Turner, I was as innocent as any lamb—tremendous colour. And she had such a sharp tongue! If you ventured to differ from her—and you couldn't help differing sometimes—she'd positively bludgeon you, and you couldn't help being bludgeoned. And she had a passion for putting me right, and I always seemed to be so very wrong, always. She would not be satisfied until she had proved it, and it was so monstrous to be made feel that because you were rather different from other people you were an impertinent fool. Yes, I seemed at last to gain only the pangs and none of the prizes of marriage. Now there was a lady we met in Belfast to whom I paid some attention. . . ."

"O, good lord!" groaned Turner.

"No, but listen," pleaded Bollington, "it was a very innocent friendship—nothing was further from my mind—and she was very much like my wife, very much, it was noticeable, everybody spoke of it—I mean the resemblance. A Mrs. Macarthy, a delightful woman, and Phoebe simply loathed her. I confess that my wife's innuendoes were so mean and persistent that at last I hadn't the strength to deny them, in fact at times I wished they were true. Love is idolatry if you like, but it cannot be complete immolation—there's no such bird as the phœnix, is there, Turner?"

"What, what?"

"No such bird as the phœnix."

"No, there is no such bird, I believe."

"And sometimes I had to ask myself quite seriously if I really hadn't been up to some infidelity! Nonsense, of course, but I assure you that was the effect it was having upon me. I had doubts of myself, frenzied doubts! And it came to a head between Phoebe and me in our room one day. We quarrelled, O dear, how we quarrelled! She said I was sly, two-faced, unfaithful, I was a scoundrel, and so on. Awfully untrue, all of it. She accused me of dreadful things with Mrs. Macarthy and she screamed out: 'I hope you will treat her better than you have treated me.' Now what did she mean by that, Turner?"

Bollington eyed his friend as if he expected an oracular answer, but just as Turner was about to respond, Bollington continued: "Well, I never found out, I never knew, for what followed was too terrible. 'I shall get out,' I said, 'it will be better, I think.' Just that, nothing more. I put on my hat and I put my hand on the knob of the door when she said most violently: 'Go with your Macarthys, I never want to see your filthy face again!' Extraordinary you know, Turner. Well, I went out, and I will not deny I was in a rage, terrific. It was raining but I didn't care, and I walked about in it. Then I took shelter in a bookseller's doorway opposite a shop that sold tennis rackets and tobacco, and another one that displayed carnations and peaches on wads of coloured wool. The rain came so fast that the streets seemed to empty, and the passers-by were horridly silent under their umbrellas, and their footsteps splashed so dully, and I tell you I was very sad, Turner, there. I debated whether to rush across the road and buy a lot of carnations and peaches and take them to Phoebe. But I did not do so, Turner, I never went back, never."

"Why, Bollington, you, you were a positive ruffian, Bollington."

"O, scandalous," rejoined the ruffian.

"Well, out with it, what about this Mrs. Macarthy?"

"Mrs. Macarthy? But, Turner, I never saw her again, never, I—I forgot her. Yes, I went prowling on until I found myself at the docks and there it suddenly became dark; I don't know, there was no evening, no twilight, the day stopped for a moment—and it did not recover. There were hundreds of bullocks, slithering and panting and steaming in the road, thousands; lamps were hung up in the harbour, cabs and trolleys rattled round the bullocks, the rain fell dismally and everybody hurried. I went into the dock and saw them loading the steamer, it was called S. S. *Frolic*, and really, Turner, the things they put into the belly of that steamer were rather funny; tons and tons of monstrous big chain, the links as big as soup plates, and two or three pantechnicon vans. Yes, but I was anything but frolicsome, I assure you, I was full of misery and trepidation and the deuce knows what. I did not know what I wanted to do, or what I was going to do, but I found myself buying a ticket to go to Liverpool on that steamer, and, in short, I embarked. How wretched I was, but how determined. Everything on board was depressing and dirty, and when at last we moved off the foam slewed away in filthy bubbles as if that dirty steamer had been sick and was running away from it. I got to Liverpool in the early morn, but I did not stay there, it is such a clamouring place, all trams and trolleys and teashops. I sat in the station for an hour, the most miserable

man alive, the most miserable ever born. I wanted some rest, some peace, some repose, but they never ceased shunting an endless train of goods trucks, banging and screeching until I almost screamed at the very porters. Criff was the name on some of the trucks, I remember, Criff, and everything seemed to be going criff, criff, criff. I haven't discovered to this day what Criff signifies, whether it's a station or a company, or a manufacture, but it was Criff, I remember. Well, I rushed to London and put my affairs in order. A day or two later I went to Southampton and boarded another steamer and put to sea, or rather we were ignominiously lugged out of the dock by a little rat of a tug that seemed all funnel and hooter. I was off to America, and there I stopped for over three years."

Turner sighed. A waiter brought him another glass of spirit.

"I can't help thinking, Bollington, that it was all very fiery and touchy. Of course, I don't know, but really it was a bit steep, very squeamish of you. What did your wife say?"

"I never communicated with her, I never heard from her, I just dropped out. My filthy face, you know, she did not want to see it again."

"Oh come, Bollington! And what did Mrs. Macarthy say?"

"Mrs. Macarthy! I never saw or heard of her again. I told you that."

"Ah, yes, you told me. So you slung off to America."

"I was intensely miserable there for a long while. Of course I loved Phoebe enormously, I felt the separation, I . . . O, it is impossible to describe. But what was worst of all was the meanness of my behaviour, there was nothing heroic about it, I soon saw clearly that it was a shabby trick, disgusting, I had bolted and left her to the mercy of—well, of whatever there was. It made such an awful barrier—you've no idea of my compunction—I couldn't make overtures—'Let us forgive and forget.' I was a mean rascal, I *was* filthy. That was the barrier—myself; I was too bad. I thought I should recover and enjoy life again, I began to think of Phoebe as a cat, a little cat. I went everywhere and did everything. But America is a big country, I couldn't get into contact, I was lonely, very lonely, and although two years went by I longed for Phoebe. Everything I did I wanted to do with Phoebe by my side. And then my cousin, my only relative in the world—he lived in England—he died. I scarcely ever saw him, but still he was my kin. And he died. You've no comprehension, Turner, of the truly awful sensation such a bereavement brings. Not a soul in the world now would have the remotest interest in my welfare. O, I tell you, Turner, it was tragic, tragic, when my cousin died. It made my isolation complete. I was alone, a man who had made a dreadful mess of life. What with sorrow and remorse I felt that I should soon die, not of disease, but disgust."

"You were a great ninny," ejaculated his friend. "Why the devil didn't you hurry back, claim your wife, by-gones be by-gones; why bless my conscience, what a ninny, what a great ninny!"

"Yes, Turner, it as as you say. But though conscience is a good servant it is a very bad master, it overruled me, it shamed me, and I hung on to America for still another year. I tell you my situation was unbearable, I was tied to my misery, I was a tethered dog, a duck without water—even dirty water. And I hadn't any faith in myself or in my case; I knew I was wrong, had always been wrong, Phoebe had taught me that. I hadn't any faith, I wish I had had. Faith can move mountains, so they say, though I've never heard of it actually being done."

"No, not in historical times," declared Turner.

"What do you mean by that?"

"O well, time is nothing, it's nothing, it comes and off it goes. Has it ever occurred to you, Bollington, that in 5,000 years or so there will be nobody in the world speaking the English language, our very existence even will be speculated upon, as if we were the Anthropophagi? O good lord, yes."

And another whiskey.

"You know, Bollington, you were a perfect fool. You behaved like one of those half-baked civil service hounds who lunch in a dairy on a cup of tea and a cream horn. You wanted some beef, some ginger. You came back, you must have come back because there you are now."

"Yes, Turner, I came back after nearly four years. Everything was different, ah, how strange! I could not find Phoebe, it is weird how people can disappear. I made inquiries, but it was like looking for a lost umbrella, fruitless after so long."

"Well, but what about Mrs. Macarthy?"

Mr. Bollington said, slowly and with the utmost precision: "I did not see Mrs. Macarthy again."

"O, of course, you did not see her again, not ever."

"Not ever. I feared Phoebe had gone abroad too, but at last I found her in London."

"No," roared Turner, "why the devil couldn't you say so and done with it? I've been sweating with sympathy for you. O, I say, Bollington!"

"My dear Turner, listen. Do you know, she was delighted to see me, she even kissed me, straight off, and we went out to dine and had the very deuce of a spread and we were having the very deuce of a good time. She was lovelier than ever, and I could see all her old affection for me was returning, she was so . . . well, I can't tell you, Turner, but she had no animosity whatever, no grievance, she would certainly have taken me back that very night. O dear, dear . . . and then! I was anxious to throw myself at her feet, but you couldn't do that in a public café, I could only touch her hands, beautiful, as they lay on the white linen cloth. I kept asking: 'Do you forgive me?' and she would reply: 'I have nothing to forgive, dear, nothing.' How wonderful that sounded to my truly penitent soul—I wanted to die.

"'But you don't ask me where I've been!' she cried gaily, 'or what I've been doing, you careless old Peter. I've been to France, and Sweden, too!'

"I was delighted to hear that, it was so very plucky.

"'When did you go?' I asked.

"'When I left you,' she said.

"'You mean when I went away?'

"'Did you go away? O, of course, you must have. Poor Peter, what a sad time he has had.'

"I was a little bewildered, but I was delighted; in fact, Turner, I was hopelessly infatuated again, I wanted to wring out all the dregs of my detestable villainy and be absolved. All I could begin with was: 'Were you not very glad to be rid of me?'

"'Well,' she said, 'my great fear at first was that you would find me again and make it up. I didn't want that then, at least, I thought I didn't.'

"'That's exactly what I felt,' I exclaimed, 'but how could I find you?'

"'Well,' Phoebe said, 'you might have found out and followed me. But I promise never to run away again, Peter dear, never.'

"Turner, my reeling intelligence swerved like a shot bird.

"'Do you mean, Phoebe, that you ran away from *me?*'

"'Yes, didn't I?' she answered.

"'But I ran away from *you*,' I said. 'I walked out of the hotel on that dreadful afternoon we quarrelled so, and I never went back. I went to America. I was in America nearly four years.'

"'Do you mean you ran away from me?' she cried.

"'But that is exactly what I did—I mean, I ran away from you. *I* walked out of the hotel directly you had gone—*I* never went back, and I've been abroad thinking how tremendously I had served you out, and wondering what you thought of it all and where you were.'

"I could only say 'Good God, Phoebe, I've had the most awful four years of remorse and sorrow, all vain, mistaken, useless, thrown away.' And she said: 'And I've had four years—living in a fool's paradise after all. How dared you run away, it's disgusting!'

"And, Turner, in a moment she was at me again in her old dreadful way, and the last words I had from her were: 'Now I *never* want to see your face again, never, this *is* the end!'

"And that's how things are now, Turner. It's rather sad, isn't it?"

"Sad! Why you chump, when was it you saw her?"

"O, a long time ago, it must be nearly three years now."

"Three years! But you'll see her again!"

"Tfoo! No, no, no, Turner. God bless me, no, no, no!" said the little old man.

His Cavalier— By ROBERT HERRICK

GIVE me that man, that dares bestride
The active Sea-horse, & with pride,
Through that huge field of waters ride:
Who, with his looks too, can appease
The ruffling winds and raging Seas,
In mid'st of all their outrages.
This, this a virtuous man can doe,
Saile against Rocks, and split them too;
I! and a world of Pikes passe through.

So They Say

J. L. Baird:
Inventor of the "Televisor," says that one face transmitted by radiophone made a sound like a saw, another like a pneumatic riveter; a hat purred softly; and a cabbage came like a man gargling

"It is possible to distinguish your face from other people's faces by the noise it makes—when transmitted."

William Muldoon:
Eighty-one-year-young manager of a health farm, and member of N. Y. State Boxing Commission—when asked about the report of his death

"How did I die? If you find out what killed me, call me up and tell me."

Philip Guedalla:
Epigrammatic English historian, essayist and lecturer

"The thing that interests us wicked Europeans most is your relations with the Central American republics."

Mrs. Florence H. Stone:
of New Orleans, to an audience at the St. Louis Women's National Exposition

"When in doubt, wear henna. When a big deal hangs in the balance, put on the brick-red dress and walk into the conference like a brown princess. Red, scarlet, henna, wine—they all give courage and dash."

Walter B. Church:
saved, after attempting suicide by dropping 175 feet from the Delaware River bridge

"I wanted to end it all. . . . When I was in the air halfway down, travelling like a bullet, I changed my mind."

John Haynes Holmes:
Pastor of the Community Church, New York City

"Marriage may be likened to the Cheshire Cat in 'Alice in Wonderland': it is gradually disappearing; nothing much remains of it except the smile—the cynical smile with which we discuss marriage in our time."

Captain August Christensen:
just off, with 20 comrades, to an Eveless Eden found on Santa Maria, one of the Galapagos Islands, among volcanoes, giant tortoises, and traditions of buc-
[redacted]

"Where there are women there is trouble. We are taking over Santa Maria to escape the eternal entanglements of a woman-ridden civilization."

Mrs. Florence Schee Robnett:
managing director, Chicago Collegiate Bureau of Occupation

"The same executive who will hold an Apollo face against a young man will insist upon a Venus at his typewriter."

Robert Lynd:
London editor

"The natural man does not want fair play; he wants his side to win."

George Bernard Shaw:
Dramatist and catalyst

"Only people in a deplorably elementary stage of musical culture have favourite tunes."

Frederick R. Leyland:
Founder of the Leyland Steamship Line

"I would not accept a government subsidy if offered to me. The profit would go up the chimney and in brass buttons and extravagance, for the Government gives you a subsidy on the one hand and obliges you to do many things that take the profit away."

O. F. PAGE:
in the "Forum"

"A good sport is a combination of a hero, a martyr and a humourist."

FRITZ KREISLER:
Austrian master of the violin

"If we strive toward the perfection of our art we strive toward the perfection of our lives."

JOAB H. BANTON:
District Attorney, New York County, discussing the severe Baumes law

"Sooner or later we shall come to the idea that punishment should fit the criminal rather than the crime."

PROFESSOR JOHN ERSKINE:
Author, professor, musician

"Perfect beauty is harmless when it is being sought, but when it is found it becomes dangerous and even deadly."

JUDGE SAMUEL SHAY:
after listening for fifteen minutes to Mrs. Alexander Prokop upbraiding her husband, whom she charged with desertion

"I'm convinced that such domestic trouble is due to the fact that wives talk too much."

BISHOP OF DURHAM:
Rt. Rev. Herbert Hensley Henson

"We can't get teachers in our Sunday schools because they are motoring."

MR. R. F. CHOLMELEY:
English writer

"Children ought to have pennies to spend or to waste, for the unnecessary things of life are just as necessary for children as they are for adults."

MAHATMA GANDHI:
Spiritual leader of modern India

"Where there is fear there is no religion."

AN ENGLISH MAGISTRATE:
in a Marylebone court

"To nag her husband is a wife's privilege."

ALFRED HENRY MUTTON:
"Competition solutionist," former butler in Hanover Square, London, when sued for divorce, explains to judge that he solves crosswords for paying clients

"I win prizes for other people."

WARREN S. STONE:
late head of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers

"The earning power of the American workman is so great that if all would save and invest their savings, in ten years they would be one of the dominating powers of the financial world."

MRS. ALANA BERRY:
sailing alone on a trip to the heart of Nigeria in West Africa

"The natives are not unkind to strangers, and they only eat each other when no white people are around."

WILL ROGERS:
interprets the Princeton-Harvard quarrel

"Princeton denies that they were rough with Harvard in foot-ball. They say they were firm but never rough, that it wasn't necessary."

SMITH ELY JELLIFFE:
Neurologist, editor and author

"The woman of the future will be descended from the more female women of the present."

BENITO MUSSOLINI:
Italy's Duce

"I am anti-whiskers. Fascism is anti-whiskers. Whiskers are a sign of decadence."

ROSITA FORBES:
British traveller and writer

"With confidence and credit equally unlimited, the surface of American life is bound to erupt with new crimes as well as with new art, inventions and headlines of all sorts."

DEEMS TAYLOR:
composer

"All you have to do to write music is to remember a tune that's never been written."

CHARLIE CHAPLIN:
film artist

"After all, what is art but a love letter to somebody?"

DR. CHARLES H. MAYO:
of the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minn.

"The dangerous age of a woman is from 16 to 18. But the dangerous age for man is from 50 to 55—if you can't keep your eye on them, lock them up."

A Wall Street Office Boy:
advising his employer who was attracted by a motor-car with a flossy finish

"Stay away from that one. It's all on the outside—and looks don't getcha home."

A. Barton Hepburn:
heir to $10,000,000 at 21, abjures society

"About the only interesting people in the Social Register are a few old dowagers with a sly sense of humor, who have learned a thing or two about life in spite of their environment."

Viscountess Rhondda:
Britain's richest and most active business woman

"Every suburb and provincial city has its smart set now—they permeate society with the ideals of the harem. Sex is their profession."

Sister Mary Aloysius:
formerly Grace Minford, refuses to share in the estate of her father, the "Sugar King," Lewis W. Minford

"The money could be of no use to me. . . . My vow of voluntary poverty forever shuts me off from any but the necessities of life."

Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin:
former pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, now President of Union Theological Seminary

"I am weary of couples who cannot remarry in their own faith going around the corner and getting a Presbyterian minister to marry them. We are not a laundry for the soiled linen of some other church."

Editorial Writer:
in the "Oil City Derrick"

"The Dawn is the oldest Drama known to man, yet always the newest."

M. François Latry:
French authority on cooking

"Good cooking, in a domestic sense, is not expensive or elaborate cooking: it is the perfection of simplicity."

Mrs. Rosa Lewis:
English "queen of cooks," owner, manager, and chief cook of the Cavendish Hotel in London

"I don't care what they tell us, women are the best cooks in the world. And Americans, contrary to what usually is believed, are the foremost connoisseurs of good cooking."

Charles Scotte:
French chef of the Ambassador Hotel shrieks derision at Rosa Lewis

"To think that a woman should claim preeminence in this field! And, moreover, that she should snap her English fingers in the face of the sacred tradition that French cookery is the cookery par excellence of the civilized world!"

Heywood Broun:
Columnist and author

"Civilization and fat came hand in hand to this fair country."

Mary Garden:
Opera singer, in "Collier's"

"The average American marries early and gets his first love affair out of the way as though it were some obstruction to business progress—and trouble is sure to follow."

Edith Shackleton:
spinster, London journalist and dramatic critic

"Most wives are failures."

Miss Dinah Gibbons:
B. A. of St. Hilda's College, Oxford, has become a mannequin at a costumer's shop in London

"One does not have to exert one's brains at all in this job, and that is a great relief."

M. Louis Dubois:
head of the Nationalists in the French Chamber of Deputies, opposes the Mellon-Béranger debt agreement

"I prefer to believe that our (American) friends, better informed now than they appear to have been heretofore by our rulers and negotiators, will generously recognise that, at least for cash advances received under Liberty Bond acts, we owe them nothing."

Dr. J. L. Bloomenthal:
Director of the Bureau of Child Hygiene

"Fat babies, like fat turkeys, have little resistance and less good health."

MAXIMO SOTO HALL:
Buenos Aires editor, aims to put Latin-Americanism on the same plane with Americanism

"For many years there has been a long chain of events which shows the attitude of the United States toward Central and South America to be that of a superior to an inferior."

SUE TUNSTALL MACNUTT:
of Bethelehem, Pa., laments the benighted condition of this region of Pennsylvania

"We consult 'Powwow doctors'; we are 'hexed' by those who have a grudge against us; we decorate our barns with odd designs to ward off the 'evil eye'; we pass a baby three times around the leg of a table to cure the 'liver groans'!"

DR. PAUL DOUGLAS:
head of the Economics Department of the University of Chicago

"There is a growing need that either the American Government or the industries of the country guarantee to married men a higher salary than is received by bachelors."

DR. CHARLES V. CRASTER:
Newark Health Officer

"The girl wets her lips frequently with her tongue and carries millions of the microbes from her lips to her system, thus breeding disease. If you would be healthy, leave the lipstick on the drug-store shelves."

DR. FRANCIS X. MAHONEY:
Boston Health Commissioner

"Our pure food and drug inspectors examined cosmetics on the market and found them all right. You can take my word for it that lipsticks are harmless, but kissing—there's the danger to warn our young people against."

FREDERICK A. WALLIS:
N. Y City Commissioner of Correction

"Broadway is a mountain range of American achievement."

REV. S. PARKES CADMAN:
Congregational Minister and syndicated answerer of questions

"The microbe is almost as interesting as the archangel."

MARQUIS KIN-ICHI KOMURA:
Director of the Information Bureau in the Japanese Foreign Office and official spokesman of the Japanese Government for the foreign press

"War is no remedy for over-population, nor is it a means of escape from economic difficulty."

DR. WILLIAM M. MCGOVERN:
leader of the expedition sent by the British Museum to the Amazonian wilds

"We were lost for five weeks. . . . We lived on monkey meat and caterpillars, great fuzzy ones like those we have here. I never thought caterpillars would be tough, but these took a lot of chewing."

THOMAS P. HENRY:
President of the American Automobile Association

"We need model motorists and model pedestrians as much as we need safe brakes, headlights and highways."

MISS B. VIRGINIA LEE:
editor of "The Overland Monthly" of San Francisco, marries Bert Cooksley, New York editor, and they are happy, with a continent between them

"The suffocating intimacy of ordinary married life didn't appeal to us. We tossed a coin to see whether we would be married at all. . . . When the notion strikes us we'll get together. What could be sweeter?"

LEWIS MUMFORD:
critic and author

"It is for the interest of American culture that we may well ask the Jew to be more of a Jew; and it is perhaps equally for the interest of Judaism, no longer content with a fugitive and cloistered existence, that we may equally ask him to be more of an American."

MME. CECILE SOREL:
French actress, on leaving America

"I am coming back to your country next year. I have enjoyed my stay here so much. I find your air so exhilarating."

COUNT GUILLAUME DE SÉGUR:
Mme. Sorel's husband, who had just lost $5,540 in money and jewelry at a night club, and barely caught the "France"

"I do not quite understand your prohibition law. And I find it a little too exhilarating."

MRS. THOMAS WHIFFEN:
82, and the theater's grand old lady, to appear in a revival of "Trelawney of the Wells"

"Retire? Not a bit of it! I've been on the stage since I was two years old, in baby parts, and that totals about eighty years now, and never once have I gone on during a first night without a trembling of the hands."

MAURICE BLOCH:
N. Y. State Assembly, introducing a bill to make perjury a misdemeanour instead of a felony

"There is no gainsaying the fact that perjury is rife in all our court actions and that it now goes unpunished."

Shadowed

By MARY SYNON

Mary Synon

ALL the way down from the Capitol, Stroude knew that he was being followed. From the moment he had come out of the Senate office-building upon the plaza, fragrant with forsythia in the March moonlight, he had been conscious of the man who trailed his sauntering footsteps. He had led him down a winding way past the Marshall statue and into the deserted wideness of Pennsylvania Avenue. He had thought to lose him when he stepped into the lobby of a big hotel, pausing for a word there with men he knew, men who made their greetings casual or portentous, according to their knowledge of the turning of the inner wheels of Washington; but he found the other man some twenty paces behind him as he crossed Lafayette Square, and his amused acceptance of the situation curdled to annoyance at the possibility of having to deal with an irresponsible crank determined on an interview.

The day had been more than ordinarily difficult, one of the hardest Stroude had known since the turmoiled times of war. He had suffered under the sense of impending crisis, knowing that his future hung on to-morrow's balance; and his temper, always drawn like a taut bow, had been ready to snap a hundred times through the afternoon's battle in the Senate chamber. Now, at the doorway of his house, that limestone palace of Georgian severity which loomed in stately classicism among the older residences of the neighbourhood, he poised the arrow of his wrath as he turned to confront the man behind him. "What do you want?" he snapped at him.

The man came nearer. By the dim light of the hall lantern Stroude saw his shambling listlessness, and his hand went to his pocket with a thought of relief that the other sought only alms. The man, seeing the gesture, put up his hand arrestingly. "Remember me?" he inquired, almost too nonchalantly. His voice, for all its soft slurring of the consonants, was threaded with a fiber of steel which edged the menace of his quiet poise.

"Why not?" Stroude asked sharply, his shoulders lifting as if for defense.

"Then I reckon you're none too glad to see me?"

"You haven't come here to ask me that. You might as well tell me first as last what you want from me."

"Nothing you'll call the sheriff about," the man told him. He faced the Senator squarely, revealing even in the half-darkness a certain racial resemblance to him which made them equals on the instant. For all Stroude's grooming and the stranger's shabbiness, they were strangely akin in their antagonism, bound not by family ties but by broader, more basic associations. Each of them, tall, thin, lithe, gazed on the other with unflinching blue eyes. Each of them kept watch with wildcat tenacity. From each of them emanated the recklessness of personal courage that takes no count of law beyond its own code. In their sudden springing to guard, the predominant characteristics of the two men, the Senator and the shambling shadower, flared up stronger than their setting, and although the lights of the White House gleamed golden across the Square, they were mountaineers facing each other in the hate of vendetta. The years and the place fell away from Stroude, leaving him stripped to the bone of his clan's creed.

"We've settled our own affairs before," Stroude said. "We can do it now."

As if the words gave him advantage, the other man seized them swiftly. "Let's do it, then," he replied. "I've come here to get you to do something you won't want to do. Will you fight me for it?"

"Not till I know the stake."

"Didn't you get her letter?"

"Whose?"

"There's only one woman I'd be coming to you about, I reckon."

"I've never heard from her since the day she went back to you. That was twenty-six years ago last May."

"The fourteenth."

"Why should she have written me now?"

"She's dying." The man's voice sounded in a softer timbre. "A month ago the doctor from the moonlight school told her that she had only a little while to live. She's been pining ever since, not about dying, for she's as brave as any man, but for something I couldn't guess until she told me. She wants to see *you*. She wrote you a letter, but she was afraid you might not get it, and so she sent me. 'Tell him,' she said, 'that I won't rest easy in my grave over there on the side of Big Stony, if he don't come to me before I die. He told me once,' she said, 'that he'd come when I'd call. I'm calling now.' That's her message." His tone lifted from its softer depth. "Are you coming to her?"

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I've a thousand duties. I've— It's ridiculous."

"Then you're not coming?"

"How can I, Martin? I'm not my own man. I'm here for my State, for my country. I have work to do. I can't let any personal obligation interfere with it. Besides——"

"It couldn't hurt your wife, not even if she knew it. And Dell's dying."

"I'm sorry, Martin. I am, honestly. Will you tell Dell that I——"

"I'll tell her nothing but that you wouldn't come. Nothing else matters. And I think you owe her that, at least."

"But——"

The other man turned away, crossed the street and walked back across the Square. Stroude could see him swinging on between the bushes, and the remembrance of another trail which Boyce Martin would climb rushed over him. More plainly than the crocus-bordered path to the White House shone the moonlit path up to the cabin on Pisgah where Dell Martin had been used to wait for his own coming, the cabin where she now waited for death. The memory of that way, twisting among laurel and rhododendrons, stabbed him more sharply than had Boyce Martin's words; but with the old habit of setting aside disturbing thoughts, he tried to thrust the memory from his brain as he unlocked the door of his house.

A servant, coming forward at the sound of his key in the lock, gave him a message with a careful precision which bespoke respect for the executive management that directed his tasks. "Mrs. Stroude wishes you to be told, sir, that she is at the theater, and will see you when she comes in. And she made an appointment, sir, for Senator Manning and two other gentlemen to see you to-night on their way from the Pan-American dinner. She said it was very important."

He thanked the man, and went upstairs to the library, switching on light after light to dispel its shrouding gloom. He tried to read, but the pages of the periodicals he took up ran into dullness. He chewed his cigar savagely, finding it flavourless. He strove to concentrate on his impending interview with Manning and his companions, realizing its portent, but he could not focus his attitude. Impatiently he thrust away the work which always waited his attention on his homecoming—findings of committees, digests of newspaper editorials, confidential reports on public interest in various measures, letters from men who had constituted themselves his captains. He frowned at the framed photograph of his wife, the only decoration she had placed upon his table; and he grimaced at the portrait of himself which Rhoda had set above the immaculate mantel. He was weary with work, he told himself, crossing the room and flinging wide open the windows which looked down on the Square.

The thrill of the night wind, prematurely warm as it crossed the Potomac, and burdened with elusive odours of a southern March, caught him unawares. For a moment he stood drinking deeply of the immortal beauty of the recurrent springtime. Memories he had thought long dead and buried went over him. Pictures more vivid than those on the walls framed themselves in the darkened greenery of the little park: a girl in a faded gingham dress waving him welcome on a hill road, a girl with eyes brighter than mountain stars telling him her love, flinging away all thought or care of herself, giving him everything and glorying in the gift, even to the last sacrifice of her departure from him. Not as she was now, Boyce Martin's wife dying in that far-away little community of his native hills, but as she had been when she had defied their little world to come to him, Stroude saw her. In the thought of what

she had been to him, he flung out his arms. "After all these years," he muttered, "after all these years!" And as if drawn by a power stronger than his will, he crossed to the table, and picking up the telephone, called the information desk of the Union Station. "What time does the Mountain Mail on the C. & O. go out now?" he asked. "One o'clock? One-fifteen." He hung up the receiver, and saw again the photograph of his wife.

He studied it with suddenly arrested attention. What would she think of his desire to leave Washington at a time when, according to her fundamental ideas, his presence was imperative for the fulfilment of his ambition? Or was it her ambition? He gazed at the pictured countenance, seeing the determination of the uplifted chin, meeting the challenge in the steady eyes. Rhoda was certainly her father's daughter. Old Peter Armond's indomitable will and shrewdly calculating brain lived on in her. For the fourteen—or was it fifteen?—years of their marriage she had managed Stroude's career as cleverly as ever her father had directed one of his lieutenants, and he had acknowledged his debt to her with a certain attitude of amusement. Now, facing the last triumphal stage of its development, he felt an angry distaste of Rhoda's maneuvering. It might bring him, he conceded, to the goal, but he wished he might have traveled a simpler path.

He had been an obscure Congressman of fiery political rectitude when he had met Rhoda Armond. She, and her group, and the circumstances the Armond connection had conjured for him, had made him into a statesman. Or was it only that they had made it possible for him to plant his own standards on the heights? At any rate, he owed her something, he thought. She was his wife, even though her attitude toward him was that of a director of destinies. She had given him, after all, what he had desired from her. She had made the upward road smooth, and she had dowered him with loyal faith in his ability. It wasn't fair to compare her attitude toward him with Dell's. He had never given to Rhoda what he had given Dell. Poor little Dell! But what good could he do her now by going to her? Twenty-five years would have changed her as they had changed him. They had had their day, and the sun of it had set long since. "I won't go; I can't," he said, and turned back to the work on his desk, not looking up until his wife entered the room.

She came, a tall, consciously beautiful woman, bringing with her an aroma of power as subtle and as pervasive as the perfume of her toilet. She gave to Stroude the greeting of a perfunctory kiss on his brow, and stood off for his admiration. It was, however, not the product of her personality as much as her satisfaction in the work which struck him as he watched her. Rhoda's thought of herself, as well as of him, was that of a sculptor of his masterpieces. Stroude accepted it with the affectionate tolerance of a long marital relationship, feeling somehow sorrier for Rhoda than she would ever feel for herself, since she would never know what she had missed from life. "I was playing your game to-night," she told him.

"Isn't it yours too?" he smiled.

"In a way, yes," she acknowledged, "but this involved real sacrifice, and I want reward. I went to the theater with the Covingers."

"Was the play deadly?"

"No, but the Covingers are."

"He isn't a bad sort, and——"

"Oh, I know that he'll have the delegation from his State, and that it's one of the big States; but oh, my dear, have you ever had to listen to his wife?"

"She isn't so terrible, Rhoda."

"Oh, of course, if you will look at people as characters rather than as social factors, you won't see the awfulness of the Mrs. Covingers of Washington. But really——"

"Did Manning hint at why he had to see me to-night?"

"At nothing but the importance of seeing you. He is bringing, he said, Mr. Laflin and Senator Wilk."

"He probably said Senator Wilk and Mr. Laflin, but you know the field well enough to put them in the order of their importance. Laflin's the new factor, a shrewd wolf raised in a wild forest."

"Does it mean"—she leaned forward, tapping the table with her fan in eagerness—"that they are going to ask you to take the nomination?"

"They haven't the entire giving of it, my dear."

"Don't be silly, Burton. You know that they are the architects of presidential nominations."

"But even architects——"

"Oh, Burt, don't quibble. You know that you're the logical man for the place. You're squarely based in party politics——"

"Safe, and steady." His tone was whimsical.

"But picturesque enough to be a good campaigner."

"Barefoot boy from the mountains. Good American stock with fine traditions. Reads rhetorically, doesn't it?"

"And a border State gives you strategic advantage."

"Someone has coached you well."

"I was coached before I ever knew you, Burt dear. My father taught us politics as religiously as my mother taught us sewing. It wasn't as practical, perhaps, as yours, but——"

"There haven't been many men more practical in their politics than Peter Armond," Stroude said dryly.

"Even if he did grow wealthy," his daughter defended, "you know how high he kept his standards."

"I can guess," Stroude said, but his tone gave her no handle to catch for controversy, and she swung into off-side statement. "Mrs. Covinger let slip something that may be vital to us," she told him.

"If it's vital, she let it slip with due deliberation," he declared. "Don't underestimate her brains, Rhoda, even if she wasn't raised by the Armond code. What did she say?"

"I don't believe I'll tell you."

"Yes, you will."

"We do run in double harness, don't we? Well, she said that Covinger wasn't going back to New York until to-morrow night, as there was a tremendously important conference at noon to-morrow. Seven men will be there, and they will decide the fate of the nation. That's exactly what she said. She's bombastic, you know."

"Seven? Then they're letting Covington in?"

"You knew about it?"

"Not that it would be to-morrow."

"Is that why Senator Manning is coming to-night?"

"Probably."

"Then that means—" Her voice broke in excitement.

"That our fate hangs in the balance."

"Does it?"

"It looks like it." He smiled at her through the smoke of his cigar. Her eyes shone with myriad points of light. "Not planning what you'll wear at the inauguration, are you?" he teased her.

"No," she said, "but wondering what you'll say. It's wonderful, isn't it?"

"Don't count your chickens yet, Rhoda," he warned her. "We, both of us, know the thousand slips between the cup of consideration and the lip of nomination. We've gone through it all for other offices."

"But we've won every time," she said solemnly. "You've never been beaten, Burt. Don't you see what an advantage that is, now? You've been going up and up, and up."

"The Senate's a rather high plateau, at that."

"But not the high mountain. Oh, Burt, think of it! It seems almost unbelievable, and yet I've always known you were destined for it. I knew you'd be great. Why, even in those first days here, you promised it. You knew it, too. You had the look of a man who was dedicated to something beyond the immediate, the look of one who is going to travel far and high. I believe that was one of the reasons why I loved you. And you—" She leaned over the table, and spread out the brilliant feathers of her fan, gazing at their splendour and not at her husband as she went on: "Did you love me when you married me?"

"Why else do men marry women?" he countered, letting the smoke veil his eyes.

"To put other women out of their lives, sometimes," she said.

"Well?" He drew hard on the cigar.

"I never knew until to-day who she was," she said. "I opened a letter by mistake. You may see from the envelope how easy it was for me to think it was addressed to me when I found it in my mail. It was directed merely to Washington, and the post office sent it to the house here."

"I quite understand," he said, and held out his hand for Dell Martin's letter.

His wife drew it from the gay bag she had borne, and gave it to him. For a moment he looked at the pitiful missive, contrasting it with the appointments of the table before him. "She's dying," Rhoda said, "and she asks you to go to her."

"Yes," he said, "I know it."

"But——"

"How did I know? Her husband followed me down from the Hill to-night. He demanded that I return with him."

"Then she married, after——"

"She was married," he said, "when I met her."

"Oh!" She snapped shut the great fan, twisting its tortoise-shell handle between her lithe fingers. "When was that?"

"Before I knew you." He sank down into his chair, staring forward as if he were a judge considering a decision. "I was twenty-two years old, teaching school in the mountains, and studying law with old

Judge McLaurin, when I met Dell Martin. She had been married to Boyce against her will, as plenty of the girls in the hills are married. She was lonely, and wretched, and lovelier than a wild rose. I was young, and reckless. I fell in love with her, and I made her love me. Boyce found it out. He drew me into a fight, and I won it. He shot me then. Dell came to nurse me, and I wouldn't let her go. Boyce wouldn't get a divorce, and she couldn't, but she stayed with me. We had two years of utter happiness. I'd have gone through hell to win them."

A stick of the tortoise-shell handle of the fan broke in Rhoda's hands. "But you left her?"

"No," he said. "She left me. She saw before I did that it couldn't go on. She saw in me the ambition that I thought I had buried in my love for her. She knew that if I stayed with her, I'd never be anything but a miserable shyster, living from hand to mouth, despising myself and all I did, coming perhaps in time to hate her because she had been the cause of my degradation. She went to Judge McLaurin, and asked him to tell her the truth. He told her, old Covenanter that he was. Then she went up the mountain to Boyce, and asked him if he wanted her to come back to him. She knew that it was the only action I'd consider final. He told her to come. She told me that she was leaving me. I pleaded with her all that night, but she went with the dawn. I couldn't hold her. I went up Pisgah with her till we came to the trail to Boyce's cabin. We could see the wood-smoke curling up above the masses of shining green leaves and pink clusters of the laurel. 'You're going away from me,' she said, 'far away, and you'll climb a higher mountain than Pisgah.' I begged her to come with me, but she shook her head. 'I'm giving you up for your sake,' she told me. 'But you need me,' I pleaded. 'Not now,' she said. 'But some day I shall, and then I'll call you. And no matter where you are, you'll come, won't you, Burt?' I promised her that I would. The last I saw of her was as she climbed the trail to Boyce's cabin. From that day to this,"—he touched the crumpled little white letter,—"she has sent me no word."

"It's strange, isn't it," Rhoda said, her voice not quite steady, "that a woman may live with a man through long years, and never really know him at all?"

"Should I have told you?"

"I don't know," she said. "I suppose I'd have married you, even if you had. It's not deception, perhaps, when you've never seen her nor written to her since you married me; and yet— Are you going to her, Burt?"

"To-morrow's the conference. I must be there if I am to be the man chosen."

"Do you want to go?"

"I wonder," he mused, "if you'll understand me when I tell you that, other things being equal, I should go to-night. It's with no sense of failing you, and with no idea of helping her, but I promised her—that I'd come if she called."

"Even if there weren't the conference," Rhoda said, "you're a marked man now. You couldn't go back to a little village in the mountains without it being known, and the reason for it blazoned. It wouldn't do, would it?" She could not quite succeed in making her tone judicial. Her own eagerness palpitated back of the assumed impartiality. "You've wanted the presidency too long to throw away the chance of it."

"I've never wanted it," he said.

"You don't mean," she demanded, her vexation rising into view, "that I've urged you to seek something you haven't desired?"

"It's more complex than that," he shrugged. "I suppose it's simply that I married the Armond hope as well as you. Old Peter set a standard for your family which has kept you all up on your toes. If the dead see, he must chuckle sometimes over its way of working."

"Why?" she flared, letting her annoyance catch at a point of difference less vital than the main issue. "He gave his whole service to his country. He was one of the really great men of his generation, wasn't he? You've never known my father as I knew him. You've always let yourself be influenced by the demagogic attacks on him. You've thought that because he made a great fortune he couldn't be an idealist. Haven't you seen that, if he had been a materialist, he wouldn't have trained his family as he did? Why, it's been his torch that I've tried to keep alight, and if I have done anything for you, Burton, it has been by that torch's flame."

"You've done a very great deal, Rhoda," he said. "I'm not questioning the number or the brightness of the candles you've burned in my game. I'm only questioning the value of the game itself. Power's like money. If you give up all else to possess it, then it possesses you."

"But——"

"I know. I should have chosen long ago. I'm not turning back now. I owe you that, I think. If I'm anything at all beyond a struggling lawyer in a little city—" He broke off suddenly as the young servant came to the library curtains.

"Senator Manning and two other gentlemen," he announced.

They came almost on his heels, three men with the aspect of dignitaries: Manning tall, thin, almost cadaverous, with the eye and the hand of a Richelieu; Wilk heavy, ponderous, inscrutable as a great Buddha; Laflin, a blend of college professor and Wall Street lawyer, hiding a predatory keenness behind horn-rimmed spectacles. Characteristically, Stroude felt, they fell into place, Wilk into the nearest easy-chair, Manning into an Italian seat which put him in the center of a softly lighted stage, and Laflin back in the shadows. After a moment of casual conversation Rhoda rose to leave them. Stroude halted her. "I have an idea," he said, "that these gentlemen have come to me on an errand which concerns you as well as myself.—Do you mind if she stays?"

"Not at all," said Manning suavely. Laflin nodded, and old man Wilk grunted assent. Rhoda went over beyond Laflin as far outside the group as she could, and just out of her husband's line of vision; but he turned his chair a little, that he might encompass her in his sight as Manning began to speak.

"It makes it a little easier for us," he said, "that you have guessed something of our mission."

"I couldn't help knowing," Stroude swung back, "when every other man in the Senate has known it for days."

"Not definitely," boomed Wilk. "There's always talk, of course, and often more smoke than fire."

"Sometimes it's only a screen for the protection of a real issue," Manning went on, "but in this case the fire is burning. You know, I am sure, that the conference to determine the best candidate for the next term of the presidency is to be held here in Washington to-morrow."

"At noon," smiled Stroude.

"Your information," Manning said, "is speedy as well as accurate. The time was not determined until seven o'clock this evening. Seven men know it."

"And their wives," cut in Laflin, peering at Rhoda.

"We have canvassed the field thoroughly before coming to you," Manning continued with his air of authoritative spokesmanship. "We have eliminated, for one reason or another, all the men who have been under consideration. Bannister is too old. Maxwell is too radical. Vandringham is too theatrical. Stearns is too variable. Durham is too light. Landreau lacks the necessary tradition. Penn comes from the wrong location. Jarvis jumped the party. The process brings us to you."

"How about Corliss?"

"I don't mind telling you," Manning said, "that Carmichael is fighting desperately for Corliss, and that, without Covinger's help, he *might* be able to swing the conference. Mr. Laflin, Senator Wilk and I have never swerved from our determination to have you. Carmichael has Bennett and Franklin with him. Covinger is the determining vote. You have him."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain. He's attending on Parker's proxy. We won that point this afternoon. He's solidly with you."

"Even against Corliss? Corliss is from his State."

"Even against him."

"Why?"

"Well, it seems that Corliss has an old scandal against him which frightens Covinger. He's afraid that it might make an election issue. By the way— You're not interested in these affairs, Mrs. Stroude?"

"Very vitally," she said, "and there's nothing you need fear to discuss before me."

Manning cleared his throat, and old man Wilk stirred uneasily in his chair. Laflin's mobile mouth twisted.

"Go on," said Stroude. "What's the charge?"

"Carmichael says," Manning stated, "that there's an old story back in your own State, Stroude, that might explode. We've all known you a good many years, all of us but Laflin, and we've never heard a whisper of it. I have told him that I do not believe it. So has Senator Wilk."

"What's the story?" Stroude's fingers, lighting a match, did not tremble.

"Well, if you insist——"

"I do."

"Carmichael says that you stole another man's wife."

"There was no theft about it. She came with me. Later she went back to her husband. I left the place, started to practise law, and married. My wife never heard the story until to-night." He looked down at Dell Martin's letter, not yet read by him, topping the documents on the table

in front of him. "It's an old story," he said, "and one not likely to explode unless——"

"Unless what?" Laflin demanded from the gloom.

"Unless I choose to revive it by an overt act," Stroude retorted. "It all happened more than twenty-five years ago in a tiny community in the mountains. I know the people there. They're my kind, my stock. They won't talk to strangers coming in. There's only one way the newspapers could get the story. I'd have to lead them to it."

"That's true," old man Wilk grunted. "I know the mountains."

"Then it's settled," Manning said with evident relief. "I fancy a story as old as that, cut off altogether by the time between, could not be a very appalling Banquo's ghost." He arose a little wearily. "You'll be at the conference to-morrow?" He named the time and place. "It's necessary that you should be. Without you, Covinger may switch. You may have to combat Carmichael directly. You'll be ready?"

"If I'm—if it's necessary," Stroude said.

The other two men stood up, Wilk unwieldily, Laflin with quick ease, smiling at Stroude as he held out his hand. "This was a real star-chamber session," he said, "according to the best rules of old Peter Armond. Wouldn't the old pirate have loved to sit in a ten-minute game of four men who decided the next President?"

"What do you mean?" Rhoda's voice rang out in challenge, and Manning and Wilk rushed to speech to head off Laflin, but he went on in almost boyish unconcern: "Old Peter trained me, you know, and I've always had a soft spot for him in my heart, although I've known what a wolf in sheep's clothing he was. We have to hand it to him, though, that with all his grafting and his materialism, he was a great party builder. He was the first of the Warwicks in American national life. We're just rattling around in his shoes, but we'll do our best to put you over."

He moved off, almost pushed by Manning's eagerness to depart, but his voice seemed to linger in the room after the three of them had gone. Stroude sat toying with a paper-knife. Rhoda, deep in the shadows, did not stir. A clock in the hall boomed twelve. Stroude, sighing, put his hand over Dell Martin's letter. Then Rhoda spoke. "Is Mr. Laflin telling the truth about my father," she asked Stroude, "or what he thinks is the truth?"

"The truth."

"That he wasn't an idealist—a patriot?"

"Well, if he was——"

"I understand. And you've known it always?"

"Since before I knew you."

"Then do you mean"—she came back to the chair beside the table—"that through all these years my standards have meant nothing to you? That you have known them to be false?"

"They aren't false," he said. "The standards are true enough."

"But the man who gave them to me wasn't?"

"Well, he didn't live up to the code."

"Your own code?"

"I've tried to hold to it."

"The one Judge McLaurin taught you?"

"The very one. The one Judge Foxwell taught *him*. *He* got it, I believe, from John Marshall. Don't think about it, Rhoda. Those old boys lived in different days. Sometimes I think that I'm an anachronism." He sought to smile at her, but the smile faded before her intensity. "Don't let a chance word of Laflin's bother you," he counseled. "He didn't know you, of course, as your father's daughter, or he'd have cut out his tongue before saying what he did."

"It doesn't matter who said it," she declared. "It's not that alone that hurts; it's the knowledge that I've meant so little to you that cuts deep—now. I used to think, Burt, even when I knew that you didn't love me, that I was giving you something fine and splendid. I let myself believe that the Armond tradition was the beacon which was lighting your way. I thought that if I couldn't give you anything else, I was at least giving you that torch. And now, I find out that the light I was holding for you was only marsh fire. You've never needed me!" Her voice rose to accusation.

"Oh, yes," he countered, but he could not put verity into his tone.

"No," she said. "You don't owe me anything for the playing of the game. I've loved that for itself."

"But you thought you were giving me the other——"

"And I wasn't. It's really a joke, isn't it? A buccaneer teaching his family the Golden Rule, and the family passing it on!"

"It isn't a joke, Rhoda. I've always taken it in the measure of your intention."

"And been sorry for me?"

"Yes."

"I've never sought pity."

"None of us do."

"It's funny, isn't it," she mused, "that one woman who loved you set you free, so that another woman whom you didn't love might take away that freedom?"

"I've had as much freedom as most men," he said, but his eyes went back to the crumpled missive. Rhoda's glance, following his, saw its significance. "Read it," she challenged him. He hesitated an instant, as if doubting his desire to read it before her watchfulness, then drew the letter from its envelope.

Pale tracing on common paper met his gaze. "*Burt,*" he read, "*you're a great man now, and maybe you've forgotten me. I've never forgotten you. Every morning and every night I've prayed for you. Boyce has been good to me, better than I deserved; but oh, Burt, all that my life has been since I left you is just a hope that eternity will bring us together again. I used to believe it would, but I'm getting afraid, now that it's coming near. Won't you come to me for just one hour before I go? You told me once that hell wouldn't keep you if I——*"

Before the pathos of the call something in Stroude's soul trembled. He didn't love Dell now, he told himself as he came to the end of the page. He hadn't loved her in twenty years. There was no thrill of remembered passion rising from the white page to stir his heart, but there was something deeper, more poignant than romance in the plea which this woman in the mountains had sent him across time and distance. Through those long years she had never wavered in her belief in him and in the promise he had made to her. Out of the depths of his spirit he had told her that he would come to her if she should ever need him. It was a promise given not only to the woman who had heard and heeded it, but to the God of his faith and his fathers. If he failed to keep it, no matter what the cost, he would be violating more than an old love. He would be tearing down his own code. Through whatever glory might come to him he would know himself as a man who failed in the one virtue on which he had always prided himself, the keeping of his word. It was an oath he had taken to Dell Martin, just as he would take an oath to uphold the Constitution of the United States if—if he climbed the mountain of Rhoda's vision!

Realization of the immediacy of his problem came to him with the sight of his wife's fan, broken, lying beyond the letter in his hand. He looked up to find Rhoda's eyes studying him. But he must not fail her, he told himself, snatching at the straw of conventionality in the current of emotion. The very fact that he had not given her love put him under obligation to her. Because of her, because of the expectations she had harboured for him, because of the time and thought and labour she had spent for the advancement she had thought he sought, because of her very disillusionment now, he could not fail her. He must go to the conference, even if it meant the breaking of a vow he had made before the altar of his one great love. It was part of the price, he reasoned, that all men pay for power; but he felt that something within him was dying as he turned the page of Dell Martin's letter.

"—*if I called for you,*" he picked up the thread. "*That was why I didn't call when I needed you before, when our boy was born. I couldn't let you know about him. You'd never have let me go if you'd known. But it doesn't matter now, does it? And oh, Burt, I need you so! If you'll only hold my hand again, I won't fear the crossing. And perhaps when you come to die, you'll find the going easier if you have the memory of this hour you'll give me. Won't you come?*" It was signed waveringly, "*Dell.*"

He folded it back into the envelope, and put it in his pocket. "You aren't going?" Rhoda asked him, her voice strangely strained.

"Yes," he said, "I'm going."

"But to-morrow——"

"It's the long years afterward I'm thinking of," he told her.

"And the nomination——"

"Sometimes the things we put out of our lives," he said, "are the only things we really keep."

"That's ridiculous," she said. "I can't understand you at all to-night, Burton. Why should a man give up the highest honour a nation can give him——"

"There are other kinds of honour, Rhoda."

"To go to a woman he hasn't seen for twenty-five years?"

"She is the—" he began, then halted quickly in the fear of the hurt his word might give her.

"I understand," she said.

She picked up her broken fan, and moved toward the door, but before she reached it, turned back. Her face was stonily calm. "Shall I telephone Senator Manning in the morning that you will not be there?" she asked him.

"If you will," he said.

As his car bore him past the shadowy white pile on the other side of the Square, Stroude sighed. A man does not live with a dream—even the dream of another—through season after season without catching some gleam of its radiance; but in Boyce Martin's straight look as he met him at the train gate, Stroude began to drink of his justification.

"You Stroudes always kept your word," the other man said.

"We aim to," said Stroude, unconsciously slipping back into the vernacular of his youth. "It was her letter," he explained. "I never knew about the boy."

"I know," said Martin. "I—I've loved him as if he'd been the child I've never had. That's why I came for you." He held out his hand, and Stroude grasped it. "You're one of us, after all."

As the train slid past the Potomac and threaded the low pines of the Virginia river-lands, Stroude pondered the mountaineer's tribute. In the light of it he saw the path to Dell Martin's cabin leading higher than the way across the Square. For the first time in many years he felt the surge of freedom rising in his soul. A thousand shackles fell away as the last lights of Washington slid down on the horizon.

Azure Psychology

By LAFCADIO HEARN

Lafcadio Hearn

LEAST common of the colours given by Nature to bird, insect, and blossom is bright pure blue. Blue flowers are believed to proclaim for the plant that bears them a longer history of unchecked development than flowers of any other primary colour suggest; and the high cost of the tint is perhaps hinted by the inability of the horticulturist to produce blue roses or blue chrysanthemums. Vivid blue appears in the plumage of some wonderful birds, and on the wings of certain amazing butterflies—especially tropical butterflies;—but usually under conditions that intimate a prodigious period of evolutional specialization. Altogether it would seem that blue was the latest pure colour developed in the evolution of flower and scale and feather; but there is reason to believe that the power of perceiving blue was not acquired until after the power of distinguishing red and green and yellow had already been gained.

Whether the hypothesis be true or false, it is certainly noteworthy that, of the primary colours, blue alone has remained, up to the present time, a colour pleasurable in its purest intensity to the vision of highly civilized races. Bright red, bright green, bright orange, yellow, or violet, can be used but sparingly in our nineteenth-century attire and decoration. They have become offensive in their spectral purity because of the violence of the sensations that they give;—they remain grateful only to the rudimentary æsthetic feeling of children, of the totally uncultivated, or of savages. What modern beauty clothes herself in scarlet, or robes herself in fairy green? We cannot paint our chambers violet or saffron—the mere idea jars upon our nerves. But the colour of heaven has not ceased to delight us. Sky-blue can still be worn by our fairest; and the luminous charm of azure ceilings and azure wall-surfaces—under certain conditions of lighting and dimension—is still recognized.

"Nevertheless," some one may say, "we do not paint the *outside* of a building sky-blue; and a sky-blue façade would be even more disagreeable than an orange or a crimson façade." This is true—but not because the effect of the colour upon large surfaces is necessarily displeasing. It is true only because vivid blue, unlike other bright colours, is never associated in our experience of Nature with large and opaque *solidity*. When mountains become blue for us, they also become ghostly and semi-transparent.

Upon a housefront the colour must appear monstrous, because giving the notion of the unnatural—of a huge blue dead *solidity* tangibly proximate. But a blue ceiling, a blue vault, blue walls of corridors, may suggest the true relation of the colour to depth and transparency, and make for us a grateful illusion of space and summer-light. Yellow, on the other hand, is a colour well adapted to façades, because associated in memory with the beautiful effect of dying sunlight over pale broad surfaces.

But although yellow remains, after blue, the most agreeable of the primary colours, it cannot often be used for artistic purposes, like blue, in all its luminous strength. Pale tones of yellow—especially creamy tones—are capable of an immense variety of artistic employment; but this is not true of the brilliant and burning yellow. Only blue is always agreeable in its most vivid purity—providing that it be not used in massive displays so as to suggest the anomaly of blue hardness and blue opacity.*

In Japan, which may still be called the land of perfect good taste in chromatics—notwithstanding the temporary apparition of some discords due to Western influence—almost any ordinary street vista tells the story of the race-experience with colour. The general tone of the vista is given by bluish-grays above and dark blues below, sharply relieved by numerous small details of white and cool yellow. In this perspective the bluish-grays represent the tiling of roofs and awnings; the dark blues, shop-draperies; the bright whites, narrow strips of plastered surface; the pale yellows, mostly smooth, naked wood, and glimpses of rush-mattings. The broader stretches of colour are furthermore relieved and softened by the sprinkling of countless ideographs over draperies and shop-signs—black (and sometimes red) against white: white or gold on blue. Strong yellows, greens, oranges, purples are invisible. In dress also grays and cool blues rule; when you do happen to see robes or hakama all of one brilliant colour—worn by children or young girls—that colour is either a sky-blue, or a violet with only just enough red in it to kindle the azure—a rainbow-violet of exquisite luminosity.†

* Blue jewels, blue eyes, blue flowers delight us; but in these the colour accompanies either transparency or visible softness. It is perhaps because of the incongruity between hard opacity and blue that the sight of a book in sky-blue binding is unendurable. I can imagine nothing more atrocious.

† This essay was written several years ago. During 1897 I noticed for the first time since my arrival in Japan a sprinkling of dark greens and light yellows in the fashions of the season; but the general tone of costume was little affected by these exceptions to older taste. The light yellow appeared only in some girdles of children.

II

But I wish to speak neither of the æsthetic value of blue in relation to arts and industries, nor of the optical significance of blue as the product of six hundred and fifty billion oscillations of the luminous ether per second. I only want to say something about the psychology of the colour—about its subjective evolutional history.

Certainly the same apparition of blue will bestir in different minds different degrees of feeling, and will set in motion, through memory-revival of unlike experiences, totally dissimilar operations of fancy. But independently of such psychological variation—mainly personal and superficial—there can be no doubt that the colour evokes in the general mind one common quality of pleasurable feeling—a vivacious thrill—a tone of emotional activity unmistakably related to the higher zones of sentiency and of imagination.

In my own case the sight of vivid blue has always been accompanied by an emotion of vague delight—more or less strong according to the luminous intensity of the colour. And in one experience of travel—sailing to the American tropics—this feeling rose into ecstasy. It was when I beheld for the first time the grandest vision of blue in the world—the glory of the Gulf Stream: a magical splendour that made me doubt my senses—a flaming azure that looked as if a million summer skies had been condensed into pure fluid colour for the making of it. The captain of the ship leaned over the rail with me; and we both watched the marvelous sea for a long time in silence. Then he said:

"Fifteen years ago I took my wife with me on this trip—just after we were married, it was;—and she wondered at the water. She asked me to get her a silk dress of the very same colour. I tried in ever so many places; but I never could get just what she wanted till a chance took me to Canton. I went round the Chinese silk-shops day after day looking for that colour. It wasn't easy to find; but I did get it at last. Wasn't she glad, though, when I brought it home to her! . . . She's got it yet. . . . "

Still, at times, in sleep, I sail southward again over the wonder of that dazzling, surging azure;—then the dream shifts suddenly across the world, and I am wandering with the Captain through close, dim, queer Chinese streets—vainly seeking a silk of the

blue of the Gulf Stream. And it was this memory of tropic days that first impelled me to think about the reason of the delight inspired by the colour.

III

POSSIBLY the wave of pleasurable emotion excited by a glorious vision of blue is not more complex than the feeling aroused by any massive display of any other pure colour; —but it is higher in the quality of its complexity. For the ideational elements that blend in the volume of it include not a few of the noblest—not a few of those which also enter into the making of Cosmic motion.

Being the seeming colour of the ghost of our planet—of the breath of the life of the world —blue is likewise the colour apparent of the enormity of day and the abyss of the night. So the sensation of it makes appeal to the ideas of Altitude, of Vastness, and of Profundity.

Also to the idea of Space in Time; for blue is the tint of distance and vagueness.

Also to the idea of Motion: for blue is the Colour of Vanishing and of Apparition. Peak and vale, bay and promontory, turn blue as we leave them; and out of blue they grow and define again as we glide homeward.

And therefore in the volume of feeling awakened in us by the sensation of blue, there should be something of the emotion associated with experience of change—with countless ancestral sorrows of parting. But if there indeed be any such dim survival, it is utterly whelmed and lost in that all-radiant emotional inheritance related to Summer and Warmth—to the joy of past humanity in the light of cloudless days.

Still more significant is the fact that although blue is a sacred colour, the dominant tones of the feeling it evokes are gladness and tenderness. Blue speaks to us of the dead and of the gods, but never of their awfulness.

Now when we reflect that blue is the colour of the idea of the divine, the colour pantheistic, the colour ethical—thrilling most deeply into those structures of thought to which belong our sentiments of reverence and justice, of duty and of aspiration—we may wonder why the emotion it calls up should be supremely gladsome. Is it because that sensuous race-experience of blue skies—that measureless joy of the dead in light and warmth, which has been transmitted to each of us in organic memory—is vastly older than the religious idea, and therefore voluminous enough to drown any ethical feeling indirectly related to the colour-sensation? Partly so, no doubt;—but I will venture another, and a very simple explanation:

All moral pulsations in the wave of inherited feeling which responds to the impression of blue, belongs only to the beautiful and tender aspects of faith.

And thus much having been ventured, I may presume a little further.

I imagine that for many of us one of the most powerful elements in this billow of pleasurable feeling evoked by the vision of blue, is spiritual, in the fullest ethical meaning of the word;—that under the fleeting surface-plexus of personal emotion empirically associated with the colour, pulses like a tide the transmitted religious emotion of unnumbered ages;—and that, quickening and vivifying all inherited sense of blue as the splendour mystical—as the colour of the everlasting Peace. Something of all human longing for all the Paradises ever imagined—of all preëxistent trust in the promise of reunion after death—of all expired dreams of unending youth and bliss—may be revived for us, more or less faintly, in this thrill of the delight of azure. Even as through the jewel-radiance of the Tropic Stream pass undulations from the vaster deep—with their sobbings and whisperings, their fugitive drift and foam—so, through the emotion evoked by the vision of luminous blue, there may somehow quiver back to us out of the Infinite (multitudinous like the billion ether-shiverings that make the blue sensation of a moment) something of all the aspirations of the ancient faiths, and the power of the vanished gods, and the passion and the beauty of all the prayer ever uttered by the lips of man.

Hiding Love —

By WU-TI
Translated by Arthur Waley

WHO says
That it's by my desire,
This separation, this living so far from you?
My dress still smells of the lavender you gave:
My hand still holds the letter that you sent.
Round my waist I wear a double sash:
I dream that it binds us both with a same-heart knot.
Did not you know that people hide their love,
Like the flower that seems too precious to be picked?

The Milky Way

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Stewart Edward White

SOMEWHERE along the British Columbia coast a well-found schooner yacht moved in a thick, lazy mist. Glenn Walker, the owner thereof; Aline, his comparatively recent wife, and Jimmy Forbes, together with the mate, were all gathered about the wheel, combining their skill and knowledge. The crow's-nest aloft was occupied by a lookout man. A sailor near the after hatch at intervals worked a crank that actuated a bellows that, in turn, emitted a long, hollow groan. In addition, Walker from time to time pulled the air-whistle cord. Then the entire yacht fell silent, and everybody listened intently for an echo that should indicate the proximity of islands and rocks. Throughout all the ship's company was that nervous, intent, uneasy alertness that is aroused only by a fog in uncertain, broken, or unknown waters. Even Sam, the negro cook, had deserted his galley, and, an unusual solemnity adding a quite superfluous shadow to his countenance, was gazing ahead.

"The worst of it is these confounded currents," observed Walker impatiently, breaking the silence. "You can figure out where you ought to be all right, but you can't tell where the currents may have set you! We ought to be hearing from Disaster Point about now." He pulled the whistle cord. All listened. Nothing! "Nice, cheerful optimist named this country!" he grumbled. "Disaster Point; Desolation Sound; Wreck Reef; Beware Passage; Destruction Point; Grief Point——"

Nobody replied. All understood that the skipper was merely relieving pressure.

The sailor mechanically cranked his machine. In answer to its hoarse shout a booming bellow blared through the mist dead ahead. Walker's hand jerked to the engine-room bell. The yacht came to a quivering standstill. The water fell quiet under her counter as the reverse ceased to operate. She lay gently rocking in the smooth swell. All listened.

Nothing. Walker waved his hand toward the sailor operating the fog-horn.

It squawked; and almost immediately was answered from out the mists.

"No lighthouses up here, as I remember it," stated Walker, but in a note of inquiry.

"No, sir; none," rejoined the mate positively.

"Doesn't sound like any ship's fog-horn I ever heard, though."

"No, sir; more like a fixed signal."

The mate took two steps to their own fog-horn, thrust the sailor aside, and manipulated the crank, one long blast, followed by three short ones. After a short interval he was answered; but, as before, only by the single long-drawn-out note.

"Private signal; not in the books," he explained. "But everyone navigating this coast knows it. Either that fellow's a cod-headed fool or we're up against a fixed signal."

"Maybe it's a new establishment," suggested Jimmy Forbes.

"What I was thinking, sir. But why isn't it reported in this year's 'Information for Mariners'? They don't grow these things overnight."

Walker rang again, and the yacht's auxiliary engines fell silent.

"I don't hear any engine," he voiced the result of a short interval of listening. "I'd better start up again and keep under control." He signaled the engineer, and the yacht began to creep forward at a snail's pace.

Jimmy Forbes and Aline sauntered forward to the bitts. Jimmy clenched his pipe in his teeth, his hands were deep in his pockets, and his face was alight. She glanced up at him.

"What is it?" she asked, struck by his expression.

"My psychic antennæ are vibrating," said he. "I smell adventure."

"Fog thinning aloft, sir," came the sailor's voice from the crow's-nest.

The invisible horn continued to blare at intervals, but the exact direction or distance of its source was rendered uncertain by the peculiar and baffling acoustic properties of the fog. At each repetition everybody aboard the yacht strained his ears, and at each silence exchanged low-voiced opinions, all different.

With the shattering effect of an explosion the lookout man's voice came again from aloft. The effect was of the release from a spell, a pearl-gray clogging muffled spell cast on sight and sound by the spirit of the fog.

"Cow ho!" cried he.

A moment's incredulous silence was broken by an exasperated bellow of inquiry from both Walker and his mate.

"Cow ho!" the sailor obligingly repeated.

"You triple idiot," shouted Walker, "what are you talking about?"

"It's a cow, sir," explained the look-out man. "I can see her above the fog. She's standing on a sort of high peak of rock that sticks up. Five points to sta'board, sir. She's a spotted cow," he added after a moment, "and she's got a calf with her."

"What in the name of Peter the Hermit do you suppose I care for her colour or her calf?" roared Walker, exasperated.

The mate was already eagerly searching the chart.

"It must be this little group here, sir," he indicated. "We've been set west'ard by the tides."

"No bottom at ten," sang out the leadsman, who unbidden had cast his lead.

In the bow Aline was looking at her chuckling brother. "You knew it was a cow!" she accused him.

"I told you my psychic antennæ were quivering. You see, each and every living thing has its own special aura which it emanates, or in the midst of which it lives, so to speak. When two living things come near enough to one another the auras contact or perhaps slightly intermingle. One who—like me—is sensitive or especially trained in the occult lore of the East is aware of that fact, and may even identify the nature of that aura. It's very simple." He caught her accusing eye. "And then, too," he continued, "it sounded like a cow."

The fog continued to thin overhead, while still remaining opaque below, as is often the habit of fogs. Dazzling bits of sky became visible, like blue jewels set in cotton wool. Those on deck shortly became possessed of the vision that had earlier been vouchsafed the lookout man, nearer heaven. On a flat-topped spire of rock stood a veritable spotted cow, with a smaller but gangle-legged replica of herself snuggled alongside. The spire lifted sheer from the rolling fog clouds below. Its top was perhaps ten feet across; it sides apparently almost precipitous. The cow was as though upon an altar. There needed only a few seraphim or cherubim leaning their chins over the clouds below to complete an entirely appropriate setting. The idea was put forward by Aline.

"Should the cherubim be small chubby calves' heads with wings?" she inquired. 'Or perhaps little fat pigs?"

Appropriate leisure for the admiration of the spectacle was, however, denied them. The spell was broken by the sudden appearance alongside of an agitated man in a small boat. He was a stockily built person, with a round red face, a shock of brown hair, and an anxious and serious eye.

"Say," he called without preliminary, "can some of you fellows help me with my cow?"

"What's the matter with your cow?" asked Walker.

"I can't get her down. She's clumb up atop and she can't get down. I never knew a more gentle cow, but I can't do nothing with her. She never acted this way before. Something must have scared her; and then she had her calf, and now she's gone crazy. If my piston-rod bearing hadn't give out, me and my partner'd have done something, but as it is she ain't had a drop or a bite for two days except what I've got up to her, and what with a new calf—by golly, you fellers come along just right!"

"With the permission of the owner, here," struck in Jimmy, who, in common with the entire yacht's company, was leaning over the rail, "I would propose that you come on deck and embroider with the glittering high lights of lucidity your suggestive but somewhat obscure narrative."

The man stared at him. "Huh?" he ejaculated.

"Come aboard and have a drink and tell us about it."

The owner of the cow, painter in hand, immediately swarmed over the side. The attentive steward dived below to reappear with a bottle and glasses.

"Better drop your hook," suggested the stranger, his eye on the bottle.

"Is there good bottom here?" queried Walker doubtfully.

"Sure. And good shelter. You're in Graveyard Cove."

"By the mark, seven!" sang out the leadsman hastily.

"Let go the anchor!" commanded Walker sharply.

"The cow," Jimmy Forbes was observing, "is, as perhaps you know, a sacred animal among the Hindus. It therefore possesses for me, as a humble Follower of the Path, a peculiar interest and significance. The sight of one of these animals elevated to a position that I can only regard as symbolical is significant of more than chance. I can see in this concatenation of circumstances an interweaving of the threads of Karma which may——"

"Give me that bottle!" Aline interrupted him severely.

She removed the cork and handed it, together with a tall glass from the tray, to the newcomer. Jimmy sighed.

"Blinded," he murmured—"not so particularly to my occult lore as to the alcoholic habits of the local native."

The glass was intended for highballs, the soda for which was ready on the tray. The man filled it three-fourths full of whisky. This he at once prepared to drink.

"Don't you take any water?" gasped Aline.

"Not if the whisky is good, ma'am."

He drank it in long gulps, set down the glass without a shudder and, thus fortified, gave an account of himself. He lived, it seems, with his partner on another small island a few miles distant. They ran a cattle ranch. Jimmy pricked up his ears at this statement.

"How many head of stock have you?" he asked.

"Eleven," said the man. "We had twelve last year, but we killed one for beef."

The spotted cow, being about to calve, and the grass becoming scant on the "ranch," the idea had occurred to him to transfer her to this island for better forage, and he did so.

"How?" asked Aline.

"In my gas boat, ma'am."

"But how?"

"I just put her in the cockpit and brought her over."

"I don't see how in the world——"

"It was easy enough, ma'am. I never knew a more gentle cow. Only trouble was, it was choppy and she got seasick some."

The crossing and the landing had been successfully accomplished. All seemed to be going well. Then trouble began.

The cow, after falling too eagerly on the new feed, had been seized by a sudden panic.

"I can't think what ailed her," complained the man. "There wa'n't nothing I could see to scare her. But she begun to run around and bellow and curl her tail, and I couldn't do nothing with her nohow. And she's the gentlest critter I ever see. I quit trying to get nigh her, because I didn't want her to run around and get het up—she with her calf, you see—but that didn't do no good. And how she done it, I don't know, but somehow she managed to scramble right up to the top of the island. Why, a goat couldn't hardly make it! Once she got up there she quieted down, but there she was! She can't get down nohow, and I can't figger no way to *get* her down. She's had her calf up there, and there ain't no food or water, so I had to carry up what I could, and she just stands there and bellers. And then when I started to go get my partner to figger something out, my engine breaks down; and I ain't got no small boat with me, and there I am."

"In your estimate of your cattle holdings, did you include the calf?" inquired Jimmy.

"Huh?"

"Have you eleven head counting or not counting the calf?"

"The calf makes twelve."

"What on earth has that to do with it?" demanded Aline.

"I was just figuring whether it meant a 9 or an 8½ per cent. loss," submitted her brother meekly. "At any rate, a heavy loss for any large industry."

The stranger looked at Jimmy suspiciously, but otherwise ignored him.

"You can just bet I was glad to hear you fellows whistling," he concluded his narrative.

The fog was now returning into the invisible. There was no motion, just a withdrawal as though into a fourth dimension without disturbance of the three in which we live. The surroundings were becoming distinguishable.

The yacht was shortly seen to be at anchor in a crescent-shaped bight with long rocky arms on either side. A sparsely wooded shore rose by in a series of low rocky terraces to the central spire on the top of which stood the spotty cow and her calf. The spire was perhaps ten feet high above the last terrace, and seemed to afford various

small hand or foot holds in the shape of miniature ledges and crevices, but would appear to be, as the cow's owner had said, problematically scalable to even the skiptious goat.

"Do you mean to say that cow actually climbed up there?" demanded Walker, after surveying the situation.

"I don't think she flew," said the man, and he said it seriously, which pleased Aline.

"Well, let's go ashore and look things over," suggested Walker. "I expect we'll have to help out."

"Any objection to the men landing, sir?" inquired the mate. "Good chance to stretch their legs."

"None. But leave one aboard."

The small boats were put overside, and shortly the ship's crew stood on the island. They ascended by a series of broad shallow terraces, where they grouped themselves at the foot of the spire and looked up. The cow looked down.

"It's plain enough where she got up," observed Walker after a pause—"she could do it if she scrambled hard and kept scrambling. And it's equally plain why she doesn't get down. But I believe she might be led if it were done carefully."

"I figured that," agreed the cow's owner, "if she'd come down gentle; but she's all het up and excited. And she's the gentlest critter I ever see. You can do anything with her. But now I can't even get a rope on her."

A deprecating cough called attention to the steward.

"Beg pardon, sir, but, if I might try? You see, sir, I was cow hand for two years in the Argentine pampas, and I learned methods."

"A hundred and sixty-seven," murmured Aline.

Jimmy raised an inquiring eyebrow in her direction.

"It's Johnston's age," she explained to him aside, "according to the number of years he says he has done different things. He was a hundred and sixty-five yesterday."

Receiving permission, the steward procured a rope and rapidly climbed to the miniature plateau, to the farther edge of which the cow promptly retired with her calf behind her.

"You see," he said modestly, addressing the multitude from his vantage point. "It's partly confidence and partly secret master words which have been known to animal tamers from time immemorial."

"If you know any secret master words, you'd better say them quick," warned Forbes suddenly.

Without waiting for the secret words, and disregarding the confidence entirely, the cow uttered a bellow and dashed at the steward. The latter, caught unawares by this unsportsmanlike conduct, recovered his wits only in time to dodge sidewise and escape impalement by the skin of his teeth. Now ensued a brief but lively game of tag within most inadequate boundaries. The cow was It, but seemed likely not long to remain so. Before the spectators could either formulate an idea for rescue or even make a move toward it, Johnston, escaping death thrice by a hand breadth, was seen to topple for a moment on the far edge, throw up his hands, and disappear.

Cries and movements. Above the confusion rose the roaring voice of the cow's owner:

"Can he swim?"

Several voices answered him in the affirmative.

"Then he's all right. The cliff is straight up on that side into deep water. They's no rocks there."

Two men tumbled into the dinghy and rowed madly around the nearer of the two points. Suspended action for a short interval. Shortly it reappeared, and all could see that Johnston sat now in the stern sheets, streaming sea-water. His remarks could not be distinguished at the distance, but from his posture, gestures, and the sound of his voice it was evident that he was addressing the spotty cow.

"Undoubtedly the secret words, though a trifle belated," observed Jimmy. "The creature should now be quite tamed."

"I never see her act up so before," said the cow's owner. "She's the gentlest critter——"

"Well," urged Walker genially, "any more volunteers? Any more buckaroos in this outfit?"

He ran his eye over the crew, grinning cheerfully at them. They grinned back, glanced at each other, shook their heads.

"No? Well, come on, boys, let's see what we can do."

He was warming up to the situation. He had been sitting on a rock, like Aline and his brother-in-law, as a spectator. Now he arose and became the central figure—with due deference to the cow.

"Johnston has the right idea—in a way," said he. "The first thing is to get a rope on her. Got to get hold of her. I don't know much about cows, but I do know that

with a rope around the base of the horns you can do most anything with them, and around the neck is no good. That right?" he asked the cow's owner. "By the way, what's your name?"

"My name's Teller. Yes, that's right."

"Any of you men throw a lariat? No? How about you? You're a ranchman."

"I ain't never tried."

"Well, I can't, either—to amount to much. But I've had to catch my horse a few times down in the cow country. Get me a stout line. I think I can make a running noose."

Armed with this impromptu lasso, he started toward the rock.

"You aren't going up there?" cried Aline, alarmed.

"Don't worry; I have the greatest respect for the old girl."

He made his way to a point just below the little plateau, assured himself of a good foothold, whirled the loop around his head, cowboy fashion, and began to cast. The cow backed away to the far edge, planted her feet and snorted. The position was awkward, Walker's skill negligible, and the cow proved to be unexpectedly clever in ducking. Again and again he hurled the rope, dragged it back empty, and reformed the loop. Sometimes the loop would not spread, sometimes the rope fell short, at encouraging moments it fell across the cow, twice it actually settled over the horns and the attentive bystanders uttered a yell, but before Walker in his unfavourable position could take in the slack the cow lowered her head and flipped her horns and the wide loop slipped off. By now the sun was shining brightly. Walker took off his coat and wiped his brow.

"Gosh, this is hot work!" he remarked.

After the hundredth cast or so, he paused for a rest.

"I'm afraid I'm no Buffalo Bill," he confessed after another series of failures. "One of you row off and tell that ineffable ass, Johnston, to come back—to come ashore and have a try at this. He ought to know how to throw a lasso if he was with the Argentine Gauchos for two years."

While one of the men was gone in the dinghy Walker leaned against the rock resting. Presently the emissary returned.

"Johnston says they didn't lasso them down where he was," reported the man, grinning. "He says they used bolos."

"Humph!" grunted Walker. "He's better read than I imagined."

He took up the rope again and hurled the loop carelessly and disgustedly in the general direction of the cow. It settled about the animal's horns.

"Stand by!" "Haul her!" "Take in your slack!" broke out a chorus of yells.

The loop tightened. Walker descended from his elevated perch, bringing with him the long line.

"Now you've got her, what are you going to do with her?" murmured Forbes.

But Walker, now wholly in the spirit of solving a difficult problem, had his ideas.

"Get the calf down, and she'll follow of her own accord," he replied promptly. "Here, some of you fellows take the end of the rope and keep her from charging at me, and I'll see what can be done."

The cow securely tethered to one end of the plateau, Walker ventured to mount to the other. Then ensued a game first of blandishment—futile—then of dodge. The calf had been instructed by Mother to view all proceedings with suspicion; on no account to do anything he was expected to do; and to distrust all creatures that did not progress on four legs. Infantile as he was, the calf had understood and obeyed perfectly, a wonderful example to the young independents of other species.

"That won't work," confessed Walker at length, descending the cliff.

"If you did get the calf, probably the cow wouldn't be calm enough to pick her way down so difficult a path," consoled Aline. "Your flannels are a sight!"

"There's something in that," assented Walker. "Darn my flannels."

"She's always been the gentlest critter I ever——"

"Well, she's reformed now," Walker cut him short. "Any suggestions, anybody?"

The two groups had gradually drawn together until now master and crew were gathered close. Nobody said anything for a moment.

"How about shoving her off the side where Johnston took the high dive?" at length ventured one of the men.

"She's bust herself wide open falling from that high up!" hastily interposed Teller in alarm.

"How about shoving her off and then lowering her down with the rope around her horns, then?" amended the author of the suggestion.

"We could all tail onto the rope on this side, run it over the top, and then slack away," interposed another.

They gathered in a close group and discussed ways and means. It was agreed that

a roller of some kind would be needed to pass the rope over so it would not chafe through. Also some sort of padded poles for the shoving. Nobody seemed to fancy doing any shoving with the naked hands. Also a selected squad to shove, and another to pull. The plan gathered complications, fantastic nautical complications of men accustomed to the sea but not to cows. Teller, who had been listening with more and more bewilderment, finally dashed the whole scheme.

"With her scraping and bumping down that clift," said he, "she'd break a leg sure."

"We'll have to rig some sort of crane to sling her from," put in the mate, who had heretofore remained silent. "Then we can run her over and let her down easy."

"That's the idea!" cried Walker.

A new committee of the whole was formed. Three men held the cow back by the rope while all the rest swarmed up the cliff to examine the engineering possibilities. Cranes were more in line with a sailorman's experience. The matter of a suitable foundation and pivot was soon determined. There would need to be two stout timbers; one upright and firmly guyed; the other attached loosely to its foot like a boom. A block on the end of each through which ropes could be rove would permit manipulation either up or down or sidewise. Then reeve the cow's rope through the end of the boom, hoist her off her feet, sling her sidewise into space, and lower away!

This masterpiece of planning by a dozen eagerly interested small boys—for this is what they had all become—was no sooner rounded out in all details than an obvious and damning fact ruined it. On the little island there grew no trees big enough to furnish materials! There were no trees big enough—so Teller admitted—on any of the islands near by.

At this realization a consternation blank of everything but baffled irritation fell upon the spirits of the multitude. With one accord all stared at the cow; with one accord all cursed the cow. One or two even cursed Teller for daring to own the cow. Teller was quite meek, but very anxious and worried; and only muttered that she was the gentlest cow he had ever known. Which, of course, helped.

"Better shoot the fool and use her up for beef and be done with it!" sighed Walker wearily.

Into this lull obtruded the splash of oars. It had not been noticed that some time previous Sam had withdrawn. Now he was to be seen, in full white regalia, his bulk nearly filling the little dinghy, placidly paddling to shore. He beached his craft, deliberately shipped his oars, heaved himself on the strand, and approached.

"Lunching," he remarked with dignity, "is served. Gittin' cows down often rocks is no job on an empty stummick."

"Good Lord! It's two o'clock!" cried Walker, glancing at his wrist watch. "Sam has the right idea. Get aboard and feed."

The cow, released from pressure, advanced to the edge of the little plateau, dragging her rope after her. She stared down at them with the unfocused bulging-eyed imbecility of the rattled bovine.

"Bla-a-a-a!" she bellowed, and in the cry there seemed to be a note of sneering scorn.

"Make it snappy!" ordered Walker. "A half-hour. Teller, you go aboard and eat with the men. I'm going to get that cow down if it takes a leg!"

Lunch was, to Sam's scandal, quite devoid of customary formalities. Walker swallowed his food hastily and without further comment. Then suddenly he bellowed for Johnston.

That astonished individual, accustomed to being summoned gently and electrically as though by the lascivious pleasings of a lute, popped in with unwonted haste.

"Bring that man Teller in here—the cow man," commanded Walker.

"In here, sir?"

"I said here!"

Johnston popped out again, looking slightly scandalized.

"Sit down," invited Walker when the ranchman had been ushered in. "Tell me, how deep is the water on the other side of the island just under the cliff?"

"It's about eight or ten fathom."

"Sure?"

"Yes, I've caught cod there."

"Any rock or shoals?"

"No, she runs off sheer and clean."

"How close in could a craft like this get?"

"Lord, you could tie up to the clift if you wanted to."

Walker hit the table with satisfaction.

"All right," he cried. "I've got it! It's as simple as falling off a log. We'll take the yacht around there right under the confounded cow. We'll use our mainmast as our upright and our main boom as the spar."

"You can't raise it high enough," interposed Forbes quickly.

"Can't, eh? Well, to make sure, we'll hoist it and chock it high enough up."

"It'll mar your mast."

"Hang the mast! I wish it was taller. We can't hoist her clear, but we can pull her off sideways and catch her weight as she comes off the plateau. It'll work perfectly, if only the weather will continue calm."

He was as eager as a boy. Leaping from his seat, he ran on deck. The crew, already fed, were up from below.

"I've got it worked out," he told them rapidly, and detailed his scheme.

"They's nigh a twenty-foot tide in these waters, sir," said the mate, "so if you pull her off at high tide you'd gain that much on her."

"Good man!" cried Walker. The mate had already dived for the tide-tables. They flipped the pages. "Here we are, Port Simpson—it won't be far off Port Simpson tides here—high water 19.7 feet at 22:48—why in blazes don't they say 10:48 P. M. and be done with it? We can't do it today. It's 19.5 to-morrow morning. We'll do it then. It'll take us the rest of the day to get rigged, anyway."

Walker under-estimated the activity of sailormen at work on a job they really understand and in a cause that has enlisted their fervent interest. The boom was raised a little higher up the mast; the gaff was unshipped and lashed to the boom where it would lend most support; the necessary blocks and running gear were installed; the contraption was swung and tested and pronounced satisfactory by the middle of the first dog watch. Satisfied that nothing more could be done until the next day, Walker went below to remove the signs of toil.

But shortly appeared Teller from the shore, where he had been thrusting some fodder and a pail of water up to the plateau. He had a new and disconcerting idea, which was that it was very possible that during the night the noose might fall loose and the cow be enabled to slip it off her horns. This horrible thought gave pause to all satisfaction. Walker retired into executive session with himself to grapple with the new problem. Finally he summoned the mate, and explained the difficulty.

"We've got to keep that noose from slipping open," said he, "and the only way to do it that I can see is to throw a half hitch, or something, above it around the beast's horns. It can be done, I think, by flipping the slack of the rope in a sort of loop and giving it a twist that will cross it as it flips. See what I mean?"

The mate said that he did.

"Well, send one of the men over to try it. On no account must he get up onto the plateau with that crazy animal. I don't want any accidents."

He went below to finish his interrupted toilet, which he did leisurely. After a bath and a complete change he returned to the deck to find that he was absolutely alone on the yacht. On the last ledge below the pinnacle were closely grouped the missing ship's company intently watching a man who, head and shoulders above the level of the plateau, was painstakingly flipping in hopeful spirals the bight of the line toward a brace-legged and snortsome cow.

After a number of trials he desisted, and to an accompaniment of somewhat subdued jeers clambered down to the level of the company. Another man deposited something in a hat that lay on the ground, spat on his hands, climbed to the edge of the pinnacle, and in his turn began to flip the rope.

Walker glanced overside. At least they had had the grace to leave him his own dinghy. He dropped into it and rowed ashore.

On his appearance activities ceased, and a slight cloud of uneasy uncertainty fell upon the occasion. Jimmy Forbes took upon himself an explanation.

"It is a game," said he—"an excellent game in that it combines the elements of chance, of skill, and the hope of pecuniary gain. You deposit ten cents in the hat, and in return therefor you are allowed ten tries. If you succeed in throwing a half hitch, you are rewarded by the contents of the hat. I have myself already contributed twenty cents, which, I am bound to confess, I am beginning to believe irretrievably lost to me. Want to join? If you have not ten cents, I am sure your credit is good."

"Thanks. I've just cleaned up," replied Walker dryly. "But don't let me interrupt. I'll watch."

He went to seat himself by Aline, who was perched near by, a book in her lap. The game was renewed, at first a little deprecatingly, but soon with noisy hilarity. Walker picked up the book. It was Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea."

"I brought it as a textbook," Aline explained.

A wild cheer greeted Johnston's extremely lucky cast. He descended, emptied the hat.

"It's just a twist of the wrist," he an-

nounced loftily. "It's not unlike handling a bolo."

The next morning proved calm, so the yacht was run around to the other side of the island, moored fore and aft, and properly fended from the perpendicular cliffs. It was found that the end of the boom was just enough above the tiny plateau on which stood the marooned cow that with the six-foot rise that remained of the tide a sufficient hoist would be afforded.

But now a new complication was introduced by Teller. Where were they going to deposit the cow once she was swung clear? Walker said he had thought they would dump her into the sea and let her swim. Teller had no faith that the cow in her present condition could swim that far, and in such cold water and with so many currents. The alternative seemed to be to lower her to the deck. Walker looked a little dashed. The yacht's spick and span ultra-holystoned deck! He took the hurdle nobly, however, and the men set to work to arrange a suitable place on which to deposit her.

At last the great moment was at hand. Dispositions were carefully made. Each was assigned his job and minutely instructed as to what he was to do. The men on the guy ropes braced themselves; those on the falls began slowly and cautiously to haul. A lookout at the foretop reported progress.

"She's afloat!" he shouted as the cow, hanging back and snorting, began to be forced, in spite of braced feet, inexorably toward the edge of the cliff. "Her bow's off bottom!" he yelled as the upward pull lifted her from her forefeet. Over the edge of the cliff, in a cloud of loose earth, the beast came into view.

"Hoist away! Smartly, men!" cried Walker.

She rose into the air; dangled. The yacht careened slightly as she took the weight so far offside and so high up.

"Hold the falls! Swing her!" shouted Walker.

The men on the guy ropes swung the boom. High in the air, kicking like a fish and uttering cries either of bovine profanity or of terror, the cow dangled by her horns.

"Oh, the poor thing!" exclaimed Aline.

"Lower away!" cried Walker.

The cow descended, swinging to and fro, rocking the yacht from side to side. The men at the falls watched their chance to catch her at center, lowering rapidly a few feet, then checking descent. A dozen pairs of hands were outstretched to receive and guide the descending pendulum. For a moment or so there was imminent danger that the animal would either be dashed against the rocky wall or carry away some of the yacht's standing rigging. The lookout man, reaching up, managed to get hold of a hind leg. This was a mistake. He went overside and splashed into the sea as though he had been projected from a catapult. Somebody threw him a rope and he scrambled aboard dripping, against a volley of facetious remarks from those who were not too busy.

"Hurt?" snapped Walker.

"No, sir," replied the man, but he stood apart rubbing his shoulder, having had enough of cows for the moment. Some ingenious and more cautious spirit threw the loop of a small line over the beast. By means of it she was guided safely to the deck, where she stood, feet apart, blowing and rolling her eyes. The men cheered.

But the jubilation was cut short by a cry of warning from aloft. The calf was seen to be wabbling back and forth along the edge of the cliff, apparently getting ready to jump down after his parent. The lookout man waved his cap; those on deck shouted and threw up their arms and tossed up rope ends and cut antics in an effort to convince the child that in spite of appearances to the contrary cows can not fly. Teller fell into the dinghy and began frantically to splash toward a point from which he could scale the cliff. All these maneuvers seemed doomed to failure; the calf had apparently every intention of casting itself into space. Suddenly it froze to immobility, staring fixedly straight out in front. All looked in the direction of that gaze. At the foretop crouched Johnston, humped up and gazing directly into the calf's bulging eyes. Calmly he held that calf with his glittering eye. The calf stared. For the second time Johnston had made good!

Breathless silence fell. If Teller could scale the cliff before the unprecedented spell broke! He did! Breathing heavily and perspiring freely, he was seen to creep upon the hypnotized calf, to grasp him firmly. Everybody cheered. Two of the sailors clasped each other and pulled off an impromptu dance.

But the celebration nearly proved fatal. In the excitement the two men at the falls had dropped their rope in order to do a little caper of triumph. This released the pressure on the cow. Whether her finer feelings had been outraged to the point of retaliation, or whether she was merely looking for

her progeny, is obscure. At any rate, she uttered another bellow and took charge of the deck. There was no opposition. Men swarmed up the rigging. Aline and her brother dived down the hatch. The look-out man, caught unawares between wind and water, and with no other place to go, went overside. But, then, he was already wet. Walker swung himself up on the boom, from which point he gave his view of the situation in no uncertain terms.

The flurry was, of course, momentary. The trailing rope was soon seized and the beast made fast. And at that moment the gentle and plaintive voice of Teller was heard alongside, begging for assistance in getting the calf aboard.

Excitement drained away as the sea drains from rocks, leaving the yacht and her people once more a part of the surroundings instead of a self-contained center of an unholy row. Walker looked about him. The deck was strewn with ropes and chairs and things. Riggings flapped idly at loose ends. The varnish on the masts and rails was scraped and marred. The yacht looked like a drunken harridan. Also the trip down and the excitement had made the cow seasick.

"Some job!" cried Walker, wiping his forehead. "I never expected to be skipper of a cattle ship, but I guess I am." He began to laugh. "I haven't had so much fun in a coon's age," he chuckled to Aline and her brother. "Now what?"

Teller, in his deprecating way, proffered a suggestion, or rather a request.

"You see," said he, "my gas boat is out of order and I've got to run in a new bearing; and I wouldn't dast to put the cow back on this island again, nohow; she might do the same thing again; and I thought as how it wouldn't be no more trouble for you now if you was to take her over back home again."

Walker stared at him a moment incredulously; then chuckled.

"All right, old-timer," he agreed; "anything goes. Where is it?"

Teller pointed. The other island was now in plain sight and about four miles distant.

"They's a bight with five fathom on the south side. You can't miss it. They's a good beach, and the water's still, so all you have to do is to drop her overside and let her swim. It's only about a hundred feet and she can make that. You'll find my partner across the neck. Just tell him I will be along as soon as I get my gas boat fixed up."

"All right," agreed Walker. "Here, Parks, you row him around to his boat in the dinghy and then come back. We'll wait here."

The dinghy departed.

"Good Lord, I'll be glad to be rid of her!" cried Walker, with a despairing glance toward the cow, which was now bellowing continuously and with more vigour. "How did we ever get into such a mess? What do you suppose is ailing her now?"

"It's so romantic!" pointed out Aline. "The rescue of a matron in distress! She's hungry, poor thing. What have we aboard that is fit for cows?" She approached the animal gingerly and held out something in her flattened palm. The cow smelled of it and resumed her awful racket. She doesn't like green olives," observed Aline, regretfully throwing the rejected fruit overboard. "I thought there was no harm trying." She stopped as though thunderstruck. "Isn't there some proper thing we have neglected?" she inquired seriously. "Oughtn't we to run up the milk-white flag, for instance?"

Johnston appeared bearing a large white bowl.

"What have you there?" asked Walker.

"It's canned green peas, sir," answered Johnston, "It's all we've got in the stores that we ever used to feed cows when I was in the dairy business."

"How long were you in the dairy business, Johnston?" inquired Aline interestedly.

"Not long, madam, about a year."

"A hundred and sixty-eight," tallied Aline.

Johnston approached the rescued matron, holding out his bowl of canned peas. The cow ceased her racket and sniffed. Then she inserted her nose in the bowl. Johnston looked around in pardonable triumph. The cow apparently tasted and disapproved. Without troubling to remove her muzzle from the bowl she blew violently. Canned peas sprayed upward as from a fountain. Around both Johnston and the cow was a nimbus of green peas. They scattered over the already disgraceful deck. Johnston disappeared, spattered and discomfited. The howls of joy from all in sight were drowned by the renewed ululations of the cow. Johnston had leaned too heavily on his luck.

Sam was summoned. He suggested canned corn and dried beans and beets. A pail was produced and in it was prepared a marvelous bovine goulash. "We've got

to quiet the beast somehow, or we'll go mad," said Walker. "We ought to have a vegetable garden aboard," said Aline. "It would be very simple: a foot or so of good garden soil in that flat place there just forward of that funny thingumajig." The cow accepted this; ate it; drank a pail of water; quieted down, began to lick her calf, which in turn applied itself to its own meal.

Parks and the dinghy returned. Preparations were made for getting under way.

"Two of the men will have to stand by while we're under way," Walker instructed his mate, "in case there's a swell outside or the confounded beast gets excited."

"The cow watch!" cried Aline delighted, "and it comes right before the dog watch; and it's miles ahead of the dog watch because the dog watch hasn't any dog to watch, but the cow watch has a real cow to watch!"

The engine took up its rhythm; the moorings were loosed; the yacht swung slowly to the open. All was well. The cow had now apparently become the gentlest critter in the world, as so repeatedly advertised by her loving owner, and was dreamily chewing a placid cud. The calf was still in search of refreshments.

"Sweet rural scene!" murmured Aline.

But beyond the point the yacht encountered a dead swell which cradled her in long slow swoops from trough to crest. Thanks to the pen improvised for her by spare spars and canvas, the cow had no difficulty in holding her feet, but she stopped chewing her cud and into her eyes came a haunted, querying uneasiness.

"I've seen that expression before. And she's stopped chewing her cud!" cried Aline. "I believe she's going to regurgitate."

"The demoralization is complete," groaned Jimmy, "and I do not refer to the cow."

"Tell Johnston to bring a basin," suggested one of the crew.

The spirit, however, was one of hilarity. Everyone had his little joke. Some of those voiced by the crew out of hearing of the quarterdeck were not entirely decorous, having to do largely with possible safeguards of a no longer immaculate deck. Aline alone was silent, lost in a brown study. Walker noticed this most unusual condition and inquired about it.

"I'm composing a poem," she vouchsafed. "I haven't got very far with it. Only the first two lines."

"Let's have them," urged Walker.

Aline struck an attitude; her voice became deep and solemn.

When canned goods take the place of grass and hay,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the sea,

she declaimed in a stage-elocution voice.

The cove on the other island was found without difficulty, and after an interval of sounding the yacht came to anchor within a few hundred feet of a shelving beach. Preparations were made for the landing. The cow presented no difficulties: simply sling her overside, cast off the lines, and let her swim ashore. Teller had informed them that the cow could swim. But how about the calf? Nobody knew. It was a very young calf. Do such animals swim naturally, or do they have to be taught? Birds have to be taught to fly, and flying is their natural mode of progression. Swimming is not a cow's natural mode of progression. Aline brought up these points, and argued them with great ability in face of much scoffing. Finally, more in disgusted yielding to feminine imbecility than from any conviction, Walker ordered life preservers to be hooked about the body of the little beast. The calf did not object. He had but one idea in his poor little head, and that was concerned solely with the meals at all hours of his conception.

"No meals will be served during the landing!" sang out one of the men.

It was finally considered advisable to lead the beasts while in the water. Walker, Jimmy and three men in the dinghy undertook this task. The other members of the ship's company lined the rail. The men beached the boat and disappeared in the small timber and brush, in search of Teller's partner. After a half hour they returned and rowed over. Jimmy was laughing.

"Did you find him?" asked Aline as soon as they had stepped on deck.

"Yes, we found him: across a little narrow peninsula. He was working in a garden. He was a long, lank, solemn individual, and he didn't even look up at us as we approached. Just grunted in answer to our greeting, and went right on working. He was planting potatoes, and he had a basket of seed potatoes and a sack of starfish. He'd lay a starfish in the hole and put a potato on top of that, and then another starfish, and cover them up with earth.

"Probably planting a milky way for the cow," murmured Aline. "Go on."

"Finally Glenn told him his partner's boat was out of commission, so we'd brought

back the cow for him, as the cow didn't like the other island. Didn't go into details, and the partner didn't ask for them.

"'That so?' said he. 'What kind of boat you got?'

"'Pretty good sized boat,' says Glenn.

"'Well now,' says the old boy, 'that's a piece of luck that don't often happen to me, because I was figuring on how we're going to get the old bull back there—he's getting mighty poor here, and our gas boat is too small. Could you take him back with you?'"

Jimmy chuckled. "What did you say?" Aline asked Walter.

"Say!" exploded the young man, "I said *no* more forcefully than I ever said it in my life!"

My Father's Close

A rendering of an Old French Song

By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

INSIDE my father's close,
(Fly away O my heart away!)
Sweet apple-blossom blows
So sweet.

Three kings' daughters fair,
(Fly away O my heart away!)
They lie below it there
So sweet.

"Ah!" says the eldest one,
(Fly away O my heart away!)
"I think the day's begun
So sweet."

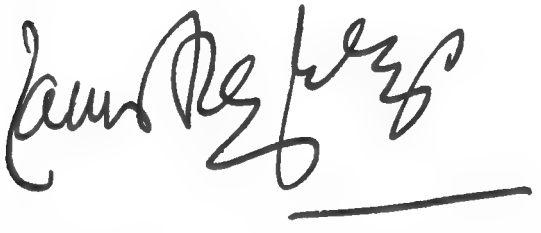
"Ah!" says the second one,
(Fly away O my heart away!)
"Far off I hear the drum
So sweet."

"Ah!" says the youngest one,
(Fly away O my heart away!)
"It's my true love, my own,
So sweet.

"Oh! if he fight and win,"
(Fly away O my heart away!)
"I keep my love for him,
So sweet:
Oh! let him lose or win,
He hath it still complete."

There is a Tavern in the Town

By JAMES STEPHENS



THE old gentleman took an athletic pull at his liquor, and continued his discourse. He had been discussing more to himself than to me the merits of Professor James and Monsieur Bergson, and had inquired was I aware of the nature of the Pragmatic Sanction. The gentleman behind the counter remarked, that he had one on his bicycle, but that they were no good. This statement was denounced by the Philosopher as an unnatural and clumsy falsehood, and, anathematizing the ignorance of his interrupter, he came by slow degrees to the following discourse—

"I have but little faith in any of the methods of education with which I am presently acquainted. The objective of every system of teaching should be to enable the person who is being subjected to this repulsive treatment to do something which will fit him to maintain a place in life where he will be as little liable as possible to the changes and vicissitudes of civilized existence.

"The cumbrous and inadequate preparation which is now in vogue can scarcely be spoken of by a person of understanding without the use of language unbefitting one who is a member of (*inter alia*) the Reformed Church and the highest order of the vertebrates.

"If one walks into any school in this kingdom one is certain to meet a tall, thin, anæmic youth, with a draggled moustache and a worried eye, who is endeavouring to coerce a mass of indigestible, inelastic and unimportant facts into the heads of divers sleepy and disgusted children. If a small boy, on being asked where Labrador is, replies that it is the most northerly point of the Berlin Archipelago, he may be wrong in quite a variety of ways, but even if he answered correctly he would still know just as little about the matter, while if he were to give the only proper reply to so ridiculous a conundrum, he would tell his tormentor that he did not care a rap where it was, that he had not put it there, and that he would tell his mother if the man did not leave him alone. What has he got to do with Labrador, Tierra del Fuego, or the Isles of Greece? Give him a fistful of facts about Donnybrook, and send him away to hunt out the truth of it, with a sandwich in his pocket and the promise of a lump of toffee when he came back with his cargo of truths—that would interest him, the toffee would make the information stick, while the verification of his facts would make his head fat and fertile.

"When we ceased to be natural creatures and put on the oppressive shrouds, wraps and disguises which we label in the villainous aggregate civilization, we ceased to know either how to teach or how to learn. We exchanged the freedom and spaciousness of life for a cramped existence compounded of spectacles and bad grammar, this complicated still further by the multiplication tables, the dead languages and indigestion tabloids. During his schooldays many a healthy boy had to parse ten square miles of dead language. Why? he does not know and he will never be told, for no one else

knows any more than he. The only thing of which he is certain is, that he did not do anything to deserve it.

"Civilization, which is responsible for all the woes of life, such as washing, shaving and buying boots, is responsible for this also. Potatoes are more productive than Latin roots, are twice as nourishing and cannot be parsed. Teach a girl how to recognize an egg by the naked eye, and then teach her how to cook it, Teach a boy how to discover the kind of trees eggs grow on and what is the best kind of soil to plant them in. Teach a girl how to keep her hands from scratching, her tongue from telling lies, and her teeth from dropping out prematurely, and she will, maybe, turn out a healthy kind of mammal having a house filled with brightness and laughter. Teach a boy how to prevent another boy from mashing the head off him, teach him how to be good to his mother when she is old, teach him how to give two-pence to a beggar without imagining that he is investing his savings in Paradise at fifty per cent. and a bonus; and then, having eliminated civilization, education, clothes, tin whistles and soap, this earth will not be such a bad old ball-alley for a man to smoke a pipe in.

"Everything is wrong. People should rise to their feet and salute when a farmer or a teacher comes into a room. No man should be allowed into Parliament who has not engaged in one or other of these professions, but because they are the two most important professions in the world their exponents are robbed and harried into slaves and fools."

Having said this with great earnestness, the old gentleman absent-mindedly impounded my drink, absorbed it, and strode away wrapped in thought. The gentleman-in-waiting sympathetically asked me if I would have another one, but on learning that I had no more money he said good-night.

Connacht Love Song

English Version By DOUGLAS HYDE

MY GRIEF on the sea,
How the waves of it roll!
They come between me
And the love of my soul!

Abandoned, forsaken
To trouble and care—
Will the sea never waken
Relief from despair?

My grief and my trouble—
Would that he and I were
In the province of Leinster
Or the County of Clare.

Were I and my darling—
O heart-bitter wound—
On board of a ship
For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes
All last night I lay,
And I flung it abroad
With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me—
He came from the south;
His breast to my bosom,
His mouth to my mouth.

The Merry Men

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Robert Louis Stevenson

CHAPTER I

EILEAN AROS

IT WAS a beautiful morning in the late July when I set forth on foot for the last time for Aros. A boat had put me ashore the night before at Grisapol; I had such breakfast as the little inn afforded, and, leaving all my baggage till I had an occasion to come round for it by sea, struck right across the promontory with a cheerful heart.

I was far from being a native of these parts, springing, as I did, from an unmixed Lowland stock. But an uncle of mine, Gordon Darnaway, after a poor, rough youth, and some years at sea, had married a young wife in the islands; Mary Maclean she was called, the last of her family; and when she died in giving birth to a daughter, Aros, the sea-girt farm, had remained in his possession. It brought him in nothing but the means of life, as I was well aware; but he was a man whom ill-fortune had pursued; he feared, cumbered as he was with the young child, to make a fresh adventure upon life; and remained in Aros, biting his nails at destiny. Years passed over his head in that isolation, and brought neither help nor contentment. Meantime our family was dying out in the Lowlands; there is little luck for any of that race; and perhaps my father was the luckiest of all, for not only was he one of the last to die, but he left a son to his name and a little money to support it. I was a student of Edinburgh University, living well enough at my own charges, but without kith or kin; when some news of me found its way to Uncle Gordon on the Ross of Grisapol; and he, as he was a man who held blood thicker than water, wrote to me the day he heard of my existence, and taught me to count Aros as my home. Thus it was that I came to spend my vacations in that part of the country, so far from all society and comfort, between the codfish and the moor-cocks; and thus it was that now, when I had done with my classes, I was returning thither with so light a heart that July day.

The Ross, as we call it, is a promontory neither wide nor high, but as rough as God made it to this day; the deep sea on either hand of it, full of rugged isles and reefs most perilous to seamen—all overlooked from the eastward by some very high cliffs and the great peak of Ben Kyaw. *The Mountain of the Mist*, they say the words signify in the Gaelic tongue; and it is well named. For that hill-top, which is more than three thousand feet in height, catches all the clouds that come blowing from the seaward; and, indeed, I used often to think that it must make them for itself; since when all heaven was clear to the sea-level there would ever be a streamer on Ben Kyaw. It brought water, too, and was mossy to the top in consequence. I have seen us sitting in broad sunshine on the Ross, and the rain falling black like crape upon the mountain. But the wetness of it made it often appear more beautiful to my eyes; for when the sun struck upon the hillsides, there were many wet rocks and watercourses that shone like jewels even as far as Aros, fifteen miles away.

The road that I followed was a cattle-track. It twisted so as nearly to double the length of my journey; it went over rough boulders so that a man had to leap from one to another, and through soft bottoms where the moss came nearly to the knee. There was no cultivation anywhere, and not one house in the ten miles from Grisapol to Aros. Houses of course there were—three at least; but they lay so far on one side or the other that no stranger could have found them from the track. A large part of the Ross is covered with big granite rocks, some of them larger than a

two-roomed house, one beside another, with fern and deep heather in between them where the vipers breed. Anyway the wind was, it was always sea-air, as salt as on a ship; the gulls were as free as moorfowl over all the Ross; and whenever the way rose a little, your eye would kindle with the brightness of the sea. From the very midst of the land, on a day of wind and a high spring, I have heard the Roost roaring like a battle where it runs by Aros, and the great and fearful voices of the breakers that we call the Merry Men.

Aros itself—Aros Jay, I have heard the natives call it, and they say it means *the House of God*—Aros itself was not properly a piece of the Ross, nor was it quite an islet. It formed the southwest corner of the land, fitted close to it, and was in one place only separated from the coast by a little gut of the sea, not forty feet across the narrowest. When the tide was full, this was clear and still, like a pool on a land river; only there was a difference in the weeds and fishes, and the water itself was green instead of brown; but when the tide went out, in the bottom of the ebb, there was a day or two in every month when you could pass dryshod from Aros to the mainland. There was some good pasture, where my uncle fed the sheep he lived on; perhaps the feed was better because the ground rose higher on the islet than the main level of the Ross, but this I am not skilled enough to settle. The house was a good one for that country, two stories high. It looked westward over a bay, with a pier hard by for a boat, and from the door you could watch the vapours blowing on Ben Kyaw.

On all this part of the coast, and especially near Aros, these great granite rocks that I have spoken of go down together in troops into the sea, like cattle on a summer's day. There they stand, for all the world like their neighbours ashore; only the salt water sobbing between them instead of the quiet earth, and clots of sea-pink blooming on their sides instead of heather; and the great sea-conger to wreathe about the base of them instead of the poisonous viper of the land. On calm days you can go wandering between them in a boat for hours, echoes following you about the labyrinth; but when the sea is up, Heaven help the man that hears that caldron boiling.

Off the south-west end of Aros these blocks are very many, and much greater in size. Indeed, they must grow monstrously bigger out to sea, for there must be ten sea-miles of open water sown with them as thick as a country place with houses, some standing thirty feet above the tides, some covered, but all perilous to ships; so that on a clear, westerly blowing day, I have counted, from the top of Aros, the great rollers breaking white and heavy over as many as six-and-forty buried reefs. But it is nearer in shore that the danger is worst; for the tide, here running like a mill-race, makes a long belt of broken water—a *Roost* we call it—at the tail of the land. I have often been out there in a dead calm at the slack of the tide; and a strange place it is, with the sea swirling and combing up and boiling like the caldrons of a linn, and now and again a little dancing mutter of sound as though the *Roost* were talking to itself. But when the tide begins to run again, and above all in heavy weather, there is no man could take a boat within half a mile of it, nor a ship afloat that could either steer or live in such a place. You can hear the roaring of it six miles away. At the seaward end there comes the strongest of the bubble; and it's here that these big breakers dance together—the dance of death, it may be called—that have got the name, in these parts, of the Merry Men. I have heard it said that they run fifty feet high; but that must be the green water only, for the spray runs twice as high as that. Whether they got the name from their movements, which are swift and antic, or from the shouting they make about the turn of the tide, so that all Aros shakes with it, is more than I can tell.

The truth is, that in a south-westerly wind, that part of our archipelago is no better than a trap. If a ship got through the reefs, and weathered the Merry Men, it would be to come ashore on the south coast of Aros, in Sandag Bay, where so many dismal things befell our family, as I propose to tell. The thought of all these dangers, in the place I knew so long, makes me particularly welcome the works now going forward to set lights upon the headlands and buoys along the channels of our iron-bound, inhospitable islands.

The country people had many a story about Aros, as I used to hear from my uncle's man, Rorie, an old servant of the Macleans, who had transferred his services without afterthought on the occasion of the marriage. There was some tale of an unlucky creature, a sea-kelpie, that dwelt and did business in some fearful manner of his own among the boiling breakers of the Roost. A mermaid had once met a piper

on Sandag beach, and there sang to him a long, bright midsummer's night, so that in the morning he was found stricken crazy, and from thenceforward, till the day he died, said only one form of words; what they were in the original Gaelic I can not tell, but they were thus translated: "Ah, the sweet singing out of the sea." Seals that haunted on that coast have been known to speak to man in his own tongue, presaging great disasters. It was here that a certain saint first landed on his voyage out of Ireland to convert the Hebrideans. And, indeed, I think he had some claim to be called saint; for, with the boats of that past age, to make so rough a passage, and land on such a ticklish coast, was surely not far short of the miraculous. It was to him, or to some of his monkish underlings who had a cell there, that the islet owes its holy and beautiful name, the House of God.

Among these old wives' stories there was one which I was inclined to hear with more credulity. As I was told, in that tempest which scattered the ships of the Invincible Armada over all the north and west of Scotland, one great vessel came ashore on Aros, and before the eyes of some solitary people on a hill-top, went down in a moment with all hands, her colours flying as she sank. There was some likelihood in this tale; for another of that fleet lay sunk on the north side, twenty miles from Grisapol. It was told, I thought, with more detail and gravity than its companion stories, and there was one particularity which went far to convince me of its truth: the name, that is, of the ship was still remembered, and sounded, in my ears Spanishly. The *Espirito Santo* they called it, a great ship of many decks of guns, laden with treasure and grandees of Spain, and fierce soldadoes, that now lay fathom deep to all eternity, done with her wars and voyages, in Sandag Bay, upon the west of Aros. No more salvos of ordnance for that tall ship, the "Holy Spirit," no more fair winds or happy ventures; only to rot there deep in the sea-tangle and hear the shoutings of the Merry Men as the tide ran high about the island. It was a strange thought to me first and last, and only grew stranger as I learned the more of the way in which she had set sail with so proud a company, and King Philip, the wealthy king, that sent her on that voyage.

And now I must tell you, as I walked from Grisapol that day, the *Espirito Santo* was very much in my reflections. I had been favourably remarked by our then Principal in Edinburgh College, that famous writer, Dr. Robertson, and by him had been set to work on some papers of an ancient date to rearrange and sift of what was worthless; and in one of these, to my great wonder, I found a note of this very ship, the *Espirito Santo*, with her captain's name, and how she carried a great part of the Spaniard's treasure, and had been lost upon the Ross of Grisapol; but in what particular spot, the wild tribes of that place and period would give no information to the King's inquiries. Putting one thing with another, and taking our island tradition together with this note of old King Jamie's perquisitions after wealth, it had come strongly on my mind that the spot for which he sought in vain could be no other than the small bay of Sandag on my uncle's land; and being a fellow of a mechanical turn, I had ever since been plotting how to weigh that good ship up again with all her ingots, ounces, and doubloons, and bring back our house of Darnaway to its long-forgotten dignity and wealth.

This was a design of which I soon had reason to repent. My mind was sharply turned on different reflections; and since I became the witness of a strange judgment of God's, the thought of dead men's treasures has been intolerable to my conscience. But even at that I must acquit myself of sordid greed; for if I desired riches, it was not for their own sake, but for the sake of a person who was dear to my heart—my uncle's daughter, Mary Ellen. She had been educated well, and had been a time to school upon the mainland; which, poor girl, she would have been happier without. For Aros was no place for her, with old Rorie the servant, and her father, who was one of the unhappiest men in Scotland, plainly bred up in a country place among Cameronians, long a skipper sailing out of the Clyde about the islands, and now, with infinite discontent, managing his sheep and a little 'long shore fishing for the necessary bread. If it was sometimes weariful to me, who was there but a month or two, you may fancy what it was to her who dwelt in that same desert all the year round, with the sheep and flying seagulls, and the Merry Men singing and dancing in the Roost!

CHAPTER II

WHAT THE WRECK HAD BROUGHT TO AROS

It was half-flood when I got the length of Aros; and there was nothing for it but to

stand on the far shore and whistle for Rorie with the boat. I had no need to repeat the signal. At the first sound, Mary was at the door flying a handkerchief by way of answer, and the old long-legged serving-man was shambling down the gravel to the pier. For all his hurry, it took him a long while to pull across the bay; and I observed him several times to pause, go into the stern, and look over curiously into the wake. As he came nearer, he seemed to me aged and haggard, and I thought he avoided my eye. The coble had been repaired, with two new thwarts and several patches of some rare and beautiful foreign wood, the name of it unknown to me.

"Why, Rorie," said I, as we began the return voyage, "this is fine wood. How came you by that?"

"It will be hard to cheesel," Rorie opined reluctantly; and just then, dropping the oars, he made another of those dives into the stern which I had remarked as he came across to fetch me, and, leaning his hand on my shoulder, stared with an awful look into the waters of the bay.

"What is wrong?" I asked, a good deal startled.

"It will be a great feesh," said the old man, returning to his oars; and nothing more could I get out of him, but strange glances and an ominous nodding of the head. In spite of myself, I was infected with a measure of uneasiness; I turned also, and studied the wake. The water was still and transparent, but, out here in the middle of the bay, exceeding deep. For some time I could see naught; but at last it did seem to me as if some thing dark —a great fish, or perhaps only a shadow— followed studiously in the track of the moving coble. And then I remembered one of Rorie's superstitions: how in a ferry in Morven, in some great, exterminating feud among the clans, a fish, the like of it unknown in all our waters, followed for some years the passage of the ferry-boat, until no man dared to make the crossing.

"He will be waiting for the right man," said Rorie.

Mary met me on the beach, and led me up the brae and into the house of Aros. Outside and inside there were many changes. The garden was fenced with the same wood that I had noted in the boat; there were chairs in the kitchen covered with strange brocade; curtains of brocade hung from the window; a clock stood silent on the dresser; a lamp of brass was swinging from the roof; the table was set for dinner with the finest of linen and silver; and all these new riches were displayed in the plain old kitchen that I knew so well, with the high-backed settle, and the stools, and the closet-bed for Rorie; with the wide chimney the sun shone into, and the clear-smouldering peats; with the pipes on the mantelshelf and the three-cornered spittoons, filled with sea-shells instead of sand, on the floor; with the bare stone walls and the bare wooden floor, and the three patchwork rugs that were of yore its sole adornment—poor man's patchwork, the like of it unknown in cities, woven with homespun and Sunday black, and sea-cloth polished on the bench of rowing. The room, like the house, had been a sort of wonder in that country-side, it was so neat and habitable; and to see it now, shamed by these incongruous additions, filled me with indignation and a kind of anger. In view of the errand I had come upon to Aros the feeling was baseless and unjust; but it burned high, at the first moment, in my heart.

"Mary, girl," said I, "this is the place had learned to call my home, and I do not know it."

"It is my home by nature, not by the learning," she replied; "the place I was born and the place I'm like to die in; and neither like these changes, nor the way they came, nor that which came with them. I would have liked better, under God's pleasure, they had gone down into the sea, and the Merry Men were dancing on them now."

Mary was always serious; it was perhaps the only trait that she shared with her father; but the tone with which she uttered these words was even graver than of custom.

"Ay," said I, "I feared it came by wreck and that's by death; yet when my father died, I took his goods without remorse."

"Your father died a clean strae death, the folk say," said Mary.

"True," I returned; "and a wreck is like judgment. What was she called?"

"They ca'd her the *Christ-Anna*," said a voice behind me; and, turning round, I saw my uncle standing in the doorway.

He was a sour, small, bilious man, with long face and very dark eyes; fifty-six years old, sound and active in body, and with air somewhat between that of a shepherd and that of a man following the sea. I never laughed, that I heard; read long at the Bible; prayed much, like the Camerons he had been brought up among; and indeed

in many ways, used to remind me of one of the hill-preachers in the killing times before the Revolution. But he never got much comfort, nor even, as I used to think, much guidance, by his piety. He had his black fits when he was afraid of hell; but he had led a rough life, to which he would look back with envy, and was still a rough, cold, gloomy man.

As he came in at the door out of the sunlight, with his bonnet on his head and a pipe hanging in his buttonhole, he seemed, like Rorie, to have grown older and paler, the lines were deeplier ploughed upon his face, and the whites of his eyes were yellow, like old stained ivory, or the bones of the dead.

"Ay," he repeated, dwelling upon the first part of the word, "the *Christ-Anna*. It's an awfu' name."

I made him my salutations, and complimented him upon his look of health; for I feared he had perhaps been ill.

"I'm in the body," he replied, ungraciously enough; "aye in the body and the sins of the body, like yoursel'. Denner," he said abruptly to Mary, and then ran on to me: "They're grand braws, thir that we hae gotten, are they no? Yon's a bonny knock, but it'll no gang; and the napery's by ordnar. Bonny, bairnly braws; it's for the like o' them folk sells the peace of God that passeth understanding; it's for the like o' them, an' maybe no even sae muckle worth, folk daunton God to His face and burn in muckle hell; and it's for that reason the Scripture ca's them, as I read the passage, the accursed thing. Mary, ye girzie," he interrupted himself to cry with some asperity, "what for hae ye no put out the twa candlesticks?"

"Why should we need them at high noon?" she asked.

But my uncle was not to be turned from his idea. "We'll bruik them while we may," he said; and so two massive candlesticks of wrought silver were added to the table equipage, already so unsuited to that rough sea-side farm.

"She cam' ashore Februar' 10, about ten at nicht," he went on to me. "There was nae wind, and a sair run o' sea; and she was in the sook o' the Roost, as I jaloose. We had seen her a' day, Rorie and me, beating to the wind. She wasnae a handy craft, I'm thinking, that *Christ-Anna;* for she would neither steer nor stey wi' them. A sair day they had of it; their hands was never aff the sheets, and it perishin' cauld—ower cauld to snaw; and aye they would get a bit nip o' wind, and awa' again, to put the emp'y hope into them. Eh, man! but they had a sair day for the last o't! He would have had a prood, prood heart that won ashore upon the back o' that."

"And were all lost?" I cried. "God help them!"

"Wheesht!" he said sternly. "Nane shall pray for the deid on my hearth-stane."

I disclaimed a Popish sense for my ejaculation; and he seemed to accept my disclaimer with unusual facility, and ran on once more upon what had evidently become a favourite subject.

"We fand her in Sandag Bay, Rorie an' me, and a' thae braws in the inside of her. There's a kittle bit, ye see, about Sandag; whiles the sook rins strong for the Merry Men; an' whiles again, when the tide's makin' hard an' ye can hear the Roost blawin' at the far-end of Aros, there comes a back-spang of current straucht into Sandag Bay. Weel, there's the thing that got the grip on the *Christ-Anna*. She but to have come in ramstam an' stern forrit; for the bows of her are aften under, and the backside of her is clear at hiewater o' neaps. But, man! the dunt that she cam doon wi' when she struck! Lord save us a'! but it's an unco life to be a sailor—a cauld, wanchancy life. Mony's the gliff I got mysel' in the great deep; and why the Lord should hae made yon unco water is mair than ever I could win to understand. He made the vales and the pastures, the bonny green yaird, the halesome, canty land—

> 'And now they shout and sing to Thee,
> For Thou hast made them glad,'

as the Psalms say in the metrical version. No that I would preen my faith to that clink neither; but it's bonny, and easier to mind. 'Who go to sea in ships,' they hae't again—

> 'And in
> Great waters trading be,
> Within the deep these men God's works
> And His great wonders see.'

Weel, it's easy sayin' sae. Maybe Dauvit wasnae very weel acquant wi' the sea. But troth, if it wasnae prentit in the Bible, I wad whiles be temp'it to think it wasnae the Lord, but the muckle, black deil that made the sea. There's naething good comes oot o't but the fish; an' the spentacle o' God riding on the tempest, to be shure, whilk would be what Dauvit was likely ettling at. But, man, they were sair wonders that God showed to the *Christ-Anna*—wonders, do I ca' them? Judgments, rather: judgments

in the mirk nicht among the draygons o' the deep. And their souls—to think o' that—their souls, man, maybe no prepared! The sea—a muckle yett to hell!"

I observed, as my uncle spoke, that his voice was unnaturally moved and his manner unwontedly demonstrative. He leaned forward at these last words, for example, and touched me on the knee with his spread fingers, looking up into my face with a certain pallor, and I could see that his eyes shone with a deep-seated fire, and that the lines about his mouth were drawn and tremulous.

Even the entrance of Rorie, and the beginning of our meal, did not detach him from his train of thought beyond a moment. He condescended, indeed, to ask me some questions as to my success at college, but I thought it was with half his mind; and even in his extempore grace, which was, as usual, long and wandering, I could find the trace of his preoccupation, praying, as he did, that God would "remember in mercy fower puir, feckless, fiddling, sinful creatures here by their lee-lane beside the great and dowie waters."

Soon there came an interchange of speeches between him and Rorie.

"Was it there?" asked my uncle.

"Ou, ay!" said Rorie.

I observed that they both spoke in a manner of aside, and with some show of embarrassment, and that Mary herself appeared to colour, and looked down on her plate. Partly to show my knowledge, and so relieve the party from an awkward strain, partly because I was curious, I pursued the subject.

"You mean the fish?" I asked.

"Whatten fish?" cried my uncle. "Fish, quo' he! Fish! Your een are fu' o' fatness, man; your heid dozened wi' carnal leir. Fish! it's a bogle!"

He spoke with great vehemence, as though angry; and perhaps I was not very willing to be put down so shortly, for young men are disputatious. At least I remember I retorted hotly, crying out upon childish superstitions.

"And ye come frae the College!" sneered Uncle Gordon. "Gude kens what they learn folk there; it's no muckle service onyway. Do ye think, man, that there's naething in a' yon saut wilderness o' a world oot wast there, wi' the sea grasses growin', an' the sea beasts fechtin', an' the sun glintin' down into it, day by day? Na; the sea's like the land, but fearsomer. If there's folk ashore, there's folk in the sea—deid they may be, but they're folk whatever; and as for deils, there's nane that's like the sea deils. There's no sae muckle harm in the land deils, when a's said and done. Lang syne, when I was a callant in the south country, I mind there was an auld, bald bogle in the Peewie Moss. I got a glisk o' him mysel', sittin' on his hunkers in a hag, as gray's a tombstane. An', troth, he was a fearsome-like taed. But he steered naebody. Nae doobt, if ane that was a reprobate, ane the Lord hated, had gane by there wi' his sin still upon his stamach, nae doobt the creature would hae lowped upo' the likes o' him. But there's deils in the deep sea would yoke on a communicant! Eh, sirs, if ye had gane doon wi' the puir lads in the *Christ-Anna*, ye would ken by now the mercy o' the seas. If ye had sailed it for as lang as me, ye would hate the thocht of it as I do. If ye had but used the een God gave ye, ye would hae learned the wickedness o' that fause, saut, cauld, bullering creature, and of a' that's in it by the Lord's permission: labsters an' partans, an' sic like, howking in the deid; muckle, gutsy, blawing whales; an' fish—the hale clan o' them—cauld-wamed, blind-eed uncanny ferlies. O, sirs," he cried, "the horror—the horror o' the sea!"

We were all somewhat staggered by this outburst; and the speaker himself, after that last hoarse apostrophe, appeared to sink gloomily into his own thoughts. But Rorie, who was greedy of superstitious lore, recalled him to the subject by a question.

"You will not ever have seen a teevil o the sea?" he asked.

"No clearly," replied the other, "I mis doobt if a mere man could see ane clearl and conteenue in the body. I hae sailed w a lad—they ca'd him Sandy Gabart; h saw ane, shüre eneuch, an' shüre eneuc it was the end of him. We were seeve days oot frae the Clyde—a sair wark we ha had—gaun north wi' seeds an' braws a things for the Macleod. We had got ower near under the Cutchull'ns, an' ha just gane about by Soa, an' were off on lang tack, we thocht would maybe hau as far's Copnahow. I mind the nicht we a mune smoored wi' mist; a fine ga breeze upon the water, but no steedy; a —what nane o' us likit to hear—anith wund gurlin' owerheid, amang thae fe some, auld stane craigs o' the Cutchull'. Weel, Sandy was forrit wi' the jib she we couldnae see him for the mains'l, th

had just begude to draw, when a' at ance he gied a skirl. I luffed for my life, for I thocht we were ower near Soa; but na, it wasnae that, it was puir Sandy Gabart's deid skreigh, or near hand, for he was deid in half an hour. A't he could tell was that a sea deil, or sea bogle, or sea spenster, or sic-ike, had clum up by the bowsprit, an' gi'en him ae cauld, uncanny look. An', or the life was oot o' Sandy's body, we kent weel what the thing betokened, and why the wund gurled in the taps o' the Cutchull'ns; or doon it cam'—a wund do I ca' it! it was he wund o' the Lord's anger—an' a' that nicht we foucht like men dementit, and the niest that we kenned we were ashore in Loch Uskevagh, an' the cocks were crawing in Benbecula."

"It will have been a merman," Rorie said.

"A merman!" screamed my uncle with immeasurable scorn. "Auld wives' clavers! There's nae sic things as mermen."

"But what was the creature like?" I sked.

"What like was it? Gude forbid that e suld ken what like it was! It had a ind of a heid upon it—man could say nae nair."

Then Rorie, smarting under the affront, old several tales of mermen, mermaids, and a-horses that had come ashore upon the lands and attacked the crews of boats on the sea; and my uncle, in spite of his credulity, listened with uneasy interest.

"Aweel, aweel," he said, "it may be e; I may be wrang; but I find nae word mermen in the Scriptures."

"And you will find nae word of Aros oost, maybe," objected Rorie, and his gument appeared to carry weight.

When dinner was over, my uncle carried e forth with him to a bank behind the ouse. It was a very hot and quiet after-on; scarce a ripple anywhere upon the a, nor any voice but the familiar voice of eep and gulls; and perhaps in consequence this repose in nature, my kinsman showed nself more rational and tranquil than fore. He spoke evenly and almost cheer-ly of my career, with every now and then eference to the lost ship or the treasures had brought to Aros. For my part, I tened to him in a sort of trance, gazing th all my heart on that remembered scene, d drinking gladly the sea-air and the oke of peats that had been lit by Mary. Perhaps an hour had passed when my cle, who had all the while been covertly ing on the surface of the little bay, rose his feet and bade me follow his example.

Now I should say that the great run of tide at the southwest end of Aros exercises a perturbing influence round all the coast. In Sandag Bay, to the south, a strong current runs at certain periods of the flood and ebb respectively; but in this northern bay—Aros Bay, as it is called—where the house stands and on which my uncle was now gazing, the only sign of disturbance is toward the end of the ebb, and even then it is too slight to be remarkable. When there is any swell, nothing can be seen at all; but when it is calm, as it often is, there appear certain strange, undecipherable marks—sea-runes, as we may name them—on the glassy surface of the bay. The like is common in a thousand places on the coast; and many a boy must have amused himself as I did, seeking to read in them some reference to himself or those he loved. It was to these marks that my uncle now directed my attention, struggling as he did so, with an evident reluctance.

"Do ye see yon scart upo' the water?" he inquired; "yon ane wast the gray stane? Ay? Weel, it'll no be like a letter, wull it?"

"Certainly it is," I replied. "I have often remarked it. It is like a C."

He heaved a sigh as if heavily disappointed with my answer, and then added below his breath: "Ay, for the *Christ-Anna*."

"I used to suppose, sir, it was for myself," said I; "for my name is Charles."

"And so ye saw't afore?" he ran on, not heeding my remark. "Weel, weel, but that's unco strange. Maybe, it's been there waitin', as a man wad say, through a' the weary ages. Man, but that's awfu'." And then, breaking off: "Ye'll no see anither, will ye?" he asked.

"Yes," said I. "I see another very plainly, near the Ross side, where the road comes down—an M."

"An M," he repeated very low; and then, again after another pause: "An' what wad ye make o' that?" he inquired.

"I had always thought it to mean Mary, sir," I answered, growing somewhat red, convinced as I was in my own mind that I was on the threshold of a decisive explanation.

But we were each following his own train of thought to the exclusion of the other's. My uncle once more paid no attention to my words; only hung his head and held his peace; and I might have been led to fancy that he had not heard me, if his next speech had not contained a kind of echo from my own.

"I would say naething o' thae clavers to

Mary," he observed, and began to walk forward.

There is a belt of turf along the side of Aros Bay where walking is easy; and it was along this that I silently followed my silent kinsman. I was perhaps a little disappointed at having lost so good an opportunity to declare my love; but I was at the same time far more deeply exercised at the change that had befallen my uncle. He was never an ordinary, never, in the strict sense, an amiable, man; but there was nothing in even the worst that I had known of him before, to prepare me for so strange a transformation. It was impossible to close the eyes against one fact; that he had, as the saying goes, something on his mind; and as I mentally ran over the different words which might be represented by the letter M—misery, mercy, marriage, money, and the like—I was arrested with a sort of start by the word murder. I was still considering the ugly sound and fatal meaning of the word, when the direction of our walk brought us to a point from which a view was to be had to either side, back toward Aros Bay and homestead, and forward on the ocean, dotted to the north with isles, and lying to the southward blue and open to the sky. There my guide came to a halt, and stood staring for awhile on that expanse. Then he turned to me and laid a hand on my arm.

"Ye think there's naething there?" he said, pointing with his pipe; and then cried out aloud, with a kind of exultation: "I'll tell ye, man! The deid are down there—thick like rattons!"

He turned at once, and, without another word, we retraced our steps to the house of Aros.

I was eager to be alone with Mary; yet it was not till after supper, and then but for a short while, that I could have a word with her. I lost no time beating about the bush, but spoke out plainly what was on my mind.

"Mary," I said, "I have not come to Aros without a hope. If that should prove well-founded, we may all leave and go somewhere else, secure of daily bread and comfort; secure, perhaps, of something far beyond that, which it would seem extravagant in me to promise. But there's a hope that lies nearer to my heart than money." And at that I paused. "You can guess fine what that is, Mary," I said. She looked away from me in silence, and that was small encouragement, but I was not to be put off. "All my days I have thought the world of you," I continued; "the time goes on and I think always the more of you I could not think to be happy or hearty i my life without you: you are the apple of m eye." Still she looked away, and said neve a word; but I thought I saw that her hand shook. "Mary," I cried in fear, "do ye n like me?"

"O, Charlie man," she said, "is this a tim to speak of it? Let me be, awhile; let me b the way I am; it'll not be you that loses b the waiting!"

I made out by her voice that she wa nearly weeping, and this put me out of an thought but to compose her. "Mary Ellen I said, "say no more; I did not come t trouble you: your way shall be mine, an your time too; and you have told me all wanted. Only just this one thing mor what ails you?"

She owned it was her father, but wou enter into no particulars, only shook h head, and said he was not well and not li himself, and it was a great pity. She kn nothing of the wreck. "I havenae be near it," said she. "What for would I near it, Charlie lad? The poor souls a gone to their account long syne; and I wou just have wished they had ta'en their g with them—poor souls!"

This was scarcely any great encoura ment for me to tell her of the *Espirito San* yet I did so, and at the very first word s cried out in surprise. "There was a man Grisapol," she said, "in the month of May a little, yellow, black-avised body, they me, with gold rings upon his fingers, a a beard; and he was speiring high and l for that same ship."

It was towards the end of April that I h been given these papers to sort out by Robertson: and it came suddenly back up my mind that they were thus prepared a Spanish historian, or a man calling him such, who had come with high recommen tions to the Principal, on a mission inquiry as to the dispersion of the gr Armada. Putting one thing with anotl I fancied that the visitor "with the g rings upon his fingers" might be the sa with Dr. Robertson's historian from Mad If that were so, he would be more likely a treasure for himself than information a learned society. I made up my min should lose no time over my undertak and if the ship lay sunk in Sandag Bay perhaps both he and I supposed, it sh not be for the advantage of this rin adventurer, but for Mary and myself, for the good, old, honest, kindly famil the Darnaways.

CHAPTER III

LAND AND SEA IN SANDAG BAY

I WAS early afoot the next morning; and as soon as I had a bite to eat, set forth upon a tour of exploration. Something in my heart distinctly told me that I should find the ship of the Armada; and although I did not give way entirely to such hopeful thoughts, I was still very light in spirits and walked upon air. Aros is a very rough islet, its surface strewn with great rocks and shaggy with fern and heather; and my way lay almost north and south across the highest knoll; and though the whole distance was inside of two miles, it took more time and exertion than four upon a level road. Upon the summit, I paused. Although not very high—not three hundred feet, as I think—it yet out-tops all the neighbouring lowlands of the Ross, and commands a great view of sea and islands. The sun, which had been up some time, was already hot upon my neck; the air was listless and thundery, although purely clear; away over the northwest, where the isles lie thickliest congregated, some half-a-dozen small and ragged clouds hung together in a covey; and the head of Ben Kyaw wore, not merely a few streamers, but a solid hood of vapour. There was a threat in the weather. The sea, it is true, was smooth like glass: even the Roost was but a seam on that wide mirror, and the Merry Men no more than caps of foam; but to my eye and ear, so long familiar with these places, the sea also seemed to lie uneasily; a sound of it, like a long sigh, mounted to me where I stood; and, quiet as it was, the Roost itself appeared to be revolving mischief. For I ought to say that all we dwellers in these parts attributed, if not prescience, at least a quality of warning, to that strange and dangerous creature of the tides.

I hurried on, then, with the greater speed, and had soon descended the slope of Aros to the part that we call Sandag Bay. It is a pretty large piece of water compared with the size of the isle; well sheltered from all but the prevailing wind; sandy and shoal and bounded by low sand-hills to the west, but to the eastward lying several fathoms deep along a ledge of rocks. It is upon that side that, at a certain time each flood, the current mentioned by my uncle sets so strong into the bay; a little later, when the Roost begins to work higher, an undertow runs still more strongly in the reverse direction; and it is the action of this last, as I suppose, that has scoured that part so deep. Nothing is to be seen out of Sandag Bay but one small segment of the horizon and, in heavy weather, the breakers flying high over a deep sea-reef.

From half-way down the hill, I had perceived the wreck of February last, a brig of considerable tonnage, lying, with her back broken, high and dry on the east corner of the sands; and I was making directly towards it, and already almost on the margin of the turf, when my eyes were suddenly arrested by a spot, cleared of fern and heather, and marked by one of those long, low, and almost human-looking mounds that we see so commonly in graveyards. I stopped like a man shot. Nothing had been said to me of any dead man or interment on the island; Rorie, Mary, and my uncle had all equally held their peace; of her at least, I was certain that she must be ignorant; and yet here, before my eyes, was proof indubitable of the fact. Here was a grave; and I had to ask myself, with a chill, what manner of man lay there in his last sleep, awaiting the signal of the Lord in that solitary, sea-beat resting-place? My mind supplied no answer but what I feared to entertain. Shipwrecked, at least, he must have been; perhaps, like the old Armada mariners, from some far and rich land over-sea; or perhaps one of my own race, perishing within eyesight of the smoke of home. I stood awhile uncovered by his side, and I could have desired that it had lain in our religion to put up some prayer for that unhappy stranger, or, in the old classic way, outwardly to honour his misfortune. I knew, although his bones lay there, a part of Aros, till the trumpet sounded, his imperishable soul was forth and far away, among the raptures of the everlasting Sabbath or the pangs of hell; and yet my mind misgave me even with a fear, that perhaps he was near me where I stood, guarding his sepulchre, and lingering on the scene of his unhappy fate.

Certainly it was with a spirit somewhat overshadowed that I turned away from the grave to the hardly less melancholy spectacle of the wreck. Her stem was above the first arc of the flood; she was broken in two a little abaft the foremast—though indeed she had none, both masts having broken short in her disaster; and as the pitch of the beach was very sharp and sudden, and the bows lay many feet below the stern, the fracture gaped widely open, and you could see right through her poor hull upon the farther side. Her name was much defaced,

and I could not make out clearly whether she was called *Christiania*, after the Norwegian city, or *Christiana*, after the good woman, Christian's wife, in that old book, the "Pilgrim's Progress." By her build she was a foreign ship, but I was not certain of her nationality. She had been painted green, but the colour was faded and weathered, and the paint peeling off in strips. The wreck of the mainmast lay alongside, half buried in sand. She was a forlorn sight, indeed, and I could not look without emotion at the bits of rope that still hung about her, so often handled of yore by shouting seamen; or the little scuttle where they had passed up and down to their affairs; or that poor noseless angel of a figurehead that had dipped into so many running billows.

I do not know whether it came most from the ship or from the grave, but I fell into some melancholy scruples, as I stood there, leaning with one hand against the battered timbers. The homelessness of men and even of inanimate vessels, cast away upon strange shores, came strongly in upon my mind. To make a profit of such pitiful misadventures seemed an unmanly and a sordid act; and I began to think of my then quest as of something sacrilegious in its nature. But when I remembered Mary, I took heart again. My uncle would never consent to an imprudent marriage, nor would she, as I was persuaded, wed without his full approval. It behoved me, then, to be up and doing for my wife; and I thought with a laugh how long it was since that great sea-castle, the *Espirito Santo*, had left her bones in Sandag Bay, and how weak it would be to consider rights so long extinguished and misfortunes so long forgotten in the process of time.

I had my theory of where to seek for her remains. The set of the current and the soundings both pointed to the east side of the bay under the ledge of rocks. If she had been lost in Sandag Bay, and if, after these centuries, any portion of her held together, it was there that I should find it. The water deepens, as I have said, with great rapidity, and even close alongside the rocks several fathoms may be found. As I walked upon the edge I could see far and wide over the sandy bottom of the bay; the sun shone clear and green and steady in the deeps; the bay seemed rather like a great transparent crystal, as one sees them in a lapidary's shop; there was naught to show that it was water but an internal trembling, a hovering within of sun-glints and netted shadows, and now and then a faint lap and a dying bubble round the edge. The shadows of the rocks lay out for some distance at their feet, so that my own shadow, moving, pausing, and stooping on the top of that, reached sometimes half across the bay. It was above all in this belt of shadows that I hunted for the *Espirito Santo;* since it was there the undertow ran strongest, whether in or out. Cool as the whole water seemed this broiling day, it looked, in that part, yet cooler, and had a mysterious invitation for the eyes. Peer as I pleased, however, I could see nothing but a few fishes or a bush of sea-tangle, and here and there a lump of rock that had fallen from above and now lay separate on the sandy floor. Twice did I pass from one end to the other of the rocks, and in the whole distance I could see nothing of the wreck, nor any place but one where it was possible for it to be. This was a large terrace in five fathoms of water, raised off the surface of the sand to a considerable height, and looking from above like a mere outgrowth of the rocks on which I walked. It was one mass of great sea-tangles like a grove, which prevented me judging of its nature, but in shape and size it bore some likeness to a vessel's hull. At least it was my best chance. If the *Espirito Santo* lay not there under the tangles, it lay nowhere at all in Sandag Bay; and I prepared to put the question to the proof, once and for all, and either go back to Aros a rich man or cured forever of my dreams of wealth.

I stripped to the skin, and stood on the extreme margin with my hands clasped, irresolute. The bay at that time was utterly quiet; there was no sound but from a school of porpoises somewhere out of sight behind the point; yet a certain fear withheld me on the threshold of my venture. Sad sea-feelings, scraps of my uncle's superstitions, thoughts of the dead, of the grave, of the old broken ships, drifted through my mind. But the strong sun upon my shoulders warmed me to the heart, and I stooped forward and plunged into the sea.

It was all that I could do to catch a trail of the sea-tangle that grew so thickly on the terrace; but once so far anchored I secured myself by grasping a whole armful of these thick and slimy stalks, and, planting my feet against the edge, I looked around me. On all sides the clear sand stretched forth unbroken; it came to the foot of the rocks scoured into the likeness of an alley in a garden by the action of the tides; and before me, for as far as I could see, nothing was visible but the same many-folded sand upon the sun-bright bottom of the bay. Ye

the terrace to which I was then holding was as thick with strong sea-growths as a tuft of heather, and the cliff from which it bulged hung draped below the water-line with brown lianas. In this complexity of forms, all swaying together in the current, things were hard to be distinguished; and I was still uncertain whether my feet were pressed upon the natural rock or upon the timbers of the Armada treasure-ship, when the whole tuft of tangle came away in my hand, and in an instant I was on the surface, and the shores of the bay and the bright water swam before my eyes in a glory of crimson.

I clambered back upon the rocks, and threw the plant of tangle at my feet. Something at the same moment rang sharply, like a falling coin. I stooped, and there, sure enough, crusted with the red rust, there lay an iron shoe-buckle. The sight of this poor human relic thrilled me to the heart, but not with hope nor fear, only with a desolate melancholy. I held it in my hand, and the thought of its owner appeared before me like the presence of an actual man. His weather-beaten face, his sailor's hands, his sea-voice hoarse with singing at the capstan, the very foot that had once worn that buckle and trod so much along the swerving decks—the whole human fact of him, as a creature like myself, with hair and blood and seeing eyes, haunted me in that sunny, solitary place, not like a spectre, but like some friend whom I had basely injured. Was the great treasure-ship indeed below there, with her guns and chain and treasure, as she had sailed from Spain; her decks a garden for the seaweed, her cabin a breeding place for fish, soundless but for the dredging water, motionless but for the waving of the tangle upon her battlements—that old, populous, sea-riding castle, now a reef in Sandag Bay? Or, as I thought it likelier, was this a waif from the disaster of the foreign brig—was this shoe-buckle bought but the other day and worn by a man of my own period in the world's history, hearing the same news from day to day, thinking the same thoughts, praying, perhaps, in the same temple with myself? However it was, I was assailed with dreary thoughts; my uncle's words, "the dead are down there," echoed in my ears; and though I determined to dive once more, it was with a strong repugnance that I stepped forward to the margin of the rocks.

A great change passed at that moment over the appearance of the bay. It was no more that clear, visible interior, like a house roofed with glass, where the green, submarine sunshine slept so stilly. A breeze, I suppose, had flawed the surface, and a sort of trouble and blackness filled its bosom, where flashes of light and clouds of shadow tossed confusedly together. Even the terrace below obscurely rocked and quivered. It seemed a graver thing to venture on this place of ambushes; and when I leaped into the sea the second time it was with a quaking in my soul.

I secured myself as at first, and groped among the waving tangle. All that met my touch was cold and soft and gluey. The thicket was alive with crabs and lobsters, trundling to and fro lop-sidedly, and I had to harden my heart against the horror of their carrion neighbourhood. On all sides I could feel the grain and the clefts of hard, living stone; no planks, no iron, not a sign of any wreck; the *Espirito Santo* was not there. I remember I had almost a sense of relief in my disappointment, and I was about ready to leave go, when something happened that sent me to the surface with my heart in my mouth. I had already stayed somewhat late over my explorations; the current was freshening with the change of the tide, and Sandag Bay was no longer a safe place for a single swimmer. Well, just at the last moment there came a sudden flush of current, dredging through the tangles like a wave. I lost one hold, was flung sprawling on my side, and, instinctively grasping for a fresh support, my fingers closed on something hard and cold. I think I knew at that moment what it was. At least I instantly left hold of the tangle, leaped for the surface, and clambered out next moment on the friendly rocks with the bone of a man's leg in my grasp.

Mankind is a material creature, slow to think and dull to perceive connections. The grave, the wreck of the brig, and the rusty shoe-buckle were surely plain advertisements. A child might have read their dismal story, and yet it was not until I touched that actual piece of mankind that the full horror of the charnel ocean burst upon my spirit. I laid the bone beside the buckle, picked up my clothes, and ran as I was along the rocks towards the human shore. I could not be far enough from the spot; no fortune was vast enough to tempt me back again. The bones of the drowned dead should henceforth roll undisturbed by me, whether on tangle or minted gold. But as soon as I trod the good earth again, and had covered my nakedness against the sun, I knelt down over against the ruins of the brig, and out of the fulness of my heart prayed long and

passionately for all poor souls upon the sea. A generous prayer is never presented in vain; the petition may be refused, but the petitioner is always, I believe, rewarded by some gracious visitation. The horror, at least, was lifted from my mind; I could look with calm of spirit on that bright creature, God's ocean; and as I set off homeward up the rough sides of Aros, nothing remained of any concern beyond a deep determination to meddle no more with the spoils of wrecked vessels or the treasures of the dead.

I was already some way up the hill before I paused to breathe and look behind me. The sight that met my eyes was doubly strange.

For, first, the storm that I had foreseen was now advancing with almost tropical rapidity. The whole surface of the sea had been dulled from its conspicuous brightness to an ugly hue of corrugated lead; already in the distance the white waves, the "skipper's daughters," had begun to flee before a breeze that was still insensible on Aros; and already along the curve of Sandag Bay there was a splashing run of sea that I could hear from where I stood. The change upon the sky was even more remarkable. There had begun to arise out of the south-west a huge and solid continent of scowling cloud; here and there, through rents in its contexture, the sun still poured a sheaf of spreading rays; and here and there, from all its edges, vast inky streamers lay forth along the yet unclouded sky. The menace was express and imminent. Even as I gazed, the sun was blotted out. At any moment the tempest might fall upon Aros in its might.

The suddenness of this change of weather so fixed my eyes on heaven that it was some seconds before they alighted on the bay, mapped out below my feet, and robbed a moment later of the sun. The knoll which I had just surmounted overflanked a little amphitheatre of lower hillocks sloping towards the sea, and beyond that the yellow arc of beach and the whole extent of Sandag Bay. It was a scene on which I had often looked down, but where I had never before beheld a human figure. I had but just turned my back upon it and left it empty, and my wonder may be fancied when I saw a boat and several men in that deserted spot. The boat was lying by the rocks. A pair of fellows, bareheaded, with their sleeves rolled up, and one with a boat-hook, kept her with difficulty to her moorings, for the current was growing brisker every moment. A little way off upon the ledge two men in black clothes, whom I judged to be superior in rank, laid their heads together over some task which at first I did not understand, but a second after I had made it out—they were taking bearings with the compass; and just then I saw one of them unroll a sheet of paper and lay his finger down, as though identifying features in a map. Meanwhile a third was walking to and fro, poking among the rocks and peering over the edge into the water. While I was still watching them with the stupefaction of surprise, my mind hardly yet able to work on what my eyes reported, this third person suddenly stooped and summoned his companions with a cry so loud that it reached my ears upon the hill. The others ran to him, even dropping the compass in their hurry, and I could see the bone and the shoe-buckle going from hand to hand, causing the most unusual gesticulations of surprise and interest. Just then I could hear the seamen crying from the boat, and saw them point westward to that cloud continent which was ever the more rapidly unfurling its blackness over heaven. The others seemed to consult; but the danger was too pressing to be braved, and they bundled into the boat carrying my relics with them, and set forth out of the bay with all speed of oars.

I made no more ado about the matter, but turned and ran for the house. Whoever these men were, it was fit my uncle should be instantly informed. It was not then altogether too late in the day for a descent of the Jacobites; and maybe Prince Charlie, whom I knew my uncle to detest, was one of the three superiors whom I had seen upon the rock. Yet as I ran, leaping from rock to rock, and turned the matter loosely in my mind, this theory grew ever the longer the less welcome to my reason. The compass, the map, the interest awakened by the buckle, and the conduct of that one among the strangers who had looked so often below him in the water, all seemed to point to a different explanation of their presence on that outlying, obscure islet of the western sea. The Madrid historian, the search instituted by Dr. Robertson, the bearded stranger with the rings, my own fruitless search that very morning in the deep water of Sandag Bay, ran together, piece by piece, in my memory, and I made sure that these strangers must be Spaniards in quest of ancient treasure and the lost ship of the Armada. But the people living in outlying islands, such as Aros, are answerable for their own security; there is

none near by to protect or even to help them; and the presence in such a spot of a crew of foreign adventurers—poor, greedy, and most likely lawless—filled me with apprehensions for my uncle's money, and even for the safety of his daughter. I was still wondering how we were to get rid of them when I came, all breathless, to the top of Aros. The whole world was shadowed over; only in the extreme east, on a hill of the mainland, one last gleam of sunshine lingered like a jewel; rain had begun to fall, not heavily, but in great drops; the sea was rising with each moment, and already a band of white encircled Aros and the nearer coasts of Grisapol. The boat was still pulling seaward, but I now became aware of what had been hidden from me lower down —a large, heavily sparred, handsome schooner, lying to at the south end of Aros. Since I had not seen her in the morning when I had looked around so closely at the signs of the weather, and upon these lone waters where a sail was rarely visible, it was clear she must have lain last night behind the uninhabited Eilean Gour, and this proved conclusively that she was manned by strangers to our coast, for that anchorage, though good enough to look at, is little better than a trap for ships. With such ignorant sailors upon so wild a coast, the coming gale was not unlikely to bring death upon its wings.

CHAPTER IV

THE GALE

I FOUND my uncle at the gable end, watching the signs of the weather, with a pipe in his fingers.

"Uncle," said I, "there were men ashore at Sandag Bay——"

I had not time to go further; indeed, I not only forgot my words, but even my weariness, so strange was the effect on Uncle Gordon. He dropped his pipe and fell back against the end of the house with his jaw fallen, his eyes staring, and his long face as white as paper. We must have looked at one another silently for a quarter of a minute, before he made answer in this extraordinary fashion: "Had he a hair kep on?"

I knew as well as if I had been there that the man who now lay buried at Sandag had worn a hairy cap, and that he had come ashore alive. For the first and only time I lost toleration for the man who was my benefactor and the father of the woman I hoped to call my wife.

"These were living men," said I, "perhaps Jacobites, perhaps the French, perhaps pirates, perhaps adventurers come here to seek the Spanish treasure ship; but, whatever they may be, dangerous at least to your daughter and my cousin. As for your own guilty terrors, man, the dead sleeps well where you have laid him. I stood this morning by his grave; he will not wake before the trump of doom."

My kinsman looked upon me, blinking, while I spoke; then he fixed his eyes for a little on the ground, and pulled his fingers foolishly; but it was plain that he was past the power of speech.

"Come," said I. "You must think for others. You must come up the hill with me, and see this ship."

He obeyed without a word or a look, following slowly after my impatient strides. The spring seemed to have gone out of his body, and he scrambled heavily up and down the rocks, instead of leaping, as he was wont, from one to another. Nor could I, for all my cries, induce him to make better haste. Only once he replied to me complainingly, and like one in bodily pain: "Ay, ay, man, I'm coming." Long before we had reached the top, I had not other thought for him but pity. If the crime had been monstrous, the punishment was in proportion.

At last we emerged above the sky-line of the hill, and could see around us. All was black and stormy to the eye; the last gleam of sun had vanished; a wind had sprung up, not yet high, but gusty and unsteady to the point; the rain, on the other hand, had ceased. Short as was the interval, the sea already ran vastly higher than when I had stood there last; already it had begun to break over some of the outward reefs, and already it moaned aloud in the sea-caves of Aros. I looked, at first in vain, for the schooner.

"There she is," I said at last. But her new position, and the course she was now lying, puzzled me. "They cannot mean to beat to sea," I cried.

"That's what they mean," said my uncle, with something like joy; and just then the schooner went about and stood upon another tack, which put the question beyond the reach of doubt. These strangers, seeing a gale on hand, had thought first of sea-room. With the wind that threatened, in these reef-sown waters and contending against so violent a stream of tide, their course was certain death.

"Good God!" said I, "they are all lost."

"Ay," returned my uncle, "a'—a' lost. They hadnae a chance but to rin for Kyle Dona. The gate they're gaun the noo, they couldnae win through an the muckle deil were there to pilot them. Eh, man," he continued, touching me on the sleeve, "it's a braw nicht for a shipwreck! Twa in ae twalmonth! Eh, but the Merry Men'll dance bonny!"

I looked at him, and it was then that I began to fancy him no longer in his right mind. He was peering up to me, as if for sympathy, a timid joy in his eyes. All that had passed between us was already forgotten in the prospect of this fresh disaster.

"If it were not too late," I cried with indignation, "I would take the coble and go out to warn them."

"Na, na," he protested, "ye maunnae interfere, ye maunnae meddle wi' the like o' that. It's His"—doffing his bonnet—"His wull. And, eh, man! but it's a braw nicht for't!"

Something like fear began to creep into my soul; and, reminding him that I had not yet dined, I proposed we should return to the house. But no; nothing would tear him from his place of outlook.

"I maun see the hail thing, man, Cherlie," he explained; and then as the schooner went about a second time, "Eh, but they han'le her bonny!" he cried. "The *Christ-Anna* was naething to this."

Already the men on board the schooner must have begun to realize some part, but not yet the twentieth, of the dangers that environed their doomed ship. At every lull of the capricious wind they must have seen how fast the current swept them back. Each tack was made shorter, as they saw how little it prevailed. Every moment the rising swell began to boom and foam upon another sunken reef; and ever and again a breaker would fall in sounding ruin under the very bows of her, and the brown reef and streaming tangle appear in the hollow of the wave. I tell you, they had to stand to their tackle: there was no idle man aboard that ship, God knows. It was upon the progress of a scene so horrible to any human-hearted man that my misguided uncle now pored and gloated like a connoisseur. As I turned to go down the hill, he was lying on his belly on the summit, with his hands stretched forth and clutching in the heather. He seemed rejuvenated, mind and body.

When I got back to the house already dismally affected, I was still more sadly downcast at the sight of Mary. She had her sleeves rolled up over her strong arms, and was quietly making bread. I got a bannock from the dresser and sat down to eat it in silence.

"Are ye wearied, lad?" she asked after awhile.

"I am not so much wearied, Mary," I replied, getting on my feet, "as I am weary of delay, and perhaps of Aros too. You know me well enough to judge me fairly, say what I like. Well, Mary, you may be sure of this: you had better be anywhere but here."

"I'll be sure of one thing," she returned: "I'll be where my duty is."

"You forget, you have a duty to yourself," I said.

"Ay, man?" she replied, pounding at the dough; "will you have found that in the Bible, now?"

"Mary," I said solemnly, "you must not laugh at me just now. God knows I am in no heart for laughing. If we could get your father with us, it would be best; but with him or without him, I want you far away from here, my girl; for your own sake, and for mine, ay, and for your father's too, I want you far—far away from here. I came with other thoughts; I came here as a man comes home; now it is all changed, and I have no desire nor hope but to flee—for that's the word—flee, like a bird out of the fowler's snare, from this accursed island."

She had stopped her work by this time.

"And do you think, now," said she, "do you think, now, I have neither eyes nor ears? Do ye think I havenae broken my heart to have these braws (as he calls them, God forgive him!) thrown into the sea? Do ye think I have lived with him, day in, day out, and not seen what you saw in an hour or two? No," she said, "I know there's wrong in it; what wrong, I neither know nor want to know. There was never an ill thing made better by meddling, that I could hear of. But, my lad, you must never ask me to leave my father. While the breath is in his body, I'll be with him. And he's not long for here, either: that I can tell you, Charlie—he's not long for here. The mark is on his brow; and better so—maybe better so."

I was awhile silent, not knowing what to say; and when I roused my head at last to speak, she got before me.

"Charlie," she said, "what's right for me, neednae be right for you. There's sin upon this house and trouble; you are a stranger; take your things upon your back and go your ways to better places and to better folk, and if you were ever minded to come

back, though it were twenty years syne, you would fine me aye waiting."

"Mary Ellen," I said, "I asked you to be my wife, and you said as good as yes. That's done for good. Wherever you are, I am; as I shall answer to my God."

As I said the words, the winds suddenly burst out raving, and then seemed to stand still and shudder round the house of Aros. It was the first squall, or prologue, of the coming tempest, and as we started and looked about us, we found that a gloom, like the approach of evening, had settled round the house.

"God pity all poor folks at sea!" she said. "We'll see no more of my father till the morrow's morning."

And then she told me, as we sat by the fire and hearkened to the rising gusts, of how this change had fallen upon my uncle. All last winter he had been dark and fitful in his mind. Whenever the Roost ran high, or, as Mary said, whenever the Merry Men were dancing, he would lie out for hours together on the Head, if it were at night, or on the top of Aros by day, watching the tumult of the sea, and sweeping the horizon for a sail. After February the tenth, when the wealth-bringing wreck was cast ashore at Sandag, he had been at first unnaturally gay, and his excitement had never fallen in degree, but only changed in kind from dark to darker. He neglected his work, and kept Rorie idle. They two would speak together by the hour at the gable end, in guarded tones and with an air of secrecy and almost of guilt; and if she questioned either, as at first she sometimes did, her inquiries were put aside with confusion. Since Rorie had first remarked the fish that hung about the ferry, his master had never set foot but once upon the mainland of the Ross. That once—it was in the height of the springs—he had passed dry-shod while the tide was out; but, having lingered over-long on the far side, found himself cut off from Aros by the returning waters. It was with a shriek of agony that he had leaped across the gut, and he had reached home thereafter in a fever-fit of fear. A fear of the sea, a constant haunting thought of the sea, appeared in his talk and devotions, and even in his looks when he was silent.

Rorie alone came in to supper; but a little later my uncle appeared, took a bottle under his arm, put some bread in his pocket, and set forth again to his outlook, followed this time by Rorie. I heard that the schooner was losing ground, but the crew were still fighting every inch with hopeless ingenuity and courage; and the news filled my mind with blackness.

A little after sundown the full fury of the gale broke forth, such a gale as I have never seen in summer, nor, seeing how swiftly it had come, even in winter. Mary and I sat in silence, the house quaking overhead, the tempest howling without, the fire between us sputtering with raindrops. Our thoughts were far away with the poor fellows on the schooner, or my not less unhappy uncle, houseless on the promontory; and yet ever and again we were startled back to ourselves, when the wind would rise and strike the gable like a solid body, or suddenly fall and draw away, so that the fire leaped into flame and our hearts bounded in our sides. Now the storm in its might would seize and shake the four corners of the roof, roaring like Leviathan in anger. Anon, in a lull, cold eddies of tempest moved shudderingly in the room, lifting the hair upon our heads and passing between us as we sat. And again the wind would break forth in a chorus of melancholy sounds, wailing with flutelike softness round the house.

It was perhaps eight o'clock when Rorie came in and pulled me mysteriously to the door. My uncle, it appeared, had frightened even his constant comrade; and Rorie, uneasy at his extravagance, prayed me to come out and share the watch. I hastened to do as I was asked; the more readily as, what with fear and horror, and the electrical tension of the night, I was myself restless and disposed for action. I told Mary to be under no alarm, for I should be a safeguard on her father; and wrapping myself warmly in a plaid, I followed Rorie into the open air.

The night, though we were so little past mid-summer, was as dark as January. Intervals of a groping twilight alternated with spells of utter blackness; and it was impossible to trace the reason of these changes in the flying horror of the sky. The wind blew the breath out of a man's nostrils; all heaven seemed to thunder overhead like one huge sail; and when there fell a momentary lull on Aros, we could hear the gusts dismally sweeping in the distance. Over all the lowlands of the Ross, the wind must have blown as fierce as on the open sea; and God only knows the uproar that was raging around the head of Ben Kyaw. Sheets of mingled spray and rain were driven in our faces. All round the isle of Aros the surf, with an incessant, hammering thunder, beat upon the reefs and beaches. Now louder in one place, now lower in another, like the combinations of orchestral

music, the constant mass of sound was hardly varied for a moment. And loud above all this hurly-burly I could hear the changeful voices of the Roost and the intermittent roaring of the Merry Men. At that hour, there flashed into my mind the reason of the name that they were called. For the noise of them seemed almost mirthful, as it out-topped the other noises of the night; or if not mirthful, yet instinct with a portentous joviality. Nay, and it seemed even human. As when savage men have drunk away their reason, and, discarding speech, bawl together in their madness by the hour; so, to my ears, these deadly breakers shouted by Aros in the night.

Arm in arm, and staggering against the wind, Rorie and I won every yard of ground with conscious effort. We slipped on the wet sod, we fell together sprawling on the rocks. Bruised, drenched, beaten, and breathless, it must have taken us near half an hour to get from the house down to the Head that overlooks the Roost. There, it seemed, was my uncle's favourite observatory. Right in the face of it, where the cliff is highest and most sheer, a hump of earth, like a parapet, makes a place of shelter from the common winds, where a man may sit in quiet and see the tide and the mad billows contending at his feet. As he might look down from the window of a house upon some street disturbance, so, from this post, he looks down upon the tumbling of the Merry Men. On such a night, of course, he peers upon a world of blackness, where the waters wheel and boil, where the waves joust together with the noise of an explosion, and the foam towers and vanishes in the twinkling of an eye. Never before had I seen the Merry Men thus violent. The fury, height, and transiency of their spoutings was a thing to be seen and not recounted. High over our heads on the cliff rose their white columns in the darkness; and the same instant, like phantoms, they were gone. Sometimes three at a time would thus aspire and vanish; sometimes a gust took them, and the spray would fall about us, heavy as a wave. And yet the spectacle was rather maddening in its levity than impressive by its force. Thought was beaten down by the confounding uproar; a gleeful vacancy possessed the brains of men, a state akin to madness; and I found myself at times following the dance of the Merry Men as it were a tune upon a jigging instrument.

I first caught sight of my uncle when we were still some yards away in one of the flying glimpses of twilight that chequered the pitch darkness of the night. He was standing up behind the parapet, his head thrown back and the bottle to his mouth. As he put it down, he saw and recognized us with a toss of one hand fleeringly above his head.

"Has he been drinking?" shouted I to Rorie.

"He will aye be drunk when the wind blaws," returned Rorie in the same high key, and it was all that I could do to hear him.

"Then—was he so—in February?" I inquired.

Rorie's "Ay" was a cause of joy to me. The murder, then, had not sprung in cold blood from calculation; it was an act of madness no more to be condemned than to be pardoned. My uncle was a dangerous madman, if you will, but he was not cruel and base as I had feared. Yet what a scene for a carouse, what an incredible vice, was this that the poor man had chosen! I have always thought drunkenness a wild and almost fearful pleasure, rather demoniacal than human; but drunkenness, out here in the roaring blackness, on the edge of a cliff above that hell of waters, the man's head spinning like the Roost, his foot tottering on the edge of death, his ear watching for the signs of shipwreck, surely that, if it were credible in any one, was morally impossible in a man like my uncle, whose mind was set upon a damnatory creed and haunted by the darkest superstitions. Yet so it was; and, as we reached the bight of shelter and could breathe again, I saw the man's eyes shining in the night with an unholy glimmer.

"Eh, Charlie, man, it's grand!" he cried. "See to them!" he continued, dragging me to the edge of the abyss from whence arose that deafening clamour and those clouds of spray; "see to them dancin', man! Is that no wicked?"

He pronounced the word with gusto, and I thought it suited with the scene.

"They're yowlin' for thon schooner," he went on, his thin, insane voice clearly audible in the shelter of the bank, "an' she's comin' aye nearer, aye nearer, aye nearer an' nearer an' nearer; an' they ken't, the folk kens it, they ken weel it's by wi' them. Charlie, lad, they're a' drunk in yon schooner, a' dozened wi' drink. They were a' drunk in the *Christ-Anna*, at the hinder end. There's nane could droon at sea wantin' the brandy. Hoot awa, what do

you ken?" with a sudden blast of anger. "I tell ye, it cannae be; they daurnae droon without it. Ha'e," holding out the bottle "tak' a sowp."

I was about to refuse, but Rorie touched me as if in warning; and indeed I had already thought better of the movement. I took the bottle, therefore, and not only drank freely myself, but contrived to spill even more as I was doing so. It was pure spirit, and almost strangled me to swallow. My kinsman did not observe the loss, but, once more throwing back his head, drained the remainder to the dregs. Then, with a loud laugh, he cast the bottle forth among the Merry Men, who seemed to leap up, shouting, to receive it.

"Ha'e, bairns!" he cried, "there's your han'sel. Ye'll get bonnier nor that, or morning."

Suddenly, out in the black night before us, and not two hundred yards away, we heard, at a moment when the wind was silent, the clear note of a human voice. Instantly the wind swept howling down upon the Head, and the Roost bellowed, and churned, and danced with a new fury. But we had heard the sound, and we knew, with agony, that this was the doomed ship now close on ruin, and that what we had heard was the voice of her master issuing his last command. Crouching together on the edge, we waited, straining every sense, for the inevitable end. It was long, however, and to us it seemed like ages, ere the schooner suddenly appeared for one brief instant, relieved against a tower of glimmering foam. I still see her reefed mainsail flapping loose, as the boom fell heavily across the deck; I still see the black outline of the hull, and still think I can distinguish the figure of a man stretched upon the tiller. Yet the whole sight we had of her passed swifter than lightning; the very wave that disclosed her fell burying her for ever; the mingled cry of many voices at the point of death rose and was quenched in the roaring of the Merry Men. And with that the tragedy was at an end. The strong ship, with all her gear, and the lamp perhaps still burning in the cabin, the lives of so many men, precious surely to others, dear, at least, as heaven to themselves, had all, in that one moment, gone down into the surging waters. They were gone like a dream. And the wind still ran and shouted, and the senseless waters in the Roost still leaped and tumbled as before.

How long we lay there together, we three, speechless and motionless, is more than I can tell, but it must have been for long. At length, one by one, and almost mechanically, we crawled back into the shelter of the bank. As I lay against the parapet, wholly wretched and not entirely master of my mind, I could hear my kinsman maundering to himself in an altered and melancholy mood. Now he would repeat to himself with maudlin iteration, "Sic a fecht as they had—sic a sair fecht as they had, puir lads, puir lads!" and anon he would bewail that "a' the gear was as gude's tint," because the ship had gone down among the Merry Men instead of stranding on the shore; and throughout, the name—the *Christ-Anna*—would come and go in his divagations, pronounced with shuddering awe. The storm all this time was rapidly abating. In half an hour the wind had fallen to a breeze, and the change was accompanied or caused by a heavy, cold, and plumping rain. I must then have fallen asleep, and when I came to myself, drenched, stiff, and unrefreshed, day had already broken, gray, wet, discomfortable day; the wind blew in faint and shifting capfuls, the tide was out, the Roost was at its lowest, and only the strong beating surf round all the coasts of Aros remained to witness of the furies of the night.

CHAPTER V

A MAN OUT OF THE SEA

Rorie set out for the house in search of warmth and breakfast; but my uncle was bent upon examining the shores of Aros, and I felt it a part of duty to accompany him throughout. He was now docile and quiet, but tremulous and weak in mind and body; and it was with the eagerness of a child that he pursued his exploration. He climbed far down upon the rocks; on the beaches, he pursued the retreating breakers. The merest broken plank or rag of cordage was a treasure in his eyes to be secured at the peril of his life. To see him, with weak and stumbling footsteps, expose himself to the pursuit of the surf, or the snares and pitfalls of the weedy rock, kept me in a perpetual terror. My arm was ready to support him, my hand clutched him by the skirt, I helped him to draw his pitiful discoveries beyond the reach of the returning wave; a nurse accompanying a child of seven would have had no different experience.

Yet, weakened as he was by the reaction from his madness of the night before, the

passions that smouldered in his nature were those of a strong man. His terror of the sea, although conquered for the moment, was still undiminished; had the sea been a lake of living flames, he could not have shrunk more panically from its touch; and once, when his foot slipped and he plunged to the midleg into a pool of water, the shriek that came up out of his soul was like the cry of death. He sat still for awhile, panting like a dog, after that; but his desire for the spoils of shipwreck triumphed once more over his fears; once more he tottered among the curded foam; once more he crawled upon the rocks among the bursting bubbles; once more his whole heart seemed to be set on driftwood, fit, if it was fit for anything, to throw upon the fire. Pleased as he was with what he found, he still incessantly grumbled at his ill-fortune.

"Aros," he said, "is no a place for wrecks ava'—no ava'. A' the years I've dwalt here, this ane maks the second; and the best o' the gear clean tint!"

"Uncle," said I, for we were now on a stretch of open sand, where there was nothing to divert his mind, "I saw you last night as I never thought to see you—you were drunk."

"Na, na," he said, "no as bad as that. I had been drinking, though. And to tell ye the God's truth, it's a thing I cannae mend. There's nae soberer man than me in my ordnar; but when I hear the wind blaw in my lug, it's my belief that I gang gyte."

"You are a religious man," I replied, "and this is sin."

"Ou," he returned, "if it wasnae sin, I dinnae ken that I would care for 't. Ye see, man, it's defiance. There's a sair spang o' the auld sin o' the warld in yon sea, it's an unchristian business at the best o't; an' whiles when it gets up, an' the wind skreighs—the wind an' her are a kind of sib, I'm thinkin'—an' thae Merry Men, the daft callants, blawin' and lauchin', and puir souls in the deid thraws warstlin' the leelang nicht wi' their bit ships—weel, it comes ower me like a glamour. I'm a deil, I ken't. But I think naething o' the puir sailor lads; I'm wi' the sea, I'm just like ane o' her ain Merry Men."

I thought I should touch him in a joint of his harness. I turned me towards the sea; the surf was running gaily, wave after wave, with their manes blowing behind them, riding one after another up the beach, towering, curving, falling one upon another on the trampled sand. Without, the salt air, the scared gulls, the widespread army of the sea-chargers, neighing to each other, as they gathered together to the assault of Aros; and close before us, that line on the flat sands that, with all their number and their fury, they might never pass.

"Thus far shalt thou go," said I, "and no farther." And then I quoted as solemnly as I was able a verse that I had often before fitted to the chorus of the breakers:

> "But yet the Lord that is on high,
> Is more of might by far,
> Than noise of many waters is,
> As great sea billows are."

"Ay," said my kinsman, "at the hinder end, the Lord will triumph; I dinnae misdoobt that. But here on earth, even silly men-folk daur Him to His face. It is nae wise; I am nae sayin' that it's wise; but it's the pride of the eye, and it's the lust o' life, an' it's the wale o' pleesures."

I said no more, for we had now begun to cross a neck of land that lay between us and Sandag; and I withheld my last appeal to the man's better reason till we should stand upon the spot associated with his crime. Nor did he pursue the subject; but he walked beside me with a firmer step. The call that I had made upon his mind acted like a stimulant, and I could see that he had forgotten his search for worthless jetsam, in a profound, gloomy, and yet stirring train of thought. In three or four minutes we had topped the brae and begun to go down upon Sandag. The wreck had been roughly handled by the sea; the stem had been spun round and dragged a little lower down; and perhaps the stern had been forced a little higher, for the two parts now lay entirely separate on the beach. When we came to the grave I stopped, uncovered my head in the thick rain, and, looking my kinsman in the face, addressed him.

"A man," said I, "was in God's providence suffered to escape from mortal dangers; he was poor, he was naked, he was wet, he was weary, he was a stranger; he had every claim upon the bowels of your compassion; it may be that he was the salt of the earth, holy, helpful, and kind; it may be he was a man laden with iniquities to whom death was the beginning of torment. I ask you in the sight of heaven: Gordon Darnaway, where is the man for whom Christ died?"

He started visibly at the last words; but there came no answer, and his face expressed no feeling but a vague alarm.

"You were my father's brother," I

continued; "you have taught me to count your house as if it were my father's house; and we are both sinful men walking before the Lord among the sins and dangers of this life. It is by our evil that God leads us into good; we sin, I dare not say by His temptation, but I must say with His consent; and to any but the brutish man his sins are the beginning of wisdom. God has warned you by this crime; He warns you still by the bloody grave between our feet; and if there shall follow no repentance, no improvement, no return to Him, what can we look for but the following of some memorable judgment?"

Even as I spoke the words, the eyes of my uncle wandered from my face. A change fell upon his looks that cannot be described; his features seemed to dwindle in size, the colour faded from his cheeks, one hand rose waveringly and pointed over my shoulder into the distance, and the oft-repeated name fell once more from his lips: "The *Christ-Anna!*"

I turned; and if I was not appalled to the same degree, as I return thanks to Heaven that I had not the cause, I was still startled by the sight that met my eyes. The form of a man stood upright on the cabin-hutch of the wrecked ship; his back was towards us; he appeared to be scanning the offing with shaded eyes, and his figure was relieved to its full height, which was plainly very great, against the sea and sky. I have said a thousand times that I am not superstitious; but at that moment, with my mind running upon death and sin, the unexplained appearance of a stranger on that sea-girt, solitary island filled me with a surprise that bordered close on terror. It seemed scarce possible that any human soul should have come ashore alive in such a sea as had raged last night along the coasts of Aros; and the only vessel within miles had gone down before our eyes among the Merry Men. I was assailed with doubts that made suspense unbearable, and, to put the matter to the touch at once, stepped forward and hailed the figure like a ship.

He turned about, and I thought he started to behold us. At this my courage instantly revived, and I called and signed to him to draw near, and he, on his part, dropped immediately to the sands, and began slowly to approach, with many stops and hesitations. At each repeated mark of the man's uneasiness I grew the more confident myself; and I advanced another step, encouraging him as I did so with my head and hand. It was plain the castaway had heard indifferent accounts of our island hospitality; and indeed, about this time, the people farther north had a sorry reputation.

"Why," I said, "the man is black!"

And just at that moment, in a voice that I could scarce have recognized, my kinsman began swearing and praying in a mingled stream. I looked at him; he had fallen on his knees, his face was agonized; at each step of the castaway's the pitch of his voice rose, the volubility of his utterance and the fervour of his language redoubled. I call it prayer, for it was addressed to God; but surely no such ranting incongruities were ever before addressed to the Creator by a creature: surely if prayer can be a sin, this mad harangue was sinful. I ran to my kinsman, I seized him by the shoulders, I dragged him to his feet.

"Silence, man," said I, "respect your God in words, if not in action. Here, on the very scene of your transgressions, He sends you an occasion of atonement. Forward and embrace it; welcome like a father yon creature who comes trembling to your mercy."

With that, I tried to force him towards the black; but he felled me to the ground, burst from my grasp, leaving the shoulder of his jacket, and fled up the hillside towards the top of Aros like a deer. I staggered to my feet again, bruised and somewhat stunned; the negro had paused in surprise, perhaps in terror, some halfway between me and the wreck; my uncle was already far away, bounding from rock to rock; and I thus found myself torn for a time between two duties. But I judged, and I pray Heaven that I judged rightly, in favour of the poor wretch upon the sands; his misfortune was at least not plainly of his own creation; it was one, besides, that I could certainly relieve; and I had begun by that time to regard my uncle as an incurable and dismal lunatic. I advanced accordingly towards the black, who now awaited my approach with folded arms, like one prepared for either destiny. As I came nearer, he reached forth his hand with a great gesture, such as I had seen from the pulpit, and spoke to me in something of a pulpit voice, but not a word was comprehensible. I tried him first in English, then in Gaelic, both in vain; so that it was clear we must rely upon the tongue of looks and gestures. Thereupon I signed to him to follow me, which he did readily and with a grave obeisance like a fallen king; all the while there had come no shade of alteration in his face, neither of anxiety

while he was still waiting, nor of relief now that he was reassured; if he were a slave, as I supposed, I could not but judge he must have fallen from some high place in his own country, and fallen as he was, I could not but admire his bearing. As we passed the grave, I paused and raised my hands and eyes to heaven in token of respect and sorrow for the dead; and he, as if in answer, bowed low and spread his hands abroad; it was a strange motion, but done like a thing of common custom; and I supposed it was ceremonial in the land from which he came. At the same time he pointed to my uncle, whom we could just see perched upon a knoll, and touched his head to indicate that he was mad.

We took the long way round the shore, for I feared to excite my uncle if we struck across the island; and as we walked, I had time enough to mature the little dramatic exhibition by which I hoped to satisfy my doubts. Accordingly, pausing on a rock, I proceeded to imitate before the negro the action of the man whom I had seen the day before taking bearings with the compass at Sandag. He understood me at once, and, taking the imitation out of my hands, showed me where the boat was, pointed out seaward as if to indicate the position of the schooner, and then down along the edge of the rock with the words, "Espirito Santo," strangely pronounced, but clear enough for recognition. I had thus been right in my conjecture; the pretended historical inquiry had been but a cloak for treasure-hunting; the man who had played Dr. Robertson was the same as the foreigner who visited Grisapol in spring, and now, with many others, lay dead under the Roost of Aros: there had their greed brought them, there should their bones be tossed for evermore. In the meantime the black continued his imitation of the scene, now looking up skyward as though watching the approach of the storm; now, in the character of a seaman, waving the rest to come aboard; now as an officer, running along the rock and entering the boat; and anon bending over imaginary oars with the air of a hurried boatman; but all with the same solemnity of manner, so that I was never even moved to smile. Lastly, he indicated to me, by a pantomime not to be described in words, how he himself had gone up to examine the stranded wreck, and, to his grief and indignation, had been deserted by his comrades; and thereupon folded his arms once more, and stooped his head, like one accepting fate.

The mystery of his presence being thus solved for me, I explained to him by means of a sketch the fate of the vessel and of all aboard her. He showed no surprise nor sorrow, and, with a sudden lifting of his open hand, seemed to dismiss his former friends or masters (whichever they had been) into God's pleasure. Respect came upon me and grew stronger, the more I observed him; I saw he had a powerful mind and a sober and severe character, such as I loved to commune with; and before we reached the house of Aros I had almost forgotten, and wholly forgiven him, his uncanny colour.

To Mary I told all that had passed without suppression, though I own my heart failed me; but I did wrong to doubt her sense of justice.

"You did the right," she said. "God's will be done." And she set out meat for us at once.

As soon as I was satisfied, I bade Rorie keep an eye upon the castaway, who was still eating, and set forth again myself to find my uncle. I had not gone far before I saw him sitting in the same place, upon the very topmost knoll, and seemingly in the same attitude as when I had last observed him. From that point, as I have said, the most of Aros and the neighbouring Ross would be spread below him like a map; and it was plain that he kept a bright look-out in all directions, for my head had scarcely risen above the summit of the first ascent before he had leaped to his feet and turned as if to face me. I hailed him at once, as well as I was able, in the same tones and words as I had often used before, when I had come to summon him to dinner. He made not so much as a movement in reply. I passed on a little farther, and again tried parley, with the same result. But when I began a second time to advance, his insane fears blazed up again, and still in dead silence, but with incredible speed, he began to flee from before me along the rocky summit of the hill. An hour before, he had been dead weary, and I had been comparatively active. But now his strength was recruited by the fervour of insanity, and it would have been vain for me to dream of pursuit. Nay, the very attempt, I thought, might have inflamed his terrors, and thus increased the miseries of our position. And I had nothing left but to turn homeward and make my sad report to Mary.

She heard it, as she had heard the first, with a concerned composure, and, bidding

me lie down and take that rest of which I stood so much in need, set forth herself in quest of her misguided father. At that age it would have been a strange thing that put me from either meat or sleep; I slept long and deep; and it was already long past noon before I awoke and came down-stairs into the kitchen. Mary, Rorie, and the black castaway were seated about the fire in silence; and I could see that Mary had been weeping. There was cause enough, as I soon learned, for tears. First she, and then Rorie, had been forth to seek my uncle; each in turn had found him perched upon the hill-top, and from each in turn he had silently and swiftly fled. Rorie had tried to chase him, but in vain; madness lent a new vigour to his bounds; he sprang from rock to rock over the widest gullies; he scoured like the wind along the hill-tops; he doubled and twisted like a hare before the dogs; and Rorie at length gave in; and the last that he saw, my uncle was seated as before upon the crest of Aros. Even during the hottest excitement of the chase, even when the fleet-footed servant had come, for a moment, very near to capture him, the poor lunatic had uttered not a sound. He fled, and he was silent, like a beast; and this silence had terrified his pursuer.

There was something heart-breaking in the situation. How to capture the madman, how to feed him in the meanwhile, and what to do with him when he was captured, were the three difficulties that we had to solve.

"The black," said I, "is the cause of this attack. It may even be his presence in the house that keeps my uncle on the hill. We have done the fair thing; he has been fed and warmed under this roof; now I propose that Rorie put him across the bay in the coble, and take him through the Ross as far as Grisapol."

In this proposal Mary heartily concurred; and bidding the black follow us, we all three descended to the pier. Certainly, Heaven's will was declared against Gordon Darnaway; a thing had happened, never paralleled before in Aros; during the storm, the coble had broken loose, and, striking on the rough splinters of the pier, now lay in four feet of water with one side stove in. Three days of work at least would be required to make her float. But I was not to be beaten. I led the whole party round to where the gut was narrowest, swam to the other side, and called to the black to follow me. He signed, with the same clearness and quiet as before, that he knew not the art; and there was truth apparent in his signals, it would have occurred to none of us to doubt his truth; and that hope being over, we must all go back even as we came to the house of Aros, the negro walking in our midst without embarrassment.

All we could do that day was to make one more attempt to communicate with the unhappy madman. Again he was visible on his perch; again he fled in silence. But food and a great cloak were at least left for his comfort; the rain, besides, had cleared away, and the night promised to be even warm. We might compose ourselves, we thought, until the morrow; rest was the chief requisite, that we might be strengthened for unusual exertions; and as none cared to talk, we separated at an early hour.

I lay long awake, planning a campaign for the morrow. I was to place the black on the side of Sandag, whence he should head my uncle towards the house; Rorie in the west, I on the east, were to complete the cordon, as best we might. It seemed to me, the more I recalled the configuration of the island, that it should be possible, though hard, to force him down upon the low ground along Aros Bay; and once there, even with the strength of his madness, ultimate escape was hardly to be feared. It was on his terror of the black that I relied; for I made sure, however he might run, it would not be in the direction of the man whom he supposed to have returned from the dead, and thus one point of the compass at least would be secure.

When at length I fell asleep, it was to be awakened shortly after by a dream of wrecks, black men, and submarine adventure; and I found myself so shaken and fevered that I arose, descended the stair, and stepped out before the house. Within, Rorie and the black were asleep together in the kitchen; outside was a wonderful clear night of stars, with here and there a cloud still hanging, last stragglers of the tempest. It was near the top of the flood, and the Merry Men were roaring in the windless quiet of the night. Never, not even in the height of the tempest, had I heard their song with greater awe. Now, when the winds were gathered home, when the deep was dandling itself back into its summer slumber, and when the stars rained their gentle light over land and sea, the voice of these tide-breakers was still raised for havoc. They seemed, indeed, to be a part of the world's evil and the tragic side of life.

Nor were their meaningless vociferations the only sounds that broke the silence of the night. For I could hear, now shrill and thrilling and now almost drowned, the note of a human voice that accompanied the uproar of the Roost. I knew it for my kinsman's; and a great fear fell upon me of God's judgments and the evil in the world. I went back again into the darkness of the house as into a place of shelter, and lay long upon my bed, pondering these mysteries.

It was late when I again woke, and I leaped into my clothes and hurried to the kitchen. No one was there; Rorie and the black had both stealthily departed long before; and my heart stood still at the discovery. I could rely on Rorie's heart, but I placed no trust in his discretion. If he had thus set out without a word, he was plainly bent upon some service to my uncle. But what service could he hope to render even alone, far less in the company of the man in whom my uncle found his fears incarnated? Even if I were not already too late to prevent some deadly mischief, it was plain I must delay no longer. With the thought I was out of the house; and often as I have run on the rough sides of Aros, I never ran as I did that fatal morning. I do not believe I put twelve minutes to the whole ascent.

My uncle was gone from his perch. The basket had indeed been torn open and the meat scattered on the turf; but, as we found afterwards, no mouthful had been tasted; and there was not another trace of human existence in that wide field of view. Day had already filled the clear heavens; the sun already lighted in a rosy bloom upon the crest of Ben Kyaw; but all below me the rude knolls of Aros and the shield of the sea lay steeped in the clear darkling twilight of the dawn.

"Rorie!" I cried; and again "Rorie!" My voice died in the silence, but there came no answer back. If there were indeed an enterprise afoot to catch my uncle, it was plainly not in fleetness of foot, but in dexterity of stalking, that the hunters placed their trust. I ran on farther, keeping the higher spurs, and looking right and left, nor did I pause again till I was on the mount above Sandag. I could see the wreck, the uncovered belt of sand, the waves idly beating, the long ledge of rocks, and on either hand the tumbled knolls, bowlders, and gullies of the island. But still no human thing.

At a stride the sunshine fell on Aros, and the shadows and colours leaped into being. Not half a moment later, before me to the west, sheep began to scatter as in a panic. There came a cry. I saw my uncle running. I saw the black jump up in hot pursuit; and before I had time to understand Rorie also had appeared, calling directions in Gaelic as to a dog herding sheep.

I took to my heels to interfere, and perhaps I had done better to have waited where I was, for I was the means of cutting off the madman's last escape. There was nothing before him from that moment but the grave the wreck, and the sea in Sandag bay And yet Heaven knows that what I did was for the best.

My uncle Gordon saw in what direction horrible to him, the chase was driving him He doubled, darting to the right and left but high as the fever ran in his veins, the black was still the swifter. Turn where he would, he was still forestalled, still driven toward the scene of his crime. Suddenly he began to shriek aloud, so that the coast re-echoed; and now both I and Rorie were calling on the black to stop. But all was vain, for it was written otherwise. The pursuer still ran, the chase still sped before him screaming; they avoided the grave, and skimmed close past the timbers of the wreck in a breath they had cleared the sand; and still my kinsman did not pause, but dashed straight into the surf; and the black, now almost within reach, still followed swiftly behind him. Rorie and I both stopped, for the thing was now beyond the hands of men, and these were the decrees of God that came to pass before our eyes. There was never a sharper ending. On that steep beach they were beyond their depth at bound; neither could swim; the black rose once for a moment with a throttling cry but the current had them, racing seaward and if ever they came up again, which God alone can tell, it would be ten minutes after, at the far end of Aros Roost, where the sea-birds hover, fishing.

LLANFAIRPWELLGWYNGYLLGOGERYCHEYRNDROBWELLANDYSILIO GOGOGOCH, Wales, on the island of Anglesea, is becoming popular as a vacation resort.

It used to be known merely as Llanfair, or Llanfairgoch. A literal translation "Church of St. Mary, in a hollow of white hazel, near a rapid whirlpool, and near Tysilios Church, which is near a red cave." *N. Y. Herald Tribune, 1927.*

Some Masculine Thoughts Concerning Woman

Woman is a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity; a domestic ril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill. St. Chrysostom.

All women are perfection, especially she who loves you. *Turkish Proverb.*

A French lady having once quoted to Abd-el-Kader the Polish proverb, "A woman aws more with a hair of her head than a pair of oxen well-harnessed," he answered with a ile, "The hair is unnecessary; woman is powerful as fate." Sir John Lubbock.

Few disputes exist which have not had their origin with Women. Juvenal.

It is difficult to decide, which is the more thankless occupation—To snuff candles, or reason with women. To do any good, both should be repeated every two minutes, and ould one become impatient, the little light is apt to be extinguished altogether. Borne.

In the Book of Life, men are the long strong chapters, and women are mottoes to ese chapters. The misfortune is that the mottoes do not always suit the chapters. Saphir (Moritz Gottlieb).

What a woman soonest forgets is,—how she looks; consequently her frequent appeals the looking-glass. Jean Paul.

What a woman thinks of women is the test of her nature. George Meredith.

If every man were forced to carry his cross—how few women would walk! Martin Haug.

Even the noblest women are more changeable in their moods, and are less even-tem-ed than we. Adolf, Baron von Knigge.

Mother Eve understood nothing of the whole demonstration, but that the fruit was bidden, and because it was forbidden,—she ate of it—the good woman. But scarcely d she tasted the tempting apple, when she lost her innocence and wished for a dress. ange! No sooner does a woman arrive at a state of self-consciousness, than her first ught is a new dress. Heine.

Between the yes and no of a woman, I would not try to place the point of a needle, ause it could not find room. Cervantes.

A woman carries her smiles and tears in one bag, and may bring them out simul-eously or consecutively, when we least expect them. Abrahama St. Clara.

The liveliest desire of a woman's heart is, not so much to please, but to please more n other women. Eckartshausen.

The greatest domestic affliction that can befall a man is, for his wife to discover that is in the right after he has disputed the question with her. This one little triumph

serves her like a vial of attar of roses. With it she will perfume her actions and discourse for the next twenty years. KARL LUDWIG BORNE.

I have always heard that ladies love to contradict—but after careful experiment, pronounce this to be false. I repeatedly told a very homely young friend of mine that sh was beautiful, and she never contradicted me. CHRISTIAN FÜRCHTEGOTT GELLERT.

A woman always finds pleasure in exciting the noble passion in the breast of a ma Even the most virtuous and purest minded are not exempt from this weakness. The wis the victim, the more flattering it is to her vanity to make him lose his self-possessio Ah! One must be a woman to comprehend how delightful this is!

CHRISTOPH MARTIN WIELAND.

Give a girl a wise, sensible, virtuous man, in a word, a perfect Socrates, for a suitc and place beside him a handsome man, an Adonis, a Ganymede, or Endymion, and let h choose between them: a hundred to one, she will pass coldly by the first, and choose t latter. JOHANN KARL AUGUST MUSÄUS.

The expression, "Gave away her heart," is unfortunately a mere poetical phra No woman gives away her heart; she either sells it for money, or exchanges it for anoth by which transaction she is the gainer, or at least, supposes herself to be.

LICHTENBERG.

Women do not like a man the worse for having many favourites, if he deserts them all f her; she fancies that she herself has the power of fixing the wanderer; that other wom conquer like the Parthians, but that she herself, like the Romans, can not only make cc quests, but retain them. COLTON.

Without woman, the two extremities of life would be destitute of succour, the mid without pleasure. *From the French.*

What causes the majority of women to be so little touched by Friendship is, that it insipid when once they have tasted Love. LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

I think women are generally better creatures than men. They have, taken univ sally, weaker appetites and weaker intellects, but they have much stronger affections.

COLERIDGE

A beautiful woman, by her smiles draws tears from our purse. *From the Italian.*

Women, ever in extremes, are always either better or worse than men.

LA BRUYÈRE

I've seen your stormy seas and stormy Women,
And pity Lovers rather more than Seamen. BYRON.

The world is the book of women. Whatever knowledge they may possess is more cc monly acquired by observation, than by reading. ROUSSEAU.

Constant you are;
But yet a woman; and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for well I believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far I will trust thee. SHAKESPEARE.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the n overwhelming reverses of fortune. These disasters which break down the spirit of a r and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublim

IRVIN

If thou wouldst please the ladies, thou must endeavour to make them pleased themselves. FULLER.

The Monkey's Paw

By W. W. JACOBS

Dramatized by Louis N. Parker

CHARACTERS

MR. WHITE.
MRS. WHITE.
HERBERT.
SERGEANT-MAJOR MORRIS.
MR. SAMPSON.

SCENE.—*The living-room of an old-fashioned cottage on the outskirts of Fulham. Set corner-wise in the left angle at the back a deep window; further front,* L., *three or four steps lead up to a door. Further forward a dresser, with plates, glasses, etc.* R. C. *at back an alcove with the street door fully visible. On the inside of the street door, a wire letter-box. On the right a cupboard, then a fire-place. In the center a round table. Against the wall,* L. *back, an old-fashioned piano. A comfortable armchair each side of the fire-place. Other chairs. On the mantel-piece a clock, old china figures, etc. An air of comfort pervades the room.*

I

At the rise of the curtain, MRS. WHITE, *a pleasant-looking old woman, is seated in the armchair below the fire, attending to a kettle which is steaming on the fire, and keeping a laughing eye on* MR. WHITE *and* HERBERT. *These two are seated at the right angle of the table nearest the fire with a chessboard between them.* MR. WHITE *is evidently losing. His hair is ruffled; his spectacles are high up on his forehead.* HERBERT, *a fine young fellow, is looking with satisfaction at the move he has just made.* MR. WHITE *makes several attempts to move, but thinks better of them. There is a shaded lamp on the table. The door is tightly shut. The curtains of the window are drawn; but every now and then the wind is heard whistling outside.*

MR. WHITE (*moving at last, and triumphant*)—There, Herbert, my boy! Got you, think.

HERBERT—Oh, you're a deep 'un, Dad, ren't you?

MRS. WHITE—Mean to say he's beaten you at last?

HERBERT—Lor', no! Why, he's overlooked——

MR. WHITE (*very excited*)—I see it! Lemme have that back!

HERBERT—Not much. Rules of the game!

MR. WHITE (*disgusted*)—I don't hold with them scientific rules. You turn what ought to be an innocent relaxation——

MRS. WHITE—Don't talk so much, Father. You put him off——

HERBERT (*laughing*)—Not he!

MR. WHITE (*trying to distract his attention*)—Hark at the wind.

HERBERT (*drily*)—Ah! I'm listening. Check.

MR. WHITE (*still trying to distract him*)—I should hardly think Sergeant-major Morris'd come to-night.

HERBERT—Mate. (*Rises, goes up* L.)

MR. WHITE (*with an outbreak of disgust and sweeping the chessmen off the board*)—That's the worst of living so far out. Your friends can't come for a quiet chat, and you addle your brains over a confounded——

HERBERT—Now, Father! Morris'll turn up all right.

MR. WHITE (*still in a temper*)—Lovers' Lane, Fulham! Ho! of all the beastly, slushy, out-o'-the-way places to live in—! Pathway's a bog, and the road's a torrent. (*To* MRS. WHITE, *who has risen, and is at his side.*) What's the County Council thinking of, that's what I want to know? Because this is the only house in the road it doesn't matter if nobody can get near it, I s'pose.

MRS. WHITE—Never mind, dear. Perhaps you'll win to-morrow. (*She moves to back of table.*)

MR. WHITE—Perhaps I'll—perhaps I'll—What d'you mean? (*Bursts out laughing.*) There! You always know what's going on inside o' me, don't you, Mother?

MRS. WHITE—Ought to, after thirty years, John. (*She goes to dresser, and busies herself wiping tumblers on tray there. He rises, goes to fireplace and lights pipe.*)

HERBERT (*down* C.)—And it's not such a bad place, Dad, after all. One of the few old-fashioned houses left near London. None o' your stucco villas. Homelike, I call it. And so do you, or you wouldn't ha' bought it. (*Rolls a cigaret.*)

MR. WHITE (R. *growling*)—Nice job I made o' that, too! With two hundred pounds owin' on it.

HERBERT (*on back of chair*, C.)—Why, I shall work that off in no time, Dad. Matter o' three years, with the rise promised me.

MR. WHITE—If you don't get married.

HERBERT—Not me. Not that sort.

MRS. WHITE—I wish you would, Herbert. A good, steady lad— (*She brings the tray with a bottle of whisky, glasses, a lemon, spoons, buns, and a knife to the table.*)

HERBERT—Lot's o' time, Mother. Sufficient for the day—as the sayin' goes. Just now my dynamos don't leave me any time for love-making. Jealous, they are, I tell you!

MR. WHITE (*chuckling*)—I lay awake o' nights often, and think: If Herbert took a nap and let his what-d'you-callums—dynamos, run down, all Fulham would be in darkness. Lord! what a joke! (*Gets* R. C.)

HERBERT—Joke! And me with the sack! Pretty idea of a joke you've got, I don't think. (*Knock at outer door.*)

MRS. WHITE—Hark! (*Knock repeated, louder.*)

MR. WHITE (*going toward door*)—That's him. That's the Sergeant-major. (*He unlocks door, back.*)

HERBERT (*removes chessboard*)—Wonder what yarn he's got for us to-night. (*Places chessboard on piano.*)

MRS. WHITE (*goes up right, busies herself putting the other armchair nearer fire, etc.*)—Don't let the door slam, John! (MR. WHITE *opens the door a little, struggling with it. Wind.* SERGEANT-MAJOR MORRIS, *a veteran with a distinct military appearance—left arm gone—dressed as a commissionaire, is seen to enter.* MR. WHITE *helps him off with his coat, which he hangs up in the outer hall.*)

MR. WHITE (*at the door*)—Slip in quick! It's as much as I can do to hold it against the wind.

SERGEANT—Awful! Awful! (*Busy taking off his cloak, etc.*) And a mile up the road—by the cemetery—it's worse. Enough to blow the hair off your head.

MR. WHITE—Give me your stick.

SERGEANT—If 'twasn't I knew what a welcome I'd get——

MR. WHITE (*preceding him into the room*)—Sergeant-major Morris!

MRS. WHITE—Tut! tut! So cold you must be! Come to the fire; do'ee, now.

SERGEANT—How are you, marm? (*To* HERBERT.) How's yourself, laddie? Not on duty yet, eh? Day-week, eh?

HERBERT (C.)—No, sir. Night-week. But there's half an hour yet.

SERGEANT (*sitting in the armchair above the fire, toward which* MRS. WHITE *is motioning him.* MR. WHITE *mixes grog for* MORRIS)—Thank'ee kindly, marm. That's good—hah! That's a sight better than the trenches at Chitral. That's better than settin' in a puddle with the rain pourin down in buckets, and the natives takin pot-shots at you.

MRS. WHITE—Didn't you have no um brellas? (*In corner below fire, kneels befor it, stirs it, etc.*)

SERGEANT—Umbrell—? Ho! ho! That's good! Eh, White? That's good. Did y hear what she said? Umbrellas—*An* goloshes! *and* hot-water bottles!—Ho, yes No offence, marm, but it's easy to see yo was never a soldier.

HERBERT (*rather hurt*)—Mother spoke ou o' kindness, sir.

SERGEANT—And well I know it; and n offence intended. No, marm, 'ardshi 'ardship is the soldier's lot. Starvatio fever, and get yourself shot. That's a bit my own.

MRS. WHITE—You don't look to'v taken much harm—except— (*Indicat his empty sleeve. She takes kettle to tabl then returns to fire.*)

SERGEANT (*showing a medal hidden und his coat*)—And that I got this for. N marm. Tough. Thomas Morris is toug (MR. WHITE *is holding a glass of grog und the* SERGEANT'S *nose.*) And sober. What this now?

MR. WHITE—Put your nose in it; you'll se

SERGEANT—Whisky? And hot? A sugar? And a slice o' lemon? No. I sa I'd never—but seein' the sort o' night Well! (*Waving the glass at them.*) Her another thousand a year!

MR. WHITE (*sits* R. *of table, also with glass*)—Same to you and many of 'em.

SERGEANT (*to* HERBERT, *who has no gla* —What? Not you?

HERBERT (*laughing and sitting acr chair*, C.)—Oh! 'tisn't for want of bei sociable. But my work don't go with Not if 'twas ever so little. I've got to ke a cool head, a steady eye, and a still ha The fly-wheel might gobble me up.

MRS. WHITE—Don't, Herbert. (*Sits armchair below fire.*)

HERBERT (*laughing*)—No fear, Mother.

SERGEANT—Ah! you electricians!—Sort o' magicians, you are. Light! says you—and light it is. And, power! says you—and the trams go whizzin'. And, knowledge! says you—and words go 'ummin' to the ends o' the world. It fair beats me—and I've seen a bit in my time, too.

HERBERT (*nudges his father*)—Your Indian magic? All a fake, governor. The fakir's fake.

SERGEANT—Fake, you call it? I tell you, I've *seen* it.

HERBERT (*nudging his father with his foot*)—Oh, come, now! such as what? Come, now!

SERGEANT—I've seen a cove with no more clothes on than a babby, (*to* MRS. WHITE) if you know what I mean—take an empty basket—empty, mind!—as empty as—as this here glass——

MR. WHITE—Hand it over, Morris. (*Hands it to* HERBERT, *who goes quickly behind table and fills it.*)

SERGEANT—Which was not my intentions, but used for illustration.

HERBERT (*while mixing*)—Oh, *I've* seen the basket trick; and I've read how it was done. Why, I could do it myself, with a bit o' practice. Ladle out something stronger. (HERBERT *brings him the glass.*)

SERGEANT—Stronger?—what do you say to an old fakir chuckin' a rope up in the air—in the *air*, mind you!—and swarming up it, same as it was 'ooked on—vanishing clean out o' sight?—I've seen that. (HERBERT *goes to table, plunges a knife into a bun and offers it to the* SERGEANT *with exaggerated politeness.*)

SERGEANT (*eyeing it with disgust*)—Bun—? What for?

HERBERT—That yarn takes it. (MR. *and* MRS. WHITE *delighted.*)

SERGEANT—Mean to say you doubt my word?

MRS. WHITE—No, no! He's only taking you off.—You shouldn't, Herbert.

MR. WHITE—Herbert always was one for a bit o' fun! (HERBERT *puts bun back on table, comes round in front, and moving the chair out of the way, sits cross-legged on the floor at his father's side.*)

SERGEANT—But it's true. Why, if I chose, I could tell you things— But there! you don't get no more yarns out o' *me.*

MR. WHITE—Nonsense, old friend. (*Puts down his glass.*) You're not going to get shirty about a bit o' fun. (*Moves his chair nearer* MORRIS'S.) What was that you started telling me the other day about a monkey's paw, or something? (*Nudges* HERBERT, *and winks at* MRS. WHITE.)

SERGEANT (*gravely*)—Nothing. Leastways, nothing worth hearing.

MRS. WHITE (*with astonished curiosity*)—Monkey's *paw*——?

MR. WHITE—Ah—you was tellin' me——

SERGEANT—Nothing. Don't go on about it. (*Puts his empty glass to his lips—then stares at it.*) *What?* Empty again? There! When I begin thinkin' o' the paw, it makes me that absent-minded——

MR. WHITE (*rises and fills glass*)—You said you always carried it on you.

SERGEANT—So I do, for fear o' what might happen. (*Sunk in thought.*) Ay—ay!

MR. WHITE (*handing him his glass refilled*)—There. (*Sits again in same chair.*)

MRS. WHITE—What's it for?

SERGEANT—You wouldn't believe me, if I was to tell you.

HERBERT—*I* will, every word.

SERGEANT—Magic, then!—Don't you laugh!

HERBERT—I'm not. Got it on you now?

SERGEANT—Of course.

HERBERT—Let's see it. (*Seeing the* SERGEANT *embarrassed with his glass,* MRS. WHITE *rises, takes it from him, places it on mantelpiece and remains standing.*)

SERGEANT—Oh, it's nothing to look at. (*Hunting in his pocket.*) Just an ordinary little paw—dried to a mummy. (*Produces it and holds it towards* MRS. WHITE.) Here.

MRS. WHITE (*who has leaned forward eagerly to see it, starts back with a little cry of disgust*)—Oh!

HERBERT—Give us a look. (MORRIS *passes the paw to* MR. WHITE, *from whom* HERBERT *takes it.*) Why, it's all dried up!

SERGEANT—I said so. (*Wind.*)

MRS. WHITE (*with a slight shudder*)—Hark at the wind! (*Sits again in her old place.*)

MR. WHITE (*taking the paw from* HERBERT)—And what might there be special about it?

SERGEANT (*impressively*)—That there paw has had a spell put upon it!

MR. WHITE—No? (*In great alarm he thrusts the paw back into* MORRIS'S *hand.*)

SERGEANT (*pensively, holding the paw in the palm of his hand*)—Ah! By an old fakir. He was a very holy man. He'd sat all doubled up in one spot, goin' on for fifteen year; thinkin' o' things. And he wanted to show that fate ruled people. That everything was cut and dried from the beginning, as you might say. That there warn't no gettin' away from it. And that,

if you tried to, you caught it hot. (*Pauses solemnly.*) So he put a spell on this bit of a paw. It might ha' been anything else, but he took the first thing that came handy. Ah! He put a spell on it, and made it so that three people (*looking at them and with deep meaning*) could each have three wishes. (*All but* MRS. WHITE *laugh rather nervously.*)

MRS. WHITE—Ssh! Don't!

SERGEANT (*more gravely*)—But—! But, mark you, though the wishes was granted, those three people would have cause to wish they *hadn't* been.

MR. WHITE—But how *could* the wishes be granted?

SERGEANT—He didn't say. It would all happen so natural, you might think it a coincidence if so disposed.

HERBERT—Why haven't you tried it, sir?

SERGEANT (*gravely, after a pause*)—I have.

HERBERT (*eagerly*)—You've had your three wishes?

SERGEANT (*gravely*)—Yes.

MRS. WHITE—Were they granted?

SERGEANT (*staring at the fire*)—They were. (*A pause.*)

MR. WHITE—Has anybody else wished?

SERGEANT—Yes. The first owner had his three wish— (*Lost in recollection.*) Yes, oh yes, he had his three wishes, all right. I don't know what his first two were (*very impressively*) but the third was for death. (*All shudder.*) That's how I got the paw. (*A pause.*)

HERBERT (*cheerfully*)—Well! Seems to me you've only got to wish for things that *can't* have any bad luck about *'em*— (*Rises.*)

SERGEANT (*shaking his head*)—Ah!

MR. WHITE (*tentatively*)—Morris—if you've had your three wishes—it's no good to you, now—what do you keep it for?

SERGEANT (*still holding the paw; looking at it*)—Fancy, I s'pose. I did have some idea of selling it, but I don't think I will. It's done mischief enough already. Besides, people won't buy. Some of 'em think it's a fairy-tale. And some want to try it first, and pay after. (*Nervous laugh from the others.*)

MRS. WHITE—If you could have another three wishes, would you?

SERGEANT (*slowly—weighing the paw in his hand, and looking at it*)—I don't know—I don't know— (*Suddenly, with violence, flinging it in the fire.*) No! I'm damned if I would! (*Movement from all.*)

MR. WHITE (*rises and quickly snatches it out of the fire*)—What are you doing? (WHITE *goes* R. C.)

SERGEANT (*rising and following him and trying to prevent him*)—Let it burn! Let the infernal thing burn!

MRS. WHITE (*rises*)—Let it burn, Father!

MR. WHITE (*wiping it on his coat-sleeve*)—No. If you don't want it, give it to me.

SERGEANT (*violently*)—I won't! I won't! My hands are clear of it. I threw it on the fire. If you keep it, don't blame me, whatever happens. Here! Pitch it back again.

MR. WHITE (*stubbornly*)—I'm going to keep it. What do you say, Herbert?

HERBERT (L. C., *laughing*)—I say, keep it if you want to. Stuff and nonsense, anyhow.

MR. WHITE (*looking at the paw thoughtfully*)—Stuff and nonsense. Yes. I wonder —(*casually*) I wish— (*He was going to say some ordinary thing, like "I wish I were certain."*)

SERGEANT (*misunderstanding him; violently*)—Stop! Mind what you're doing. That's not the way.

MR. WHITE—What *is* the way?

MRS. WHITE (*moving away, up* R. C. *to back of table, and beginning to put the tumblers straight, and the chairs in their places.*) Oh, don't have anything to do with it, John. (*Takes glasses on tray to dresser,* L., *busies herself there, rinsing them in a bowl of water on the dresser, and wiping them with a cloth.*)

SERGEANT—That's what I say, marm. But if I warn't to tell him, he might go wishing something he didn't mean to. You hold it in your right hand, and wish aloud. But I warn you! I warn you!

MRS. WHITE—Sounds like *The Arabian Nights.* Don't you think you might wish me four pair o' hands?

MR. WHITE (*laughing*)—Right you are, Mother!—I wish——

SERGEANT (*pulling his arm down*)—Stop it! If you must wish, wish for something sensible. Look here! I can't stand this. Gets on my nerves. Where's my coat? (*Goes into alcove.* MR. WHITE *crosses to fireplace and carefully puts the paw on mantelpiece. He is absorbed in it to the end of the tableau.*)

HERBERT—I'm coming your way, to the works, in a minute. Won't you wait? (*Goes up* C., *helps* MORRIS *with his coat.*)

SERGEANT (*putting on his coat*)—No. I'm all shook up. I want fresh air. I don't want to be here when you wish. And wish you will as soon's my back's turned. I know. I know. But I've warned you, mind.

MR. WHITE (*helping him into his coat*)—All right, Morris. Don't you fret about us. (*Gives him money.*) Here.

SERGEANT (*refusing it*)—No, I won't——

MR. WHITE (*forcing it into his hand*)—Yes, you will. (*Opens door.*)

SERGEANT (*turning to the room*)—Well, good-night all. (*To* WHITE) Put it in the fire.

ALL—Good-night. (*Exit* SERGEANT. MR. WHITE *closes door, comes towards fireplace, absorbed in the paw.*)

HERBERT (*down* L.)—If there's no more in this than there is in his other stories, we shan't make much out of it.

MRS. WHITE (*comes down* R. C. *to* WHITE)—Did you give him anything for it, Father?

MR. WHITE—A trifle. He didn't want it, but I made him take it.

MRS. WHITE—There, now! You shouldn't. Throwing your money about.

MR. WHITE (*looking at the paw, which he has picked up again*)—I wonder——

HERBERT—What?

MR. WHITE—I wonder, whether we hadn't better chuck it on the fire?

HERBERT (*laughing*)—Likely! Why, we're all going to be rich and famous and happy.

MRS. WHITE—Throw it on the fire, indeed, when you've given money for it! So like you, Father.

HERBERT—Wish to be an emperor, Father, to begin with. Then you can't be henpecked!

MRS. WHITE (*going for him front of table with a duster*)—You young—! (*Follows him to back of table.*)

HERBERT (*running away from her round behind table*)—Steady with that duster, Mother!

MR. WHITE—Be quiet, there! (HERBERT *catches* MRS. WHITE *in his arms and kisses her.*) I wonder— (*He has the paw in his hand.*) I don't know what to wish for, and that's a fact. (*He looks about him with a happy smile.*) I seem to've got all I want.

HERBERT (*with his hands on the old man's shoulders*)—Old Dad! If you'd only cleared the debt on the house, you'd be quite happy, wouldn't you! (*Laughing.*) Well—go ahead!—wish for the two hundred pounds: that'll just do it.

MR. WHITE (*half laughing*)—Shall I? (*Crosses to* R. C.)

HERBERT—Go on! Here!—I'll play slow music. (*Crosses to piano.*)

MRS. WHITE—Don't 'ee, John. Don't have nothing to do with it!

HERBERT—Now, Dad! (*Plays.*)

MR. WHITE—I will! (*Holds up the paw, as if half ashamed.*) I wish for two hundred pounds. (*Crash on the piano. At the same instant* MR. WHITE *utters a cry and lets the paw drop.*)

MRS. WHITE *and* HERBERT—What's the matter?

MR. WHITE (*gazing with horror at the paw*)—It moved! As I wished, it twisted in my hand like a snake.

HERBERT (*goes down* R., *and picks the paw up*)—Nonsense, Dad. Why it's as stiff as a bone. (*Lays it on the mantelpiece.*)

MRS. WHITE—Must have been your fancy, Father.

HERBERT (*laughing*)—Well—? (*Looking round the room.*) I don't see the money; and I bet I never shall.

MR. WHITE (*relieved*)—Thank God, there's no harm done! But it gave me a shock.

HERBERT—Half-past eleven. I must get along. I'm on at midnight. (*Goes up* C., *fetches his coat, etc.*) We've had quite a merry evening.

MRS. WHITE—I'm off to bed. Don't be late for breakfast, Herbert.

HERBERT—I shall walk home as usual. Does me good. I shall be with you about nine. Don't wait, though.

MRS. WHITE—You know your father never waits.

HERBERT—Good-night, Mother. (*Kisses her. She lights candle on dresser,* L., *goes upstairs and exit.*)

HERBERT (*coming to his father,* R., *who is sunk in thought*)—Good-night, Dad. You'll find the cash tied up in the middle of the bed.

MR. WHITE (*staring, seizes* HERBERT'S *hand*)—It moved, Herbert.

HERBERT—Ah! And a monkey hanging by his tail from the bed-post, watching you count the golden sovereigns.

MR. WHITE (*accompanying him to the door*)—I wish you wouldn't joke, my boy.

HERBERT—All right, Dad. (*Opens door.*) Lord! What weather! Good-night. (*Exit. The old man shakes his head, closes the door, locks it, puts the chain up, slips the lower bolt, has some difficulty with the upper bolt.*)

MR. WHITE—This bolt's stiff again! I must get Herbert to look to it in the morning. (*Comes into the room, puts out the lamp, crosses towards steps; but is irresistibly attracted toward fireplace. Sits down and stares into the fire. His expression changes: he sees something horrible.*)

MR. WHITE (*with an involuntary cry*)—Mother! Mother!

MRS. WHITE (*appearing at the door at the top of the steps with candle*)—What's the matter? (*Comes down* R. C.)

MR. WHITE (*mastering himself. Rises*)—Nothing—I—ha! ha!—I saw faces in the fire.

MRS. WHITE—Come along. (*She takes his arm and draws him toward the steps. He looks back frightened toward fireplace as they reach the first step.*)

TABLEAU CURTAIN

II

(*Bright sunshine. The table, which has been moved nearer the window, is laid for breakfast.* MRS. WHITE *busy about the table.* MR. WHITE *standing in the window looking off* R. *The inner door is open, showing the outer door.*)

MR. WHITE—What a morning Herbert's got for walking home!

MRS. WHITE (L. C.)—What's o'clock? (*Looks at clock on mantelpiece.*) Quarter to nine, I declare. He's off at eight. (*Crosses to fire.*)

MR. WHITE—Takes him half an hour to change and wash. He's just by the cemetery now.

MRS. WHITE—He'll be here in ten minutes.

MR. WHITE (*coming to the table*)—What's for breakfast?

MRS. WHITE—Sausages. (*At the mantelpiece.*) Why, if here isn't that dirty monkey's paw! (*Picks it up, looks at it with disgust, puts it back. Takes sausages in dish from before the fire and places them on table.*) Silly thing! The idea of us listening to such nonsense!

MR. WHITE (*goes up to window again*)—Ay—the Sergeant-major and his yarns! I suppose all old soldiers are alike——

MRS. WHITE—Come on, Father. Herbert hates us to wait. (*They both sit and begin breakfast.*)

MRS. WHITE—How could wishes be granted, nowadays?

MR. WHITE—Ah! Been thinking about it all night, have you?

MRS. WHITE—You kept me awake, with your tossing and tumbling——

MR. WHITE—Ay, I had a bad night.

MRS. WHITE—It was the storm, I expect. How it blew!

MR. WHITE—I didn't hear it. I was asleep and not asleep, if you know what I mean.

MRS. WHITE—And all that rubbish about its making you unhappy if your wish *was* granted! How could two hundred pounds hurt you, eh, Father?

MR. WHITE—Might drop on my head in a lump. Don't see any other way. And I'd try to bear that. Though, mind you, Morris said it would happen so naturally that you might take it for a coincidence, if so disposed.

MRS. WHITE—Well—it hasn't happened. That's all I know. And it isn't going to. (*A letter is seen to drop in the letter-box.*) And how you can sit there and talk about it— (*Sharp postman's knock; she jumps to her feet.*) What's that?

MR. WHITE—Postman, o' course.

MRS. WHITE (*seeing the letter from a distance; in an awed whisper*)—He's brought a letter, John!

MR. WHITE (*laughing*)—What did you think he'd bring? Ton o' coals?

MRS. WHITE—John—! John—! Suppose——?

MR. WHITE—Suppose what?

MRS. WHITE—Suppose it was two hundred pounds!

MR. WHITE (*suppressing his excitement*)—Eh!—Here! Don't talk nonsense. Why don't you fetch it?

MRS. WHITE (*crosses and takes letter out of the box*)—It's thick, John—(*feels it*)—and it's got something crisp inside it. (*Takes letter to* WHITE, R. C.)

MR. WHITE—Who—who's it for?

MRS. WHITE—You.

MR. WHITE—Hand it over, then. (*Feeling and examining it with ill-concealed excitement.*) The idea! What a superstitious old woman you are! Where are my specs?

MRS. WHITE—Let me open it.

MR. WHITE—Don't you touch it. Where are my specs? (*Goes to* R.)

MRS. WHITE—Don't let sudden wealth sour your temper, John.

MR. WHITE—*Will* you find my specs?

MRS. WHITE (*taking them off mantelpiece*)—Here, John, here. (*As he opens the letter*) Take care! Don't tear it!

MR. WHITE—Tear what?

MRS. WHITE—If it was banknotes, John!

MR. WHITE (*taking a thick, formal document out of the envelope, and a crisp-looking slip*)—You've gone dotty.—You've made me nervous. (*Reads.*) "Sir, Enclosed please find receipt for interest on the mortgages of £200 on your house, duly received." (*They look at each other.* MR. WHITE *sits down to finish his breakfast silently.* MRS. WHITE *goes to the window.*)

MRS. WHITE—That comes of listening to tipsy old soldiers.

MR. WHITE (*pettishly*)—What does?

MRS. WHITE—You thought there was banknotes in it.

MR. WHITE (*injured*)—I didn't. I said all along——

MRS. WHITE—How Herbert will laugh, when I tell him!

MR. WHITE (*with gruff good-humour*)—You're not going to tell him. You're going to keep your mouth shut. That's what you're going to do. Why, I should never hear the last of it.

MRS. WHITE.—Serve you right. I shall tell him. You know you like his fun. See how he joked you last night when you said the paw moved. (*She is looking through the window towards* R.)

MR. WHITE—So it did. It did move. That I'll swear to.

MRS. WHITE (*abstractedly; she is watching something outside*)—You thought it did.

MR. WHITE—I say it did. There was no thinking about it. You saw how it upset me, didn't you? (*She doesn't answer.*) Didn't you?—Why don't you listen? (*Turns round.*) What is it?

MRS. WHITE—Nothing.

MR. WHITE (*turns back to his breakfast*)—Do you see Herbert coming?

MRS. WHITE—No.

MR. WHITE—He's about due. What *is* it?

MRS. WHITE—Nothing. Only a man. Looks like a gentleman. Leastways, he's in black, and he's got a top-hat on.

MR. WHITE—What about him? (*He is not interested; goes on eating.*)

MRS. WHITE—He stood at the garden-gate as if he wanted to come in. But he couldn't seem to make up his mind.

MR. WHITE—Oh, go on! You're full o' fancies.

MRS. WHITE—He's going—no; he's coming back.

MR. WHITE—Don't let him see you peeping.

MRS. WHITE (*with increasing excitement*)—He's looking at the house. He's got his hand on the latch. No. He turns away again. (*Eagerly.*) John! He looks like a sort of lawyer.

MR. WHITE—What of it?

MRS. WHITE—Oh, you'll only laugh again. But suppose—suppose he's coming about the two hundred—

MR. WHITE—You're not to mention it again!—You're a foolish old woman.—Come and eat your breakfast. (*Eagerly.*) Where is he now?

MRS. WHITE—Gone down the road. He has turned back. He seems to've made up his mind. Here he comes!—Oh, John, and me all untidy! (*Crosses to fire* R. *Knock.*)

MR. WHITE (*to* MRS. WHITE, *who is hastily smoothing her hair, etc.*)—What's it matter? He's made a mistake. Come to the wrong house. (*Crosses to fireplace.* MRS. WHITE *opens the door.* MR. SAMPSON, *dressed from head to foot in solemn black, with a top-hat, stands in the doorway.*)

SAMPSON (*outside*)—Is this Mr. White's?

MRS. WHITE—Come in, sir. Please step in. (*She shows him into the room; goes* R., *he is awkward and nervous.*) You must overlook our being so untidy; and the room all anyhow; and John in his garden-coat. (*To* MR. WHITE, *reproachfully.*) Oh, John.

SAMPSON (*to* MR. WHITE)—Morning. My name is Sampson.

MRS. WHITE (*offering a chair*)—Won't you please be seated? (SAMPSON *stands quite still up* C.)

SAMPSON—Ah— thank you—no, I think not—I think not. (*Pause.*)

MR. WHITE (*awkwardly, trying to help him*)—Fine weather for the time o' year.

SAMPSON—Ah— yes—yes— (*Pause; he makes a renewed effort.*) My name is Sampson—I've come——

MRS. WHITE—Perhaps you was wishful to see Herbert; he'll be home in a minute. (*Pointing.*) Here's his breakfast waiting—

SAMPSON (*interrupting her hastily*)—No, no! (*Pause.*) I've come from the electrical works——

MRS. WHITE—Why, you might have come *with* him. (MR. WHITE *sees something is wrong, tenderly puts his hand on her arm.*)

SAMPSON—No—no—I've come—*alone.*

MRS. WHITE (*with a little anxiety*)—Is anything the matter?

SAMPSON—I was asked to call——

MRS. WHITE (*abruptly*)—Herbert! Has anything happened? Is he hurt? Is he hurt?

MR. WHITE (*soothing her*)—There, there, Mother. Don't you jump to conclusions. Let the gentleman speak. You've not brought bad news, I'm sure, sir.

SAMPSON—I'm—sorry——

MRS. WHITE—Is he hurt? (SAMPSON *bows.*)

MRS. WHITE—Badly?

SAMPSON—Very badly. (*Turns away.*)

MRS. WHITE (*with a cry*)—John—! (*She instinctively moves towards* MR. WHITE.)

MR. WHITE—Is he in pain?

SAMPSON—He is not in pain.

MRS. WHITE—Oh, thank God! Thank God for that! Thank— (*She looks in a startled fashion at* MR. WHITE—*realizes what* SAMPSON *means, catches his arm and tries to turn him towards her.*) Do you mean—? (SAMPSON *avoids her look; she gropes for her husband: he takes her two hands in his, and gently lets her sink into the arm-*

chair above the fireplace, then he stands on her right, between her and SAMPSON.)

MR. WHITE (*hoarsely*)—Go on, sir.

SAMPSON—He was telling his mates a story. Something that had happened here last night. He was laughing, and wasn't noticing and—and—(*hushed*) the machinery caught him— (*A little cry from* MRS. WHITE; *her face shows her horror and agony.*)

MR. WHITE (*vague, holding* MRS. WHITE'S *hand*)—The machinery caught him—yes—and him the only child—it's hard, sir—very hard——

SAMPSON (*subdued*)—The Company wished me to convey their sincere sympathy with you in your great loss—

MR. WHITE (*staring blankly*)—Our—great—loss——!

SAMPSON—I was to say further—(*as if apologizing.*) I am only their servant—I am only obeying orders——

MR. WHITE—Our—great—loss——

SAMPSON (*laying an envelope on the table and edging towards the door*)—I was to say, the Company disclaim all responsibility, but, in consideration of your son's services, they wish to present you with a certain sum as compensation. (*Gets to door.*)

MR. WHITE—Our—great—loss— (*Suddenly, with horror.*) How—how much?

SAMPSON (*in the doorway*)—Two hundred pounds. (*Exit.* MRS. WHITE *gives a cry. The old man takes no heed of her, smiles faintly, puts out his hands like a sightless man, and drops, a senseless heap, to the floor.* MRS. WHITE *stares at him blankly and her hands go out helplessly towards him.*)

TABLEAU CURTAIN

III

(*Night. On the table a candle is flickering at its last gasp. The room looks neglected.* MR. WHITE *is dozing fitfully in the armchair.* MRS. WHITE *is in the window peering through the blinds towards* L. MR. WHITE *starts, wakes, looks around him.*)

MR. WHITE (*fretfully*)—Jenny—Jenny.

MRS. WHITE (*in the window*)—Yes.

MR. WHITE—Where are you?

MRS. WHITE—At the window.

MR. WHITE—What are you doing?

MRS. WHITE—Looking up the road.

MR. WHITE (*falling back*)—What's the use, Jenny? What's the use?

MRS. WHITE—That's where the cemetery is; that's where we've laid him.

MR. WHITE—Ay—ay—a week to-day—what o'clock is it?

MRS. WHITE—I don't know.

MR. WHITE—We don't take much account of time now, Jenny, do we?

MRS. WHITE—Why should we? He don't come home. He'll never come home again. There's nothing to think about——

MR. WHITE—Or to talk about. (*Pause.*) Come away from the window; you'll get cold.

MRS. WHITE—It's colder where *he* is.

MR. WHITE—Ay—gone for ever——

MRS. WHITE—And taken all our hopes with him——

MR. WHITE—And all our *wishes*——

MRS. WHITE—Ay, and all our— (*With a sudden cry.*) John! (*She comes quickly to him; he rises.*)

MR. WHITE—Jenny! For God's sake! What's the matter?

MRS. WHITE (*with dreadful eagerness*)—The *paw!* The monkey's paw!

MR. WHITE (*bewildered*)—Where? Where is it? What's wrong with it?

MRS. WHITE—I want it! You haven't done away with it?

MR. WHITE—I haven't seen it—since—why?

MRS. WHITE—I want it! Find it! Find it!

MR. WHITE (*groping on the mantelpiece*)—Here! Here it is! What do you want of it? (*He leaves it there.*)

MRS. WHITE—Why didn't I think of it? Why didn't *you* think of it?

MR. WHITE—Think of what?

MRS. WHITE—The *other two* wishes!

MR. WHITE (*with horror*)—What?

MRS. WHITE—We've only had one.

MR. WHITE (*tragically*)—Wasn't that enough?

MRS. WHITE—No! We'll have one more. (WHITE *crosses to* R. C. MRS. WHITE *takes the paw and follows him.*) Take it. Take it quickly. And wish——

MR. WHITE (*avoiding the paw*)—Wish what?

MRS. WHITE—Oh, John! John! Wish our boy alive again!

MR. WHITE—Good God! Are you mad?

MRS. WHITE—Take it. Take it and wish. (*With a paroxysm of grief.*) Oh my boy! My boy!

MR. WHITE—Get to bed. Get to sleep. You don't know what you're saying.

MRS. WHITE—We had the first wish granted—why not the second?

MR. WHITE (*hushed*)—He's been dead ten days, and—Jenny! Jenny! I only knew him by his clothing—if you wasn't allowed to see him then—how could you bear to see him *now?*

MRS. WHITE—I don't care. Bring him back.

MR. WHITE (*shrinking from the paw*)—I dáren't touch it!

MRS. WHITE (*thrusting it in his hand*)—Here! Here! Wish!

MR. WHITE (*trembling*)—Jenny!

MRS. WHITE (*fiercely*)—WISH. (*She goes on frantically whispering "Wish."*)

MR. WHITE (*shuddering, but overcome by her insistence*)—I—I—wish—my son—alive again. (*He drops it with a cry. The candle goes out. Utter darkness. He sinks into a chair.* MRS. WHITE *hurries to the window and draws the blind back. She stands in the moonlight. Pause.*)

MRS. WHITE (*drearily*)—Nothing.

MR. WHITE—Thank God! Thank God!

MRS. WHITE—Nothing at all. Along the whole length of the road not a living thing. (*Closes blind.*) And nothing, nothing, nothing left in our lives, John.

MR. WHITE—Except each other, Jenny—and memories.

MRS. WHITE (*coming back slowly to the fireplace*)—We're too old. We were only alive in him. We can't begin again. We can't feel anything now, John, but emptiness and darkness. (*She sinks into armchair.*)

MR. WHITE—'Tisn't for long, Jenny. There's that to look forward to.

MRS. WHITE—Every minute's long, now.

MR. WHITE (*rising*)—I can't bear the darkness!

MRS. WHITE—It's dreary—dreary.

MR. WHITE (*crosses to dresser*)—Where's the candle? (*Finds it and brings it to table.*) And the matches? Where are the matches? We mustn't sit in the dark. 'Tisn't wholesome. (*Lights match; the other candlestick is close to him.*) There. (*Turning with the lighted match toward* MRS. WHITE, *who is rocking and moaning.*) Don't take on so, Mother.

MRS. WHITE—I'm a mother no longer.

MR. WHITE (*lights candle*)—There now there now. Go on up to bed. Go on, now—I'm a-coming.

MRS. WHITE—Whether I'm here or in bed, or wherever I am, I'm with my boy, I'm with— (*A low single knock at the street door.*)

MRS. WHITE (*starting*)—What's that!

MR. WHITE (*mastering his horror*)—A rat. The house is full of 'em. (*A louder single knock; she starts up. He catches her by the arm.*) Stop! What are you going to do?

MRS. WHITE (*wildly*)—It's my boy! It's Herbert! I forgot it was a mile away! What are you holding me for? I must open the door! (*The knocking continues in single knocks at irregular intervals, constantly growing louder and more insistent.*)

MR. WHITE (*still holding her*)—For God's sake!

MRS. WHITE (*struggling*)—Let me go!

MR. WHITE—Don't open the door! (*He drags her towards left front.*)

MRS. WHITE—Let me go!

MR. WHITE—Think what you might see!

MRS. WHITE (*struggling fiercely*)—Do you think I fear the child I bore! Let me go! (*She wrenches herself loose and rushes to the door which she tears open.*) I'm coming, Herbert! I'm coming!

MR. WHITE (*cowering in the extreme corner, left front*)—Don't 'ee do it! Don't 'ee do it! (MRS. WHITE *is at work on the outer door, where the knocking still continues. She slips the chain, slips the lower bolt, unlocks the door.*)

MR. WHITE (*suddenly*)—The paw! Where's the monkey's paw? (*He gets on his knees and feels along the floor for it.*)

MRS. WHITE (*tugging at the top bolt*)—John! The top bolt's stuck. I can't move it. Come and help. Quick!

MR. WHITE (*wildly groping*)—The paw! There's a wish left. (*The knocking is now loud, and in groups of increasing length between the speeches.*)

MRS. WHITE—D'ye hear him? John! Your child's knocking!

MR. WHITE—Where is it? Where did it fall?

MRS. WHITE (*tugging desperately at the bolt*)—Help! Help! Will you keep your child from his home?

MR. WHITE—Where did it fall? I can't find it—I can't find— (*The knocking is now tempestuous, and there are blows upon the door as of a body beating against it.*)

MRS. WHITE—Herbert! Herbert! My boy! Wait! Your mother's opening to you! Ah! It's moving! It's moving!

MR. WHITE—God forbid! (*Finds the paw.*) Ah!

MRS. WHITE (*slipping the bolt*)—Herbert!

MR. WHITE (*has raised himself to his knees; he holds the paw high.*) I wish him dead. (*The knocking stops abruptly.*) I wish him dead and at peace!

MRS. WHITE (*flinging the door open simultaneously*)—Herb— (*A flood of moonlight. Emptiness. The old man sways in prayer on his knees. The old woman lies half swooning, wailing against the door-post.*)

CURTAIN

The Tenth Muse: *Advertisa*

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED, BUT—

LIKE a great white ship sailing through storm and sunshine, with her precious cargo of living souls on board, the Angelus Temple Church of the Foursquare Gospel at Echo Park, "sails on."

To-day she is launching her fifth year voyage. Her course is straightly steered amid icebergs and floating riff-raff, hidden rocks and threatening shoals. Majestically, calmly, turning neither to right nor left, she holds an unvarying course according to her chart—the Word of God.

Her Commander, Jesus Christ; her Pilot, the Holy Spirit; her Captain, Sister Aimée Semple McPherson. In her lookout tower are stationed faithful watchers, day and night, who search the sea of life for some one adrift without compass or guide.

Her gang plank is still out for passengers. All aboard and welcome!

Pasadena (Cal.) Evening Post.

LOST: Wine-colored lady's velvet hat. Phone 1505-R. *Helena (Mont.) paper.*

DUBUQUE National Bank, Dubuque, Iowa. We offer you a minimum of safety and security and efficiency in service. Perhaps this is the bank for you. *Columbia (Iowa) Spokesman.*

PERSONAL

Reward for information leading to the whereabouts of Jacques Seigneur, a Frenchman, who died in 1879. *Chicago (Ill.) Tribune.*

CHRISTIAN people, let Webster City know your desire. Do you want me or the devil in your midst? I am on the independent ticket for constable. Louis Cantonwine.
Webster City (Iowa) Freeman Journal—(political advertisement).

FOR RENT: Furnished light-housekeeping room with outside entrance, plenty of widows.—
Ottumwa (Wash.) Courier.

WEATHER forecast for Sherrill: "Saturday generally fair, probably followed by Sunday."
Sherrill (Pa.) Sentinel.

CIRCULAR DISTRIBUTED IN ATLANTIC CITY

Spells of all kinds released and broken. Love apples in all forms. High John, the Conqueror, Adam and Eve, Black Cats' Ankle Dust and all kinds of highly appreciated roots and herbs. Cash or credit. . . .

A list of the powders offered for sale includes:

Guffer Dust (New Moon) No. 1, $50; Happy Dust, $40; Black Cats' Ankle Dust, $500; Black Cat's Wishbone, $1,000; King Solomon's Marrow, $1,000; Easy Life Powder, $100; Tying Down Goods, $50; Chasing Away Goods, $50; Boss Fix Powders, $15; Buzzard Nest, $100.

DR. C. B. ALEXANDER, *Brooklyn.*

"Bringing Back Powders," it was learned from credulous residents in the negro quarter here, are designed to bring an errant wife or errant husband back to the fireside on the trot. "Tying Down Powders" administered to the object of one's affections have the effect of making your sweetie come closer to you. "Chasing Away Goods" does just the opposite. It makes undesirable lovers leave your presence pronto, never to return. "Boss Fix Powders" are the best in the world when you want an extra vacation, a raise, shorter hours or an executive position.

"High John, the Conqueror," according to a reporter's informant, "is right powerful stuff."

"I knew an old man," he said, "who used 'High John' all the time. Man, they couldn't keep that baby in jail or State's prison, either." New York World.

FOR SALE: Fine Jersey cow giving milk, furniture and chickens. *Ponca City (Okla.) News.*

W. D. Cheminant, funeral director, 911 Venice blvd. Phone: WEst. 2629. "Service Is Love in Action." *Los Angeles Evening Herald.*

GENTLEMAN, 37, alone, works in overalls, would like to meet lady of like qualification; matrimony.
Denver (Col.) Post.

I HAVE a female steer, black and white, I would exchange for something that I could use. What have you to trade? John T. Wilson, R. 8, Cadiz, Ky. *Farmer's Home Journal, Louisville.*

WORK—Young lady would like something pleasant to do at home. Merritt 1657.
Oakland (Cal.) Tribune.

A WIDELY ADVERTISED AND CIRCULARIZED BOOK ISSUED BY A NEW ENGLAND "UNIVERSITY PRESS."

WARNING!

People all around you are using the mighty force of magnetism to get what *they* want. Over 700,000 copies of this great work have been sold; thousands more are being sold weekly. It is quite likely that *some one* is using magnetism on *you*. So, if for no other reason than to *protect yourself*, you should master the secrets of magnetism without delay.

Vine Center Vignettes

True Tales of Some Small-Town Americans

By JAMES GORDON FRASER

THE REVEREND MR. WILLIAMS

WHEN old Dr. Carmichael died, the United Presbyterians had considerable trouble picking out a new minister.

They finally called the Reverend Mr. Williams, just out of the theological seminary. Gabe Rutherford and one or two of the other elders were afraid he was too young, but his supply sermon was well thought of; and when Gabe heard that he had married a wealthy girl and would not be likely to want a big salary, it was decided to call him.

But the Reverend Mr. Williams stayed only two months. For one thing, he allowed the boys of the Strong Manhood Class to have boxing bouts at their weekly social in the chapel. For another, he invited Cliff Sedgwick, who was known to drink up every cent he earned, to sing in the choir. Also, at the Sunday School picnic, he and his wife went in swimming with the young people, in bathing suits exactly alike.

But the last straw was when he took to visiting Father McPeak, the Catholic priest, and having him to supper at the parsonage once a week.

When Gabe Rutherford asked him why he did it, the Reverend Mr. Williams said:

"McPeak is the only person in Vine Center who pronounces February correctly."

ANNIE McCORMICK

Everybody thought, when Dan Ryan's father died and left him the livery business, that Dan would marry Annie McCormick.

They had been going together some, and Annie was pretty and full of life—just the sort of a girl that a nice, up-to-date young fellow like Dan would naturally pick out.

But instead, Dan broke off with Annie, and presently married little Nellie O'Neill, a nice enough girl, but considered too quiet and old-fashioned to make a good match. Not that she hasn't made Dan a good wife, because she has: there is no happier married man in town than Dan Ryan.

Annie McCormick didn't seem to care. She was as gay as ever at the wedding and afterward. Within a year, though, she went away, and it was known that she had coaxed enough money out of old Matt McCormick, her father, who keeps the Railroad House, to take a course in some school in Buffalo that trained girls for the stage.

Later, we heard from old Matt that she had gone to New York, where she had changed her name to Annette Mack, and was making a great success on Broadway. She sent her father programs and newspaper clippings that showed she was doing well. Major Rodney Wallace saw her on one of his business trips to New York, and he said she was really a star, although not yet so advertised.

A few months ago, Annie came back home for a visit. Her clothes were wonderful, and she had diamonds all over her. She had a fur coat, and two dogs that old Matt said were worth more than $1,000 apiece. She visited at Dan Ryan's the night before she went away, and Nellie cooked up a nice dinner for her. Her talk was all about New York and big people, and Dan and Nellie enjoyed it. Annie gave Nellie a beautiful Spanish shawl she had brought from New York, and Nellie was crazy about it.

Dan walked home with Annie while his wife was putting their two youngsters to bed, cute little curly-headed tikes, with Dan's blue eyes. They both kissed Annie good-bye before Nellie carried them off, one on each arm, upstairs. They made a pretty picture.

Annie said little on the way home, but

Dan didn't notice it. When they got to the Railroad House and were saying goodbye, Dan said:

"I want to thank you, Annie, for being so nice to Nellie. You know, it's pretty quiet here for her, or any woman. I've tried to give her all I can, but the youngsters keep her tied down a lot. I know how successful you've been, and it's mighty nice of you, who have so much, to think of Nellie, who has so little."

Annie didn't say anything for a minute, and Dan was astonished when he found she was crying. Finally, she gave him a queer look and ran up the steps.

"Oh, you fool!" she said. "You damned fool!"

Dan never could understand that, nor why Nellie, when he told her about it, cried, too, and kissed him half to death.

BRUCE McKAY

Bruce McKay is a very stubborn man.

Several years ago he made an election bet with Ira Carson, the barber. If the Democrats won, Bruce, who is Republican, agreed not to shave or trim his beard until his party turned them out. If the Republicans won, Ira agreed to shave Bruce for nothing until the Democrats did get into office.

After the Democrats had won for the third straight time, Bruce's wife, Alida, left him. His beard was then almost to his waist; and she said that, while Bruce was a sober, considerate husband and a good provider, she could not stand being called "Mattress McKay's wife" any longer. Most people were sorry to see their home broken up, because both Bruce and Alida were friendly and well thought of. Ira Carson went to Bruce and offered to release him from the bet, but Bruce refused to accept the offer.

This year, it looked as though the Democrats would win again. They renominated Dr. Peterson, who was well liked, and it was freely predicted that "Mattress McKay will not shave for another year, anyway." But, surprisingly, the Republicans won. Bruce had his beard cut off election night, and went after Alida. She is now back home with him, and they are very happy.

There is some talk now, among Democratic office-holders who lost their jobs, and among friends of Dr. Peterson, of asking the State party organization to remove Jerry McCarthy, the local Democratic boss. Shortly after election, Jerry was awarded the contract for building Delancey Cameron's new mill. Delancey Cameron is Alida McKay's father.

LITTLE JOE FRENCH

Little Joe French is a great trial to his wife, Sarah Ann, in many ways, but chiefly because of his meekness.

Eddie Wilshire, who has been to college and is generally regarded as a good deal of a wit, once said that if it is true the meek will inherit the earth, Joe French will be one of the world's largest taxpayers in the after-life.

Joe is a very small man, with a thin voice and weak, watery eyes. He seldom speaks unless spoken to, and then usually refers people, who question him about mowing lawns and like odd jobs, to his wife, who makes the deals for him. Sarah Ann French, on the other hand, is a very large, firm woman who does washings and cleanings. It is a favourite saying of the townspeople that "Sarah Ann wears the pants in that house."

When poor Stella Bellew's baby was born, and not even Stella able to name its father, Eddie Wilshire and the crowd of young fellows hanging around Carson's barbershop played a joke on Officer Naylor. He was then new in town, having been hired by the trustees to help Chief Singleton during the season of heavy automobile traffic. By pretending they did not know him, and dropping hints and knowing remarks back and forth, Eddie and his friends convinced Officer Naylor that he had found a clue.

When he got out of the barber shop, he went straight to the Frenches and knocked on the door. Joe opened it.

"I am looking," Officer Naylor said, sternly, "for the father of that Bellew girl's child!"

"I'll call Sairy Ann," Joe said.

MISS HUMIE WALKER

Miss Humie Walker sewed for all our best people. It was the custom, when a wedding or a graduation or something really important impended, to "have in Miss Humie" for as long as necessary before the event, at three dollars a day and dinner. Mrs. Major Rodney J. Wallace had her four times a week regularly for two years, but that was considered extravagance. Mrs. Major Wallace had been a Candee, and could afford it, but she was sometimes criticized for it, nevertheless.

Miss Humie lived alone in the little house that belonged to old Captain Conover Walker, her father, before he was drowned on his last voyage. She had kept house in it since she was a little girl. Nobody remembered when she had spent a night out of it, except the time she went to Buffalo to stay six months with her cousin. That was the year after Major Wallace married the Candee money, and it was said by some that the marriage was what caused her to go away. The Major had been showing her some attention, it was said, in those days, but not enough—most people thought—for her to take it seriously.

It was a tradition that Miss Humie had money. Everybody knew she lived frugally; and good-hearted women like Mrs. Ben Spriggs used to say that they always had especially good meals when Miss Humie was at their house because they didn't believe the poor thing had much to eat at home. Members of the Ladies' Aid Society frequently discussed it when she was not present, and frankly admitted they really didn't see what she did with her money. It was thought she could have given more to the church than she did, but old Judge Carter, who was Miss Humie's business adviser, once told his wife, when he heard that said, to "let Humie Walker alone."

The day Miss Humie died, Judge Carter sent a telegram, and the next morning, a tall, nice-appearing young man came in on the morning train and went to the Judge's office. They were in there a while, and then they walked over to the old Walker house, where Mrs. Ben Spriggs and some other women were fixing things up for the funeral. Judge Carter called them out of the front room and left the young man alone with Miss Humie, explaining that he was a relative. It caused some surprise, because it had not been thought there were any, except for the cousin in Buffalo, a woman, long since dead.

Quite a crowd of the ladies had gathered in Miss Humie's little sitting room an hour later, when the young man opened the door and came out. There was considerable curiosity, owing to none of them having known anything about him. And it was sort of left to Mrs. Major Wallace to handle the situation. She went up to him in her very best manner and asked if there was anything they might do. He answered sort of quiet-like that there wasn't anything, and made as if to go back. But she put out her hand and stopped him. He didn't know, of course, who she was.

"It is quite a surprise to poor Humie's friends," she said, "to find that she had a relative. We thought she was all alone."

The young man smiled—Mrs. Ben Spriggs said afterwards it was a pitiful kind of a smile—and then straightened up and looked at Mrs. Major Wallace in the eye and said:

"Yes, she wanted it that way. But now I am proud to tell you that I am her son. My name is Rodney J. Wallace!"

AUNT ARTEMISIA WALKER

Aunt Artemisia Walker is very grateful to young Doctor Dave Moore. He is just getting started in practice, and has been out of college only two years, but she holds that he has "a natural genius for doctoring."

For proof, she points to her husband, Uncle Lije Walker.

Uncle Lije suffers greatly from rheumatism, which seemed to become worse after she had induced him to sign the temperance pledge. At times, Aunt Artemisia says, it was almost impossible to live with him because of his complaining and his outbursts of temper. Old Doctor Menzie was unable to help him, and she decided to try Doctor Dave Moore. The Unseen Hand, she says, must have guided her, because Uncle Lije has improved amazingly, especially in the matter of temper.

On his first visit, Doctor Dave left a prescription which Aunt Artemisia has renewed regularly once a week at Cox's drug store.

The prescription is for: *Spiritus Frumenti.*

CAPTAIN CAL GRANT

Only three members of the company of riflemen which Calvin Grant raised in this section in '61 are now living.

Captain Cal is one of them. He left some of the company at Bull Run, some at Gettysburg and some at Antietam. The rest have been dropping off, year by year, and there are not enough left now to fill the offices in Aaron N. Bascom Post, G. A. R.

Soon after the war, Captain Cal married Miss Frankie Maitland. For many years, he was generally regarded as the first citizen of the community. They had no children, but their big house was the center of social activity, and they entertained many distinguished visitors. Captain Cal always presided over the Memorial Day and Fourth of July exercises, and his

opinions in matters of business and politics were highly respected.

Captain Cal's wife died in the year of the Pan-American, and after that all his luck seemed to be bad. He lost money in several enterprises, and when he tried to recoup by reorganizing a company to dig wells for natural gas, he lost every dollar he had left and many for which he was obligated, but which he did not have. This blow brought on an attack of brain fever, and, while his body recovered, his mind did not.

Captain Cal still lives in the big Grant place. Mrs. Abner Fowler keeps house for him. The taxes are always paid, Mrs. Fowler keeps her boy in school and is thought to receive good wages, and fuel and groceries are delivered regularly at the house. All this is not understood by some of the neighbours, who say they do not see where the money is coming from.

About once each month, except in bad weather, Captain Cal comes downtown. He wears a well-pressed Prince Albert coat, Congress gaiters, a high wing collar with flowing tie, and a silk hat, and carries the gold-headed cane presented to him by his company on his wedding day. He is a very distinguished-looking figure, despite his age, and strangers are always greatly impressed.

Captain Cal always goes first to the County National Bank, where he has a chat with the president about his "investments." Sometimes, the president has a clerk get out of the big safe "that block of Lake Country & Northern bonds." The railroad was never built and the bonds are worthless, but the two men can be seen examining them carefully and carrying on a heated discussion about them. Sometimes, Captain Cal draws checks which he leaves with the president to be "credited to my account," although none of the clerks has ever found the account on the bank's books.

When leaving, Captain Cal always says: "Damn it all, sir, you *must* come up to dinner soon! Frankie was asking me only the other night what had become of you."

At such times, the president is observed to blow his nose vigorously and clap Captain Cal on the back, after which he goes back into his office and walks back and forth. The clerks have learned that it is not wise to disturb him at such periods.

From the bank, Captain Cal always goes to Emerson's Big Store, where he complains vigorously about "last month's bill" and sometimes about the quality of the merchandise which has been sent him. One of the older clerks always takes care of him, since the time a new girl—seeing him for the first time—made him terribly angry by insisting that she could not find the entry to which he referred. On that occasion, Captain Cal called for the proprietor and upbraided him strongly for having such "a loose system of bookkeeping."

After calling at the post-office, where he frequently expresses annoyance at delay in the arrival of important business letters which he was expecting, Captain Cal goes home. People always wonder, when they see him on the street, which of the three survivors will go first—whether it will be Captain Cal, or Rush Emerson, or President Gabe Rutherford of the County National.

MIKE CALLAHAN

Mike Callahan is held, by many people, to be a wicked man, exerting an evil influence upon the community.

He came here just before the Spanish War and bought a building in Main Street. Under local option he ran a saloon when the wets were in, and a soft-drink parlor when they were out. Now he conducts "The Elite Restaurant and Pool Parlor."

The place is not patronized by our best people; and when the Reverend Mr. Guthrie refers in his sermons, as he frequently does, to "dens of iniquity in our midst" and "breeders of disrespect for law," it is generally understood that he means the Elite. Mike never takes any notice of these criticisms from the Protestants, but he goes to mass regularly; and when old Father McPeak needs money at Christmas or other special occasions, it is known that Mike contributes generously. For that matter, he is a member of the Board of Trade, and he always gives to public subscriptions for worthy purposes.

The hall on the second floor of Mike Callahan's building, being the only suitable place in town—outside of the churches—for such meetings, has been used for many years by the Grange, the Masons, the Knights of Pythias, the Odd Fellows, the Maccabees and the Knights of Columbus. Just now, there is considerable talk concerning another organization which is to meet regularly there, and some of Mike's best friends express indignation. Mike does not argue with them, but merely laughs and says: "'Tis best, ain't it, that I have 'em where I can keep my eye on 'em?"

The new organization is the Ku Klux Klan.

The Accident

By A. AVERCHENKO

Translated by J. A. Bimstone

"MEN are comic!" she said, smiling dreamily.

Not knowing whether this indicated praise or blame, I answered non-committally: "Quite true."

"Really, he's a regular Othello. Sometimes I'm sorry I married him, you know. I'm sure his head is still in bandages."

"Oh, you mean your husband. But he——"

She looked at me pityingly. "No, not my husband's head. He broke it."

"Has he had a fall, or something?"

"No, no, he broke the young man's head."

I looked helplessly at her. "Until you explain—," I began.

"Oh, I forgot that you haven't heard. About three weeks ago I was walking home with my husband through the square, and *he* sat on a seat, as we came under the electric light. Pale with dark hair. You know how foolish that kind are sometimes. I had a large black hat on, which suits me awfully well, and my cheeks were quite pink from walking. The silly boy glanced at me, and suddenly getting up, takes my husband by his sleeve. 'Would you oblige me with a light?' he says. Alexander pulls his arm away, stoops down, and quicker than lightning bangs him on the head with a brick. He fell like a log. Awful!"

"Why, what on earth made your husband get jealous all of a sudden?"

She shrugged her shoulder. "I told you men are very comic."

II

BIDDING her farewell, I went out, and at the corner came across her husband.

"Hullo, old chap," I said. "They tell me you've been breaking people's heads."

He burst out laughing. "So you've been talking to my wife. It was jolly lucky that brick came so pat into my hand. Otherwise, just think: I had about 1,500 roubles in my pocket! and my wife was wearing her diamond earrings. The square was empty and the spot quite deserted, too."

"Do you think he wanted to rob you?"

"No, you ass, he was an attaché of the French Embassy! A man accosts you in a deserted spot, asks for a light and gets hold of your arm. What more do you want?" He stopped with an injured air.

"So you broke his head."

"Yes, and he didn't even screech. I know how to tackle a job like that."

Perplexed, I took leave of him and walked on.

III

"THERE'S no catching you to-day," I heard a voice say from behind.

I looked around and saw a friend of mine whom I hadn't set eyes upon for three weeks.

"Lord!" I exclaimed, "what on earth has happened to you?"

"I left the hospital only to-day. I'm still very weak."

"Why, what's been the matter?"

He smiled faintly and asked in turn: "Do you know whether any lunatics have been at large lately? I was attacked by one about three weeks ago."

With sudden interest I exclaimed: "Three weeks ago! Were you sitting in the square?"

"Yes, I was. You probably read about it in the paper. The most absurd thing. I was sitting in the square, dying for a smoke. The deuce! No matches! Well, thought I, perhaps some good Samaritan may pass soon. I'll ask him for a light. After ten minutes or so, a gentleman passes with some old hag. He was smoking. I go up to him, touch him on the sleeve and ask in my most polite manner: 'Can you oblige me with a light?' And, what d'you think? The

madman stoops down, picks something up, and the next moment I am lying on the ground with a broken head, unconscious."

I looked at him, and asked earnestly: "Do you really believe you had to do with a lunatic?"

"I am sure of it."

IV

An hour afterwards I was eagerly digging in old back numbers of the local paper. At last I found what I was looking for: a short note in the accident column:

"UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF DRINK

"Yesterday morning, the keepers of the square found on a bench a young man whose papers show him to be of good family. He had evidently fallen to the ground while in a state of extreme intoxication, and had broken his head on a near-by brick. The distress of this prodigal's parents is indescribable."

Little Breeches

By JOHN HAY

I DON'T go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free-will, and that sort of thing,—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever sense one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along,—
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him for pretty and strong,
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight,—
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started,—
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we rousted up some torches,
And sarched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat,—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,
Of my fellow-critter's aid,—
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.
. . . . . .

By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night.
We looked in and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white;
And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm,
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And fotching him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around The Throne.

A Kentucky Cardinal

By JAMES LANE ALLEN

James Lane Allen

X

NEW-YEAR'S night again, and bitter cold.

When I forced myself away from my fire before dark, and ran down to the stable to see about feeding and bedding the horses and cows, every beast had its head drawn in towards its shoulders, and looked at me with the dismal air of saying, "Who is tempering the wind now?" The dogs in the kennel, with their noses between their hind legs, were shivering under their blankets and straw like a nest of chilled young birds. The fowls on the roost were mere white and blue puffs of feathers. Nature alone has the making of her creatures; why doesn't she make them comfortable?

After supper old Jack and Dilsy came in, and, standing against the wall with their arms folded, told me more of what happened after I got sick. That was about the middle of September, and it is only two weeks since I became well enough to go in and out through all sorts of weather.

It was the middle of September then, my servants said, and as within a week after taking the fever I was very ill, a great many people came out to inquire for me. Some of these, walking around the garden, declared it was a pity for such fruit and flowers to be wasted, and so helped themselves freely every time. The old doctor, who always fears for my health at this season, stopped by nearly every day to repeat how he had warned me, and always walked back to his gig in a round-about way, which required him to pass a favourite tree; and once he was so indignant to find several other persons gathered there, and mournfully enjoying the last of the fruit as they predicted I would never get well, that he came back to the house—with two pears in each duster pocket and one in his mouth—and told Jack it was an outrage. The preacher, likewise, who appears in the spring-time, one afternoon knocked reproachfully at the front door and inquired whether I was in a condition to be reasoned with. In his hand he carried a nice little work-basket, which may have been brought along to catch his prayers; but he took it home piled with grapes.

And then they told me, also, how many a good and kind soul came with hushed footsteps and low inquiries, turning away sometimes with brightened faces, sometimes with rising tears—often people to whom I had done no kindness or did not even know; how others, whom I had quarrelled with or did not like, forgot the poor puny quarrels and the dislike, and begged to do for me whatever they could; how friends went softly around the garden, caring for a flower, putting a prop under a too heavily-laden limb, or climbing on step-ladders to tie sacks around the finest bunches of grapes, with the hope that I might be well in time to eat them—touching nothing themselves, having no heart to eat; how dear, dear ones would never leave me day or night; how a good doctor wore himself out with watching, and a good pastor sent up for me his spotless prayers; and at last, when I began to mend, how from far and near there poured in flowers and jellies and wines, until, had I been the multitude by the Sea of Galilee, there must have been baskets to spare. God bless them! God bless them all! And God forgive us all the blindness, the weakness, and the cruelty with which we judge each other when we are in health.

This and more my beloved old negroes told me a few hours ago, as I sat in deep comfort and bright health again before my blazing hickories; and one moment we were in laughter and the next in tears—as is the strange life we live. This is a gay household now, and Dilsy cannot face me without a fleshly earthquake of laughter that I have become such a high-tempered tiger about punctual meals.

In particular, my two nearest neighbors were much at odds as to which had better claim to nurse me; so that one day Mrs. Walters, able to endure it no longer, thrust Mrs. Cobb out of the house by the shoulder-blades, locked the door on her, and then opened the shutters and scolded her out of the window.

One thing I miss. My servants have never called the name of Georgiana. The omission is unnatural, and must be intentional. Of course I have not asked whether she showed any care; but that little spot of silence affects me as the sight of a tree remaining leafless in the woods where everything else is turning green.

XI

To-day I was standing at a window, looking out at the aged row of cedars, now laden with snow, and thinking of Horace and Soracte. Suddenly, beneath a jutting pinnacle of white boughs which left under themselves one little spot of green, I saw a cardinal hop out and sit full-breasted towards me. The idea flashed through my mind that this might be that shyest, most beautiful fellow whom I had found in September, and whom I tried to make out as the son of my last winter's pensioner. At least he has never lived in my yard before; for when, to test his shyness, I started to raise the window-sash, at the first noise of it he was gone. My birds are not so afraid of me. I must get on better terms with this stranger.

Mrs. Walters over for a while afterwards. I told her of my fancy that this bird was one of last summer's brood, and that he appeared a trifle larger than any male I had ever seen. She said of course. Had I not fed the parents all last winter? When she fed her hens, did they not lay bigger eggs? Did not bigger eggs contain bigger chicks? Did not bigger chicks become bigger hens, again? According to Mrs. Walters, a single winter's feeding of hot corn-meal, scraps of bacon, and pods of red pepper will all but bring about a variation of species; and so if the assumed rate at which I am now going were kept up a hundred years, my cedar-trees might be full of a race of red-birds as large and as fat as geese.

Standing towards sundown at another window, I saw Georgiana sewing at hers, as I have seen her every day since I got out of bed. Why should she sew so much? There is a servant also; and they sew, sew, sew, as if eternal sewing were eternal happiness, eternal salvation. The first day she sprang up, letting her work roll off her lap, and waved her handkerchief inside the panes, and smiled with what looked to me like radiant pleasure that I was well again. I was weak and began to tremble, and, going back to the fireside, lay back in my chair with a beating of the heart that was a warning. Since then she has recognized me by only a quiet kindly smile. Why has no one ever called her name? I believe Mrs. Walters knows. She comes nowadays as if to tell something, and goes away with a struggle that she has not told it. But a secret can no more stay in the depths of Mrs. Walters's mind than cork at the bottom of water; some day I shall see this mystery riding on the surface.

XII

Yes, she knew; while unconscious I talked of Georgiana, of being in love with her. Mrs. Walters added, sadly, that Georgiana came home in the fall engaged to that New York cousin. Hence the sewing —he is to marry her in June.

I am *not* in love with her. It is now four weeks since hearing this conventional fiction, and every day I have been perfectly able to repeat: "I am *not* in love with Georgiana!" There was one question which I put severely to Mrs. Walters: Had she told Georgiana of my foolish talk? She shook her head violently, and pressed her lips closely together, suggesting how impossible it would be for the smallest monosyllable in the language to escape by that channel; but she kept her eyes wide open, and the truth issued from them, as smoke in a hollow tree, if stopped in at a lower hole, simply rises and comes out at a higher one. "You should have shut your eyes also," I said. "You have told her every word of it, and the Lord only knows how much more."

This February has let loose its whole pack of grizzly sky-hounds. Unbroken severe weather. Health has not returned as rapidly as was promised, and I have not ventured outside the yard. But it is a pleasure to chronicle the beginning of an acquaintanceship between his proud eminence the young cardinal and myself. For a long time he would have naught to do with me, fled as I approached, abandoned the evergreens altogether and sat on the naked tree-tops, as much as threatening to quit the place altogether if I did not leave him in peace. Surely he is the shyest of his kind, and, to my fancy, the most beautiful; and

therefore Nature seems to have stored him with extra caution towards his arch enemy.

But in the old human way I have taken advantage of his necessities. The north wind has been my friend against him. I have called in the aid of sleets and snows, have besieged him in his white castle behind the glittering array of his icicles with threats of starvation. So one day, dropping like a glowing coal down among the other birds, he snatched a desperate hasty meal from the public poor-house table that I had spread under the trees.

It is the first surrender that decides. Since then some progress has been made in winning his confidence, but the struggle going on in his nature is plain enough still. At times he will rush away from me in utter terror; at others he lets me draw a little nearer, a little nearer, without moving from a limb; and now, after a month of persuasion, he begins to discredit the experience which he has inherited from centuries upon centuries of ancestors. In all that I have done I have tried to say to him: "Don't judge me by mankind in general. With me you are safe. I pledge myself to defend you from enemies, high and low."

This had not escaped the notice of Georgiana at the window, and more than once she had let her work drop to watch my patient progress and to bestow upon me a rewarding smile. Is there nearly always sadness in it, or is the sadness in my eyes? If Georgiana's brother is giving her trouble, I'd like to take a hand-axe to *his* feet. I suppose I shall never know whether he cut her foot in two. She carries the left one a little peculiarly; but so many women do that.

Sometimes, when the day's work is over and the servant is gone, Georgiana comes to the window and looks away towards the sunsets of winter, her hands clasped behind her back, her motionless figure in relief against the darkness within, her face white and still. Being in the shadow of my own room, so that she could not see me, and knowing that I ought not to do it, but unable to resist, I have softly taken up the spy-glass which I use in the study of birds, and have drawn Georgiana's face nearer to me, holding it there till she turns away. I have noted the traces of pain, and once the tears which she could not keep back and was too proud to heed. Then I have sat before my flickering embers, with I know not what all but ungovernable yearning to be over there in the shadowy room with her, and, whether she would or not, to fold my arms around her, and, drawing her face against mine, whisper: "What is it, Georgiana? And why must it be?"

XIII

The fountains of the great deep opened. A new heaven, a new earth. Georgiana has broken her engagement with her cousin. Mrs. Cobb let it out in the strictest confidence to Mrs. Walters. Mrs. Walters, with stricter confidence still, has told me only.

The West-Pointer had been writing for some months in regard to the wild behaviour of his cousin. This grew worse, and the crisis came. Georgiana snapped her thread and put up her needle. He travelled all the way down here to implore. I met him at the gate as he left the house—a fine, straight, manly, handsome young fellow, with his face pale with pain, and his eyes flashing with anger—and bade him a long, affectionate, inward Godspeed as he hurried away. It was her father's influence. He had always wished for this union. Ah, the evils that come to the living from the wrongful wishes of the dead! Georgiana is so happy now, since she has been forced to free herself, that spring in this part of the United States seems to have advanced about half a month.

"What on earth will she do with all those clothes?" inquired Mrs. Walters the other night, eyeing me with curious impressiveness.

"They ought to be hanged," I said, promptly.

There is a young scapegrace who passes my house morning and evening with his cows. He has the predatory instincts of that being who loves to call himself the image of his Maker, and more than once has given annoyance, especially last year, when he robbed a damson-tree of a brood of Baltimore orioles. This winter and spring his friendly interest in my birds has increased, and several times I have caught him skulking among the pines. Last night what should I stumble on but a trap, baited and sprung, under the cedar-tree in which the cardinal roosts. I was up before daybreak this morning. A while after the waking of the birds here comes my young bird-thief, creeping rapidly to his trap. As he stooped I had him by the collar, and within the next five minutes I must have set up in his nervous system a negative disposition to the caging of red-birds that will descend as a positive tendency to all the generations of his offspring.

All day this meditated outrage has kept my blood up. Think of this beautiful cardi-

nal beating his heart out against maddening bars, or caged for life in some dark city street, lonely, sick, and silent, bidden to sing joyously of that high world of light and liberty where once he sported! Think of the exquisite refinement of cruelty in wishing to take him on the eve of May!

It is hardly a fancy that something as loyal as friendship has sprung up between this bird and me. I accept his original shyness as a mark of his finer instincts; but, like the nobler natures, when once he found it possible to give his confidence, how frankly and fearlessly has it been given. The other day, brilliant, warm, windless, I was tramping across the fields a mile from home, when I heard him on the summit of a dead sycamore, cleaving the air with stroke after stroke of his long melodious whistle, as with the swing of a silken lash. When I drew near he dropped down from bough to bough till he reached the lowest, a few feet from where I stood, and showed by every movement how glad he was to see me. We really have reached the understanding that the immemorial persecution of his race by mine is ended; and now more than ever my fondness settles about him, since I have found his happiness plotted against, and have perhaps saved his very life. It would be easy to trap him. His eye should be made to distrust every well-arranged pile of sticks under which lurks a morsel.

To-night I called upon Georgiana and sketched the arrested tragedy of the morning. She watched me curiously, and then dashed into a little treatise on the celebrated friendships of man for the lower creatures, in fact and fiction, from camels down to white mice. Her father must have been a remarkably learned man. I didn't like this. It made me somehow feel as though I were one of Æsop's Fables, or were being translated into English as that old school-room horror of Androclus and the Lion. In the bottom of my soul I don't believe that Georgiana cares for birds, or knows the difference between a blackbird and a crow. I am going to send her a little story, "A Passion in the Desert." Mrs. Walters is now confident that Georgiana regrets having broken off her engagement. But then Mrs. Walters can be a great fool when she puts her whole mind to it.

XIV

In April I commence to scratch and dig in my garden.

To-day, as I was raking off my strawberry bed, Georgiana, whom I have not seen since the night when she satirized me, called from the window:

"What are you going to plant this year?"

"Oh, a little of everything," I answered, under my hat. "What are *you* going to plant this year?"

"Are you going to have many strawberries?"

"It's too soon to tell: they haven't bloomed yet. It's too soon to tell when they *do* bloom. Sometimes strawberries are like women: Whole beds full of showy blossoms; but when the time comes to be ripe and luscious, you can't find them."

"Indeed."

"'Tis true, 'tis pity."

"I had always supposed that to a Southern gentleman woman was not a berry but a rose. What does he hunt for in woman as much as bloom and fragrance? But I don't belong to the rose-order of Southern women myself. Sylvia does. Why did you send me that story?"

"Didn't you like it?"

"No. A woman couldn't care for a story about a man and a tigress. Either she would feel that she was too much left out, or suspect that she was too much put in. The same sort of story about a lion and a woman—that would be better."

I raked in silence for a minute, and when I looked up Georgiana was gone. I remember her saying once that children should be kept tart; but now and then I fancy that she would like to keep even a middle-aged man in brine. Who knows but that in the end I shall sell my place to the Cobbs and move away?

Five more days of April, and then May! For the last half of this light-and-shadow month, when the clouds, like schools of changeable lovely creatures, seem to be playing and rushing away through the waters of the sun, life to me has narrowed more and more to the red-bird, who gets tamer and tamer with habit, and to Georgiana, who gets wilder and wilder with happiness. The bird fills the yard with brilliant singing; she fills her room with her low, clear songs, hidden behind the window curtains, which are now so much oftener and so needlessly closed. I work myself nearly to death in my garden, but she does not open them. The other day the red-bird sat in a tree near by, and his notes floated out on the air like scarlet streamers. Georgiana was singing, so low that I was making no

noise with my rake in order to hear; and when he began, before I realized what I was doing, I had seized a brickbat and hurled it, barely missing him, and driving him away. He did not know what to make of it; neither did I; but as I raised my eyes I saw that Georgiana had opened the curtains to listen to him, and was closing them with her eyes on my face, and a look on hers that has haunted me ever since.

April the 26th. It's of no use. To-morrow night I will go to see Georgiana, and ask her to marry me.

April 28th. Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. I am not the least sick, but I am not feeling at all well. So have made a will, and left everything to Mrs. Walters. She has been over five times to-day, and this evening sat by me a long time, holding my hand and smoothing my forehead, and urging me to try a cream poultice—a mustard-plaster—a bowl of gruel—a broiled chicken.

I believe Georgiana thinks I'll ask her again. Not if I lived by her through eternity! Thy rod and Thy staff—*they* comfort me.

XV

A POOR devil will ask a woman to marry him. She will refuse him. The day after she will meet him as serenely as if he had asked her for a pin.

It is now May 15th, and I have not spoken to Georgiana when I've had a chance. She has been entirely too happy, to judge from her singing, for me to get along with under the circumstances. But this morning, as I was planting a hedge inside my fence under her window, she leaned over and said, as though nothing were wrong between us, "What are you planting?"

I have sometimes thought that Georgiana can ask more questions than Socrates.

"A hedge."

"What for?"

"To grow."

"What do you want it to grow for?"

"My garden is too public. I wish to be protected from outsiders."

"Would it be the same thing if I were to nail up this window? That would be so much quicker. It will be ten years before your hedge is high enough to keep me from seeing you. And even then, you know, I could move up-stairs. But I am so sorry to be an outsider."

"I merely remarked that I was planting a hedge."

When Georgiana spoke again her voice was lowered: "Would you open a gateway for me into your garden, to be always mine, so that I might go out and come in, and never another human soul enter it?"

Now Jacob had often begged me to cut *him* a private gateway on that side of the garden, so that only *he* might come in and go out; and I had refused, since I did not wish him to get to me so easily with his complaints. Besides, a gate once opened, who may not use it? and I was indignant that Georgiana should lightly ask anything at my hands; therefore I looked quickly and sternly up at her and said, "I will not."

Afterwards the thought rushed over me that she had not spoken of any gateway through my garden fence, but of another one, mystical, hidden, infinitely more sacred. For her voice descended almost in a whisper, and her face, as she bent down towards me, had on it I know not what angelic expression. She seemed floating to me from heaven.

May 17th. To-day I put a little private gate through my fence under Georgiana's window, as a sign to her. Balaam's beast that I am! Yes, seven times more than the inspired ass.

As I passed to-day, I noticed Georgiana looking down at the gate that I made yesterday. She held a flower to her nose and eyes, but behind the leaves I detected that she was laughing.

"Good-morning!" she called to me. "What did you cut that ugly hole in your fence for?"

"That's not an ugly hole. That's a little private gateway."

"But what's the little private gateway *for?*"

"Oh, well! You don't understand these matters. I'll tell your mother."

"My mother is too old. She no longer stoops to such things. Tell *me!*"

"Impossible!"

"I'm dying to know!"

"What will you give me?"

"Anything—this flower!"

"But what would the flower stand for in that case? A little pri—"

"Nothing. Take it!" and she dropped it lightly on my face and disappeared. As I stood twirling it ecstatically under my nose, and wondering how I could get her to come back to the window, the edge of a curtain

was lifted, and a white hand stole out and softly closed the shutters.

In the evening Sylvia went in to a concert of the school, which was to be held at the Court House, a chorus of girls being impanelled in the jury box, and the principal, who wears a little wig, taking her seat on the woolsack. I promised to have the very pick of the garden ready, and told Sylvia to come to the arbour the last thing before starting. She wore big blue rosettes in her hair, and at that twilight hour looked as lovely, soft, and pure as moonshine; so that I lost control of myself and kissed her twice—once for Georgiana and once for myself. Surely it must have been Sylvia's first experience. I hope so. Yet she passed through it with the composure of a graduate of several years' standing. But, then, women inherit great stock of fortitude from their mothers in this regard, and perpetually add to it by their own dispositions. Ought I to warn Georgiana—good heavens! in a general way, of course—that Sylvia should be kept away from sugar, and well under the influence of vulgar fractions?

It made me feel uncomfortable to see her go tripping out of her front gate on the arm of a youth. Can it be possible that *he* would try to do what *I* did? Men differ so in their virtues, and are so alike in their transgressions. This forward gosling displayed white duck pantaloons, brandished pumps on his feet, which looked flat enough to have been webbed, and was scented as to his marital locks with a far-reaching pestilence of bergamot and cinnamon.

After they were gone I strolled back to my arbour and sat down amid the ruins of Sylvia's flowers. The night was mystically beautiful. The moon seemed to me to be softly stealing down the sky to kiss Endymion. I looked across towards Georgiana's window. She was there, and I slipped over and stood under it.

"Georgiana," I whispered, "were you, too, looking at the moon?"

"Part of the time," she said, sourly. "Isn't it permitted?"

"Sylvia left her scissors in the arbour, and *I* can't find them."

"*She'll* find them to-morrow."

"If they get wet, you know, they'll rust."

"I keep something to take rust off."

"Georgiana, I've got something to tell you about Sylvia."

"What? That you kissed her?"

"N—o! Not *that*, exactly!"

"Good-night!"

May 21st. Again I asked Georgiana to be mine. I am a perfect fool about her. But she's coming my way at last—God bless her!

May 24. I renewed my suit to Georgiana.

May 27. I besought Georgiana to hear me.

May 28. For the last time I offered my hand in marriage to the elder Miss Cobb. Now I am done with her forever. I am no fool.

May 29. Oh, *damn* Mrs. Walters!

XVI

This morning, the 3rd of June, I went out to pick the first dish of strawberries for my breakfast. As I was stooping down I heard a timid, playful voice at the window like the echo of a year ago: "Are you the gardener?"

Since Georgiana will not marry me, if she would only let me alone!

"Old man, are you the gardener?"

"Yes, I'm the gardener. I *know* what *you* are."

"How much do you ask for your strawberries?"

"They come high. *Nothing* of mine is to be as cheap hereafter as it has been."

"I am so glad—for your sake. I should like to possess *something* of yours, but I suppose everything is too high now."

"Entirely too high!"

"If I only could have foreseen that there would be an increase of value! As for me, I have felt that I am getting cheaper lately. I may have to *give* myself away soon. If I only knew of some one who loved the lower animals."

"The fox, for instance?"

"Yes; do you know of any one who would accept the present of a fox?"

"Ahem! I wouldn't mind having a *tame* fox. I don't care much for wild foxes."

"Oh, this one would get tame—in time."

"I don't believe I know of any one just at present."

"Very well. Sylvia will get the highest mark in arithmetic. And Joe is distinguishing himself at West Point. That's what I wanted to tell you. I'll send you over the cream and sugar, and hope you will enjoy all your berries. *We* shall buy some in the market-house next week."

Later in the forenoon I sent the strawberries over to Georgiana. I have a variety that is the shape of the human heart, and when ripe it matches in colour that brighter current of the heart through which runs the hidden history of our passions. All over the

top of the dish I carefully laid these heart-shaped berries, and under the biggest one, at the very top, I slipped this little note: "Look at the shape of them, Georgiana! I send them all to you. They are perishable."

This afternoon Georgiana sent back tne empty dish, and inside the napkin was this note: "They are exactly the shape and colour of my emery needle-bag. I have been polishing my needles in it for many years."

Later, as I was walking to town, I met Georgiana and her mother coming out. No explanation had ever been made to the mother of that goose of a gate in our division fence; and as Georgiana had declined to accept the sign, I determined to show her that the gate could now stand for something else. So I said: "Mrs. Cobb, when you send your servants over for green corn, you can let them come through that little gate. It will be more convenient."

Only, I was so angry and confused that I called her Mrs. Corn, and said that when she sent her little Cobbs over . . . my green servants, etc.

After Georgiana's last treatment of me I resolved not to let her talk to me out of her window. So about nine o'clock this morning I took a negro boy and set him to picking the berries, while I stood by, directing him in a deep, manly voice as to the best way of managing that intricate business. Presently I heard Georgiana begin to sing to herself behind the curtains.

"Hurry up and fill that cup," I said to him, savagely. "And that will do this morning. You can go to the mill. The meal's nearly out."

When he was gone I called, in an undertone: "Georgiana! Come to the window! Please! Oh, Georgiana!"

But the song went on. What was the matter? I could not endure it. There was one way by which perhaps she could be brought. I whistled long and loud again and again. The curtains parted a little space.

"I was merely whistling to the *bird*," I said.

"I knew it," she answered, looking as I had never seen her. "Whenever you speak to *him* your voice is full of confidence and of love. I believe in it and like to hear it."

"What do you mean, Georgiana?" I cried, imploringly.

"Ah, Adam!" she said, with a rush of feeling. It was the first time she had ever called me by name. She bent her face down. Over it there passed a look of sweetness and sadness indescribably blended. "Ah, Adam! you have asked me many times to *marry* you! Make me believe once that you *love* me! Make me feel that I could trust myself to you for life!"

"What else can I do?" I answered, stirred to the deepest that was in me, throwing my arms backward, and standing with an open breast into which she might gaze.

And she did search my eyes and face in silence.

"What more," I cried again, "in God's name?"

She rested her face on her palm, looking thoughtfully across the yard. Over there the red-bird was singing. Suddenly she leaned down towards me. Love was on her face now. But her eyes held mine with the determination to wrest from them the last truth they might contain, and her voice trembled with doubt:

"Would you put the red-bird in a cage for me? Would you be willing to do that for me, Adam?"

At those whimsical, cruel words I shall never be able to reveal all that I felt—the surprise, the sorrow, the pain. Scenes of boyhood flashed through my memory. A conscience built up through years of experience stood close by me with admonition. I saw the love on her face, the hope with which she hung upon my reply, as though it would decide everything between us. I did not hesitate; my hands dropped to my side, the warmth died out of my heart as out of spent ashes, and I answered her, with cold reproach,

"I—will—not!"

The colour died out of her face also. Her eyes still rested on mine, but now with pitying sadness.

"I feared it," she murmured, audibly, but to herself, and the curtains fell together.

Four days have passed. Georgiana has cast me off. Her curtains are closed except when she is not there. I have tried to see her; she excuses herself. I have written; my letters come back unread. I have lain in wait for her on the streets; she will not talk with me. The tie between us has been severed. With her it could never have been affection.

And for what? I ask myself over and over and over—for what? Was she jealous of the bird, and did she require that I should put it out of the way? Sometimes women do that. Did she take that means of forcing me to a test? Women do that. Did she wish to show her power over me, demanding the one thing she knew would be the hardest

for me to grant? Women do that. Did she crave the pleasure of seeing me do wrong to humour her caprice? Women do that. But not one of these things can I even associate with the thought of Georgiana. I have sought in every way to have her explain, to explain myself. She will neither give nor receive an explanation.

I had supposed that her unnatural request would have been the end of my love, but it has not; that her treatment since would have fatally stung my pride, but it has not. I understand neither; forgive both; love her now with that added pain which comes from a man's discovering that the woman dearest to him must be pardoned—pardoned as long as he shall live.

Never since have I been able to look at the red-bird with the old gladness. He is the reminder of my loss. Reminder? Do I ever forget? Am I not thinking of that before his notes lash my memory at dawn? All day can they do more than furrow deeper the channel of unforgetfulness? Little does he dream what my friendship for him has cost me. But this solace I have at heart—that I was not even tempted to betray him.

Three days more have passed. No sign yet that Georgiana will relent soon or ever. Each day the strain becomes harder to bear. My mind has dwelt upon my last meeting with her, until the truth about it wavers upon my memory like vague, uncertain shadows. She doubted my love for her. What proof was it she demanded? I must stop looking at the red-bird, lying here and there under the trees, and listening to him as he sings above me. My eyes devour him whenever he crosses my path with an uncomprehended fascination that is pain. How gentle he has become, and how, without intending it, I have deepened the perils of his life by the very gentleness that I have brought upon him. Twice already the fate of his species has struck at him, but I have pledged myself to be his friend. This is his happiest season; a few days now, and he will hear the call of his young in the nest.

I shut myself in my workshop in the yard this morning. I did not wish my servants to know. In there I made a bird-trap such as I had often used when a boy. And late this afternoon I went to town and bought a bird-cage. I was afraid the merchant would misjudge me, and explained. He scanned my face silently. To-morrow I will snare the red-bird down behind the pines long enough to impress on his memory a life-long suspicion of every such artifice, and then I will set him free again in his wide world of light. Above all things, I must see to it that he does not wound himself or have the least feather broken.

It is far past midnight now, and I have not slept or wished for slumber.

Constantly since darkness came on I have been watching Georgiana's window for the light of her candle, but there has been no kindly glimmer yet. The only radiance shed upon the gloom outside comes from the heavens. Great cage-shaped white clouds are swung up to the firmament, and within these pale, gentle, imprisoned lightnings flutter feebly to escape, fall back, rise, and try again and again, and fail.

. . . *A little after dark this evening I carried the red-bird over to Georgiana.* . . .

I have seen her so little of late that I did not know she had been away from home for days. But she was expected to-night, or, at furthest, to-morrow morning. I left the bird with the servant at the door, who could hardly believe what he saw. As I passed out of my front gate on my way there, the boy who returns about that time from the pasture for his cows joined me as I hurried along, attracted by the fluttering of the bird in the cage.

"Is it the red-bird? *I* tried to ketch him once," he said, with entire forgiveness of me, as having served him right, "but I caught something else. I'll never forget *that* whipping. Oh, but *wouldn't* I like to have him! Mr. Moss, you wouldn't mind my trying to ketch one of them little bits o' brown fellows, would you, that hops around under them pine-trees? They ain't no account to nobody. Oh my! but *wouldn't* I like to have him! May I bring *my* trap some time, and will you help me to ketch one o' them little bits o' brown ones? You can beat *me* ketchin' 'em!"

Several times to-night I have gone across and listened under Georgiana's window. The servant must have set the cage in her room, for, as I listened, I am sure I heard the red-bird beating his head and breast against the wires. A while ago I went again, and did not hear him. I waited a long time. . . . *He may be quieted.* . . .

Ah, if anyone had said to me that I would ever do what I have done, with what full, deep joy could I have throttled the lie in his throat! I put the trap under one of the trees where I have been used to feed him. When it fell he was not greatly frightened.

He clutched the side of it, and looked out at me. My own mind supplied his words: "Help! I'm caught! Take me out! You promised!" When I transferred him to the cage, for a moment his confidence lasted still. He mounted the perch, shook his plumage, and spoke out bravely and cheerily. Then all at once came on the terror.

The dawn came on this morning with its old splendour. The birds in my yard, as of old, poured forth their songs. But those loud, long, clear, melodious, deep-hearted, passionate, best-loved notes! As the chorus swelled from shadowy shrubs and vines to the sparkling tree-tops I listened for some sound from Georgiana's room, but over there I saw only the soft, slow flapping of the white curtains like signals of distress.

Towards ten o'clock, wandering restless, I snatched up a book, which I had no wish to read, and went to the arbor where I had so often discoursed to Sylvia about children's cruelty to birds. Through the fluttering leaves the sunlight dripped as a weightless shower of gold, and the long pendants of young fruit swayed gently in their cool waxen greenness. Where some rotting planks crossed the top of the arbor a blue-jay sat on her coarse nest; and presently the mate flew to her with a worm, and then talked to her in a low voice, as much as saying that they must now leave the place forever. I was thinking how love softens even the voice of this file-throated screamer, when along the garden walk came the rustle of a woman's clothes, and, springing up, I stood face to face with Georgiana.

"What have you done?" she implored.

"What have *you* done?" I answered as quickly.

"Oh, Adam, *Adam!* You have killed it! How could you? How could you?"

". . . Is he dead, Georgiana? Is he dead? . . ."

I forgot everything else, and pulling my hat down over my eyes, turned from her in the helpless shock of silence that came with those irreparable words.

Then, in ungovernable anger, suffering, remorse, I turned upon her where she sat: "It is *you* who killed him! Why do you come here to blame me? And now you pretend to be sorry. You felt no pity when pity would have done some good. Trifler! Hypocrite!"

"It is false!" she cried, her words flashing from her whole countenance, her form drawn up to repel the shock of the blow.

"Did you not ask me for him?"

"No!"

"Oh, deny it all! It is a falsehood—invented by me on the spot. You know nothing of it! You did not ask me to do this! And when I have yielded, you have not run to reproach me here and to cry, 'How could you? How could you?'"

"No! No! Every word of it—"

"Untruth added to it all! Oh, that I should have been so deceived, blinded, taken in!"

"*Adam!*"

"Lovely innocence! It is too much! Go away!"

"I will not *stand* this any longer!" she cried. "I *will* go away; but not till I have told you why I have acted as I have."

"It is too late for that! I do not care to hear!"

"Then you *shall* hear!" she replied. "You shall know that it is because I have believed you capable of speaking to me as you have just spoken; believed you at heart unsparing and unjust. You think I asked you to do what you have done? No! I asked you whether you would be willing to do it; and when you said you would *not*, I saw then—by your voice, your eyes, your whole face and manner—that you *would*. Saw it as plainly at that moment, in spite of your denial, as I see it now — the cruelty in you, the unfaithfulness, the willingness to betray. It was for *this* reason—not because I heard you refuse, but because I saw you consent—that I could not forgive you."

She paused abruptly and looked across into my face. What she may now have read in it I do not know. Then anger swept her on:

"How often had I not heard you bitter and contemptuous towards people because *they* are treacherous, cruel! How often have you talked of *your* love of nature, of *our* inhumanity towards lower creatures! But what have *you* done?

"You set your fancy upon one of these creatures, lie in wait for it, beset it with kindness, persevere in overcoming its wildness. You are amused, delighted, proud of your success. One day—you remember?—it sang as you had always wished to hear it. It annoyed you, and you threw a stone at it. With a little less angry aim you would have killed it. I have never seen anything more inhuman. How do I know that some day you would not be tired of me, and throw a stone at *me?* When a woman submits to this once, she will have them thrown at her whenever she sings at the wrong time, and she will never know when the right time is.

"Then you thought you were asked to sacrifice it, and now you have done that. How do I know that some day you might not be tempted to sacrifice me?" She paused, her voice breaking, and remained silent, as if unable to get beyond that thought.

"If you have finished," I said, very quietly, "I have something to say to you, and we need not meet after this.

"I trapped the *bird;* you trapped *me.* I understood you to ask something of me, to cast me off when I refused it. Such was my faith in you that beneath your words I did not look for a snare. How hard it was for me to forgive you what you asked is my own affair now; but forgive you I did. How hard it was to grant it, that also is now, and will always be, my own secret. I beg you merely to believe this: knowing it to be all that you have described—and far more than you can ever understand—still, I did it. Had you demanded of me something worse, I should have granted that. If you think a man will not do wrong for a woman, you are mistaken. If you think men always love the wrong that they do for the women whom they love, you are mistaken again.

"You have held up my faults to me. I knew them before. I have not loved them. Do not think that I am trying to make a virtue out of anything I say; but in all my thoughts of you there has been no fault of yours that I have not hidden from my sight, and have not resolved as best I could never to see. Yet do not dream that I have found you faultless.

"You fear I might sacrifice you to something else. It is possible. Every man resists temptation only to a certain point; every man has his price. It is a risk you will run with any.

"If you doubt that a man is capable of sacrificing one thing that he loves to another that he loves more, tempt him, lie in wait for his weakness, ensnare him in the toils of his greater passion, and learn the truth.

"I make no defence—believe all that you say. But had you loved me, I might have been all this, and it would have been nothing."

With this I walked slowly out of the arbour, but Georgiana stood beside me. Her light touch was on my arm.

"Let me see things clearly!"

"You have a lifetime in which to see things clearly," I answered. "How can that concern me now?" And I passed on into the house.

During the morning I wandered restless. For a while I lay on the grass down behind the pines. How deep and clear are the covered springs of memory! All at once it was a morning in my boyhood on my father's farm. I, a little Saul of Tarsus among the birds, was on my way to the hedge-rows and woods, as to Damascus, breathing out threatenings and slaughter. Then suddenly the childish miracle, which no doubt had been preparing silently within my nature, wrought itself out; for from the distant forest trees, from the old orchard, from thicket and fence, from the wide green meadows, and down out of the depths of the blue sky itself, a vast chorus of innocent creatures sang to my newly opened ears the same words: "Why persecutest thou me?" One sang it with indignation; another with remonstrance; still another with resignation; others yet with ethereal sadness or wild elusive pain. Once more the house-wren met me at the rotting gate-post, and cried aloud, "*per-se-cu-test—per-se-cu-test—per-se-cu-test—per-se-cu-test!*" And as I peeped into the brush-pile, again the brown thrush, building within, said, "*thou—thou—thou!*"

Through all the years since I had thought myself changed, and craved no greater glory than to be accounted the chief of their apostles. But now I was stained once more with the old guilt, and once more I could hear the birds in my yard singing that old, old chorus against man's inhumanity

Towards the middle of the afternoon I went away across the country—by any direction; I cared not what. On my way back I passed through a large rear lot belonging to my neighbours, and adjoining my own, in which is my stable. There has lately been imported into this part of Kentucky from England the much-prized breed of the beautiful white Berkshire. As I crossed the lot, near the milk-trough, ash-heap, and parings of fruit and vegetables thrown from my neighbour's kitchen, I saw a litter of these pigs having their awkward sport over some strange red plaything, which one after another of them would shake with all its might, root and tear at, or tread into greater shapelessness. It was all there was left of him.

I entered my long yard. If I could have been spared the sight of that! The sun was setting. Around me was the last peace and beauty of the world. Through a narrow avenue of trees I could see my house, and on its clustering vines fell the angry red of the sun darting across the cool green fields.

The last hour of light touches the birds as it touches us. When they sing in the morn-

ing, it is with the happiness of the earth, but as the shadows fall strangely about them, and the helplessness of the night comes on, their voices seem to be lifted up like the loftiest poetry of the human spirit, with sympathy for realities and mysteries past all understanding.

A great choir was hymning now. On the tops of the sweet old honeysuckles the catbirds; robins in the low boughs of maples; on the high limb of the elm the silvery-throated lark, who had stopped as he passed from meadow to meadow; on a fence rail of the distant wheat-field the quail—and many another. I walked to and fro, receiving the voice of each as a spear hurled at my body. The sun sank. The shadows rushed on and deepened. Suddenly, as I turned once more in my path, I caught sight of the figure of Georgiana moving straight towards me from the direction of the garden. She was bare-headed, dressed in white; and she advanced over the smooth lawn, through evergreens and shrubs, with a gentle grace and dignity of movement such as I had never beheld. I kept my weary pace, and when she came up I did not lift my eyes.

"Adam!" she said, with gentle reproach. I stood still then, but with my face turned away.

"Forgive me!" All girlishness was gone out of her voice. It was the woman at last.

I turned my face farther from her, and we stood in silence.

"I have suffered enough, Adam," she pleaded.

I answered quietly, doggedly, for there was nothing left in me to appeal to:

"I am glad we can part kindly. . . . Neither of us may care much for the kindness now, but we will not be sorry hereafter. . . . The quarrels, the mistakes, the right and the wrong of our lives, the misunderstandings—they are so strange, so pitiful, so full of pain, and come so soon to nothing." And I lifted my hat, and took the path towards my house.

There was a point ahead where it divided, the other branch leading towards the little private gate through which Georgiana had come. Just before reaching the porch I looked that way, with the idea that I should see Georgiana's white figure moving across the lawn; but I discovered that she was following me. Mounting my door-steps, I turned. She had paused on the threshold. I waited. At length she said, in a voice low and sorrowful:

"And you are not going to forgive me, Adam?"

"I *do* forgive you!" The silence fell and lasted. I no longer saw her face. At last her despairing voice barely reached me again:

"And—is—*that*—all?"

I had no answer to make, and sternly waited for her to go.

A moment longer she lingered, then turned slowly away; and I watched her figure growing fainter and fainter till it was lost. I sprang after her; my voice rang out hollow, and broke with terror and pain and longing:

"Georgiana! Georgiana!"

"Oh, Adam, *Adam!*" I heard her cry, with low, piercing tenderness, as she ran back to me through the darkness.

When we separated we lighted fresh candles and set them in our windows, to burn a pure pathway of flame across the intervening void. Henceforth we are like poor little foolish children, so sick and lonesome in the night without one another. Happy, happy night to come when one short candle will do for us both!

. . . . . .

. . . Ah, but the long, long silence of the trees! . . .

THE END

Pippa's Song

By ROBERT BROWNING

THE year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

Remembered from the Play

"The Road to Rome"

Varius—Hannibal is a Carthaginian gentleman. Gentlemen know how to fight, but they don't win wars.

Varius—War—conquest—expansion—that's the real work in Rome. There's no time for the frivolous pursuit of knowledge.

Fabius—To-day the senators really accomplished something, mother—something big. They took constructive, intelligent measures to combat the Carthaginian menace.

Fabia—What did they do—send out another army?

Fabius—No, mother. I am proud to say that they recognized your son's long and not undistinguished career as a public servant of Rome, and they proclaimed me Dictator.

Hannibal—The gods are on our side. That's why we're winning.

Amytis—You mean, that's why the gods are on your side. . . . The gods are never very partial to losers.

Amytis—Let Rome and Carthage remember you as a great general. I want to remember you as a conqueror who could appreciate the glory of submission—a soldier who could realize the futility of war.

Hannibal—But how about Rome? Rome has never realized the futility of war.

Amytis—For that very reason Rome will destroy itself. Success is like a strong wine, Hannibal: give a man enough of it, and he'll drink himself to death.

By Robert E. Sherwood, New York, 1927.

"Saturday's Children"

Mrs. Halevy—I don't know what's come over you, Merlin. You're so sudden lately.

Mr. Halevy—Ah, yes. Toward the end of his life the human male, having learned there is nothing to be gained by gentleness and compromise, begins to assert himself. You didn't want me to build a radio, and I built it anyway. After I got it built, I didn't like it, so I smashed it. If you tell me to get another one, I won't. If you tell me not to get another one, I will.

Bobby—You see—oh, I wonder if I can tell you—What we wanted was a love affair, wasn't it? Just to be together and let the rest go hang—and what we got was a house and bills and general hell. We needed to play being Oberon and Titania and when we got married we were just mister and mrs. Do you know what I think a love affair is, Rims? It's when the whole world is trying to keep two people apart—and they insist on being

together. And when they get married the whole world pushes them together, so they just naturally fly apart. I want my love affair back. I want hurried kisses and clandestine meetings, and a secret lover. I don't want a house. I don't want a husband. I want a lover.

MR. HALVEY—When a man is young, he makes love. When he is middle-aged, he makes money—or, at least, tries to. And when he is getting old he makes his soul. I am trying to make my soul now—but I'd rather be young again.

By Maxwell Anderson (co-author of "What Price Glory?"), New York, 1927.

"CHICAGO"

JAKE (*to Roxie Hart, the "prettiest murderess in Chicago"*)—You are pretty, Roxie—and justice isn't blind in Chicago.

BILLY FLYNN (*the lawyer, rehearsing his speech to the Jury*)—"You may condemn her, gentlemen, as the State asks it—but remember, that won't bring Casely back."—This is always news to them. *By Maurine Watkins, New York, 1926.*

"THE BARKER"

SAILOR WEST—. . . Thet winter I wuz runnin' my tattoo parlor in th' Bowery, with most o' my customers gobs from th' Brooklyn Navy Yard. One snowy evenin' this here little Mamie came up, an' sez she wants some work done on her. I shows her th' designs, an' makes her a price—when come t' find out she didn't hev a dime. "I ain't in this business fer my health," I sez. "How 'bout me payin' you when I git my job?" she sez. Seems some showman'd promised her a season with his ten-in-one outfit if she'd get tattooed. Well, things wuz purty slack, an' before I knowed it she'd talked me into turnin' her into a tattooed lady. In a week's time I had her a regular walkin' pitcher gallery. On her back I put a Flags o' all Nations piece that you couldn't git for a double saw nowadays. On her chest I done a Madonna an' angels. Both arms wuz covered with snakes an' Bleedin' Hearts. On her hips I had pitchers o' Teddy Roosevelt an' Admiral Dewey. She was a sight for sore eyes!

CARRIE—Did you ever get your money outa her?

SAILOR WEST—Did I! Mamie went out that season an' done me proud—wuz th' hit o' the midway. An' ever' week she worked she sends me an A. B. A. fer ten bucks. I reckon she'd be payin' me yet, ef she hadn't been bumped off in a wreck on th' Santa Fé outa El Paso six years ago. . . .

"COLONEL" GOWDY—Nifty, as I always say, girls are like street-cars—miss one and there'll be another along in a minute. *By Kenyon Nicholson, New York, 1927.*

"THE SILVER CORD"

MRS. PHELPS—Perhaps you scoff at mother's love?

CHRISTINA—Not if it's kept within bounds. I hope my baby loves me. I'm practically certain I'm going to love my baby. But within bounds.

MRS. PHELPS—And what do you mean by "within bounds"?

CHRISTINA—To love my baby with as much and as deep respect as I expect my baby to feel for me if I deserve its respect. To love my baby unpossessively, above all, unromantically. *By Sidney Howard, New York, 1926.*

"TOMMY"

DAVID TUTTLE—A marriage license is like a gun—if you carry it around for a long time you are bound to use it.

By Howard Lindsay and Bertrand Robinson, New York, 1927.

"THE MIRACULOUS GRANDMOTHER"

MARIKA—You know, grandmother, when you were young, marriage was more in vogue than love, and the girls married to please their parents. To-day—they love to please themselves. *By Lily Hartvany, Budapest, 1927.*

When Trade Was Young and Romantic

II

The Pax Romana

What could be better or more profitable than the present state of affairs? Now any man can go whither he pleases with absolute confidence, the harbours all over the empire are full of business, even the mountains are as safe for those who journey over them as the cities are to those who dwell in them. . . . So many are the merchant vessels that arrive here, that Rome has practically become a common workshop for the whole world. . . . There are always ships putting into or sailing out of the harbour.

Aristides (*Speech before Marcus Aurelius, 2nd Century*).

Transportation Cost in the Price of Frankincense

The incense, after being collected (in Arabia), is carried on camels' backs to Sabota, of which place a single gate is left open for its admission. . . . At this place the priests take by measure, and not by weight, a tenth part in honour of their god. . . . There are also certain portions of the frankincense which are given to the priests and king's secretaries: and in addition to these, the keepers of it, as well as the soldiers who guard it, the gate-keepers and various other workmen, have their share as well. And then besides, all along the route, there is at one place water to pay for, at another fodder, lodging of the stations and various taxes and imposts besides; the consequence of which is, that the expense of each camel before it arrives at the shores of our sea (the Mediterranean) is 688 denarii; after all this, too, there are certain payments still to be made to the farmers of the revenue of our empire.

Hence a pound of the best incense sells at 6 denarii, ($1.02) of the second quality at 5, and of the third quality at 3 denarii. Pliny.

An Emperor Scolds the Ladies

If a reform is in truth intended, where must it begin? and how am I to restore the simplicity of ancient times? . . . How shall we reform the taste for dress? . . . How are we to deal with the peculiar articles of feminine vanity, and in particular with that rage for jewels and precious trinkets, which drains the empire of its wealth, and sends, in exchange for baubles, the money of the Commonwealth to foreign nations, and even to the enemies of Rome? Tiberius (*Letter to Roman Senate, 22 A. D.*).

Constantinople, Gateway of the Orient

When the gates of the Hellespont and Bosphorus were shut, the capital still enjoyed within their spacious enclosure every production which could supply the wants, or gratify the luxury, of its numerous inhabitants. The sea-coasts of Thrace and Bithynia, which languished under the weight of Turkish oppression, still exhibited a rich prospect of vineyards, of gardens, and of plentiful harvests; and the Propontis has ever been renowned for an inexhaustible store of the most exquisite fish, that are taken in their stated seasons, without skill, and almost without labour. But when the passages of the straits were thrown open for trade, they alternately admitted the natural and artificial riches of the North and South, of the Euxine, and of the Mediterranean. Whatever rude commodities were collected in the forests of Germany and Scythia, and far as the sources of the Tanais

and the Borysthenes; whatsoever was manufactured by the skill of Europe or Asia; the corn of Egypt, and the gems and spices of the farthest India, were brought by the varying winds into the port of Constantinople, which for many ages attracted the commerce of the ancient world. GIBBON.

JUDGING AN UNKNOWN NATION BY ITS MONEY

And so this island Sielediba (Ceylon), placed in the midst of India, which produces the hyacinthus, receives goods from all markets and ships to all, being itself a very great market. And there came thither on matters of trade one from our own parts, named Sopater, who died about thirty-five years ago. And his business took him to the island of Taprobane, where it happened that a vessel arrived at the same time from Persia, and there landed together those from Adulis, among whom was Sopater, and those from Persia, among whom was an ambassador of the Persians. And so, as the custom was, the captains and tax-collectors receiving them, brought them before the king. And being admitted into the presence of the king, after they had offered the proper homage, he bade them be seated. And then he asked them: "How goes it with your countries, and how with your trade and commerce?" "Excellently well," they said. Replying, the king asked, "Who, of your kings, is the greatest and most powerful?" Without delay the Persian answered, "Ours is the most powerful, the greatest and the richest; he is the king of kings; and he has power to do whatever he wills." But Sopater was silent. Then said the king, "You, Roman, have you nothing to say?" And Sopater replied, "What have I to say, when this man says such things? If you wish to learn the truth, you have both kings here; examine them, and you will see which one is the most magnificent and the most powerful." But the king was amazed at this speech, and said, "How have I both kings here?" and he answered, "You have the money of both; you have the gold coin of the one king, and the drachma of the other . . . ; compare the images of both, and you will see the truth." . . . Now the gold coin was bright and well-shaped; for thus are the best exported thither; and the drachma was of silver, and I need hardly say, not to be compared with the gold coin. The king looked at both obverse and reverse, and then at the other; and held forth the gold coin with admiration, saying, "Truly, the Romans are magnificent and powerful and wise. . . ." And he commanded that Sopater should be be treated with honour; that he should be seated upon an elephant, and led around the whole city with drums, and acclaimed. *Cosmos Indicopleustes* (*6th Century*).

CHARLEMAGNE AND THE SAXON MERCHANTS

There was a rage among Saxon men and women, too, for foreign pilgrimages. . . . Among these travelers were some whose object was traffic, probably in the portable articles of jewelry for which the Saxon goldsmiths were famous throughout Europe. It seems probable that some of these merchants were accustomed to adopt the pilgrims' character and habit in order to avail themselves of the immunities and hospitalities accorded to them. . . . . This, probably, is the explanation of the earliest extant document bearing on Saxon commerce, which is a letter from the Emperor Charlemagne to Offa, King of the Mercians, in which he says: "Concerning the strangers, who, for the love of God and the salvation of their souls, wish to repair to the thresholds of the blessed Apostles, let them travel in peace without any trouble; nevertheless, if any are found among them not in the service of religion, but in the pursuit of gain, let them pay the established duties at the proper places. We also will that merchants shall have lawful protection in our kingdom; and if they are in any place unjustly aggrieved, let them apply to us or our judges, and we shall take care that ample justice be done them." This latter clause seems clearly to imply that English merchants in their acknowledged character were also to be found in the dominions of the great Emperor. EDWARD L. CUTTS.

IN ANCIENT MALABAR

Thence is seven days' journey to Khulam (Quilon) which is the beginning of the country of the Sun-worshipers. These are the sons of Cush, who read the stars and are all black in colour. They are honest in commerce. When merchants come to them from distant lands and enter the harbour, three of the king's secretaries go down to them and record their

names, and then bring them before the King, whereupon the King makes himself responsible even for their property which they leave in the open unprotected. There is an official who sits in his office, and the owner of any lost property has only to describe it to him when he hands it back. This custom prevails in all that country. From Passover to New Year, that is all during the summer, no man can go out of his house because of the sun, for the heat in that country is intense, and from the third hour of the day onward, everybody remains in his house until evening. Then they go forth and kindle lights in all the market-places and all the streets, and then do their work and business at night-time. For they have to turn night into day in consequence of the great heat of the sun.

BENJAMIN OF TUDELA. (SCHOFF.)

SHEEP MUST BE PROTECTED TO GIVE GOOD SHEARING

In 1200, King John declared that "all merchants, of what nation soever, should, with their merchandise, have safe-conduct to pass into England, and to repass thence, and to enjoy in that country the same peace and security as the merchants of England were allowed in the countries from which such merchants came." W. C. HAZLITT.

TREASURES OF ANCIENT KHITAI

To this city (*the old capital of the Great Khan—Genghis*) everything that is most rare and valuable in all parts of the world finds its way; and more especially does this apply to India, which furnishes precious stones, pearls, and various drugs and spices. From the provinces of Cathay itself, as well as from the other provinces of the Empire, whatever there is of value is brought here, to supply the demands of those multitudes who are induced to establish their residence in the vicinity of the court. The quantity of merchandise sold exceeds also the traffic of any other place; for no fewer than a thousand carriages and pack-horses, loaded with raw silk, make their daily entry; and gold tissues and silks of various kinds are manufactured to an immense extent. MARCO POLO.

THE MERCHANT MARINE OF THIRTEENTH-CENTURY CHINA

The ships in which merchants go to and fro amongst the Isles of India, are of fir timber. They have but one deck, though each of them contains some 50 or 60 cabins, wherein the merchants abide greatly at their ease, every man having one to himself. . . . Each of their great ships requires at least 200 mariners, some of them 300. They are indeed of great size, for one ship shall carry 5,000 or 6,000 baskets of pepper; and they used formerly to be larger than they are now. . . . MARCO POLO.

AN ARAB ACCOUNT OF MEDIEVAL MALABAR

Maabar extends in length from Quilon to Nellore, nearly 300 parasangs along the sea-coast. The curiosities of Chin and Machin, and the beautiful products of Hind and Sind, laden on large ships which they call *Junks*, sailing like mountains with the wings of the wind on the surface of the water, are always arriving there. The wealth of the Isles of the Persian Gulf in particular, and in part the beauty and adornment of other countries, from Irak and Khurasan as far as Rum and Europe, are derived from Maabar, which is so situated as to be the key of Hind. WASSAF (YULE).

THE WORLD BAZAAR OF ORMUZ

At length you reach the border of the ocean, where, upon an island, at no great distance from the shore, stands a city named Ormus,* whose port is frequented by traders from all parts of India, who bring spices and drugs, precious stones, pearls, gold tissues, elephants'

**An island and former city near the entrance to the Persian Gulf: the town was once the emporium for all the "wealth of the Indies," but is now a few scattered ruins:*

"High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus." (Milton.)

teeth, and various other articles of merchandise. These they dispose of to a different set of traders, by whom they are dispersed throughout the world. This city, indeed, is eminently commercial, has towns and castles dependent upon it, and is esteemed the principal place in the kingdom of Kierman. . . .

MARCO POLO

TRADE GETS A GUIDE OVER OCEAN AND WILDERNESS

It is perhaps impossible to ascertain the epoch when the polarity of the magnet was first known in Europe. . . . Guiot de Provins, a French poet who lived about the year 1200, or at the latest, under St. Louis, describes it in the most unequivocal language. . . . For some time, perhaps, even this wonderful improvement in the art of navigation might not be universally adopted by vessels sailing within the Mediterranean, and accustomed to their old system of observations. But when it became more established, it naturally inspired a more fearless spirit of adventure. It was not, as has been mentioned, till the beginning of the fourteenth century, that the Genoese and other nations around that inland sea steered into the Atlantic ocean towards England and Flanders. This intercourse with the northern countries enlivened their trade with the Levant by the exchange of productions which Spain and Italy do not supply, and enriched the merchants by means of whose capital the exports of London and of Alexandria were conveyed into each other's harbours.

HENRY HALLAM.

SOVEREIGN TRADERS OF THE HANSA TOWNS

And now that we have gone the complete circle, what do we find? That the Hanse is a combination of German towns, from seventy to ninety all told; that its center of power is Lübeck; that it has a monopoly of the trade with Russia; that it has Denmark and the Sound in its power; that it has a monopoly in Iceland; that it drives the English from Bergen; that it has command of the sea-carriage of the north, the source of sea-power before steam, and the boundless wealth of its sea-fisheries, that it influences the commerce and politics of Flanders; that it has . . . a favoured position in England, not only over foreigners but over Englishmen; that it has a preference in Venice; and that it pushes a trade route through Hungary and the Balkans to Constantinople. "While this federal union was strictly preserved," says Adam Anderson, "the Hanseatics were in a manner actual sovereigns of these northern seas, as well without as within the Baltic; and their ships being very large, they became the general carriers for a great part of Europe, and their huge vessels were, moreover, often hired by princes in their wars." This is only part of the truth. We shall see the League enthroning and dethroning kings, Danish and English, blockading and boycotting towns and whole countries, holding fortified places, and keeping one of the gates of London, setting afoot invasions and revolutions, standing behind governments and monopolizing the trade of nations. And the main theatre of the rise and decline of this great and mysterious power will be England. England raised them on high, and England threw them down. IAN D. COLVIN.

VENICE MISTRESS OF EASTERN COMMERCE

The fourteenth century opens the era of the oligarchy. Venice had made peace with the only rival (Genoa) that could challenge her maritime supremacy. She had not yet entangled herself in an aggressive continental policy. . . . The wealth of the Indies and of the far East flowed through her markets. Her merchants laid the known world under contribution. "By way of the Syrian ports and of Alexandria came the cloves, nutmegs, mace and ebony of the Moluccas; the sandalwood of Timor; the costly camphor of Borneo; the benzoin of Sumatra and Java; the aloes wood of Cochin China; the perfumes, gums, spices, silks and innumerable curiosities of China, Japan and Siam; the rubies of Pegu; the fine fabrics of Coromandel; the richer stuffs of Bengal; the spikenard of Nepaul and Bhutan; the diamonds of Golconda; the Damascus steel of Nirmul; the pearls, sapphires, topazes and cinnamon of Ceylon; the pepper, ginger and satin wood of Malabar; the lac, agates and sumptuous brocades and jewelry of Cambay; the costus and graven vessels, wrought arms and broidered shawls of Cashmere; the bdellium of Scinde; the musk of Thibet; the galbanum of Khorossan; the asafœtida of Afghanistan; the sagapenum of Persia; the

ambergris, civet and ivory from Zanzibar; the myrrh, balsam and frankincense of Zeila, Berbera and Shehr." (*Birdwood: Report on the Old Records of the India Office.*) The bare recital of this catalogue has the effect of a poem, and fills the imagination with visions of Oriental splendour. THOMAS SKEY.

DOGE MOCENIGO'S DEATHBED BOAST

"In my time 4,000,000 ducats of the public Debt have been paid off, though 6,000,000 more remain, the latter sum being contracted for the wars of Padua, Vicenza and Verona. . . . Our city at present sends abroad for purposes of trade in various parts of the world 10,000,000 a year, of which the interest is not less than 2,000,000. In this city there are 3,000 small vessels which carry 17,000 seamen; 300 large ships carrying 8,000 seamen, and every year 45 galleys and dromons are launched for the protection of commerce, which have employed in building 11,000 mariners, 3,000 carpenters, 3,000 caulkers. Of silkcloth weavers there are 3,000; of manufacturers of fustian 16,000. The houses are estimated as worth 7,050,000 ducats. Their rents amount to 150,000. We find 1,000 gentlemen with incomes varying between 700 and 4,000 ducats a year. If you continue in this way you will multiply more and more and will become masters both of wealth and all Christendom. Everyone will fear you. But I beseech you, avoid as you would fire, seizing what belongs to others and engaging in unjust wars, for in such wars God will not support princes."

1423 A. D. (SELFRIDGE).

A GEOGRAPHY LESSON THAT SPELLED RUIN

"All Venice was alarmed and amazed (*at the discovery of the passage to India and the Cape of Good Hope, 1486*) and the wiser heads took it for the worst news that could have reached us. For everyone knows that Venice has reached her commanding prestige and wealth solely by her mercantile marine, which brought in every year great store of spices, so that foreign merchants flocked to buy; and their presence and their business left us a large profit. But now by this new route the spices of the East will be carried to Lisbon, where Hungarians, Germans, Flemish, and French will go to purchase them, as they will be cheaper there than here. For the spices which reach Venice have to pass through Syria and the territories of the Soldan, and everywhere they have to pay such exorbitant duties that by the time they reach Venice what cost a ducat to purchase will have to be sold for eighty or a hundred ducats. The sea route, on the other hand, is free from these burdens, and the Portuguese can sell at a lower rate. While the better heads see this, others refuse to believe the news, while others again declare that the King of Portugal cannot keep up this trade to Calicut, for out of thirteen carvels which he sent out, only six have come back safe, and so the loss will exceed the gain, nor can he easily find men to risk their lives in so long and perilous a voyage; again, it is urged that the Soldan, when he realises the danger to his revenue, will take steps—and so on, and so on; seeking, as usual, to find out reasons to support their hopes, and refusing to hear and believe what is reported to their own hurt."

PRIULI.

Why did not Venice adopt the new trade route herself? . . . In the first place Gibraltar blocked her way. Spain would have stopped and taxed her there. Then she dared not offend the Soldan by brusquely abandoning the Syria route from which he was drawing revenue. Finally the Venetian build of ships was designed for the Mediterranean waters; it was not suited to the ocean. Venice could not or would not change her build. . . .

Edinburgh Review.

THE "GOLDEN COUNTING-HOUSE" OF THE FUGGERS WHEN AMERICA WAS DISCOVERED

Ceilings and walls were inlaid with rich panelling, whose carving of dark wood was overlaid again with glistening gold. The windows, broad rather than high, displayed in their small round panes magnificent paintings of varied tints; heavy-carved armchairs upholstered in red-flowered velvet lined the walls, and in one corner stood a large artistic safe with folding doors, which hid from view a part of the wealth of the Fuggers in the shape of specie, bonds, and bills of exchange.

The first object which struck the eye was Ulrich's desk standing by the middle window,

and supported on four seated lions in black, carved wood, inlaid with gold and mother-of-pearl. Above, and in the back of the table itself, the top of which was formed of marble, with veins of light green, white and black, were a number of small compartments with drawers, which, half open for the most part, revealed the seals of the documents they contained, hanging by ribbons of silk. The whole was crowned by the Fugger arms; the blue field of lapis lazuli, and the lilies of beaten gold. A lion's skin lay under the table, spread out upon the floor; a large arm-chair, upon the leather back of which the Fugger crest was embossed in gold, stood in front of the table.

Here Ulrich Fugger worked, and reigned supreme, here he received callers, here were elaborated far-reaching plans with the busy merchant princes of Augsburg. It was in this lovely chamber that many a noble, many a count bargained for a loan, and on Ulrich's desk subscribed the document wherein he mortgaged to the Augsburg weaver territory and dominion. *From a contemporary record.* H. GORDON SELFRIDGE.

ENGLISHMEN (AND WOMEN) DISCOVER "UNNECESSARY WARES"

Thus it was that the accession of Elizabeth found commerce leaving its old channels and stretching in a thousand new directions. While the fishing trade was ruined by the change of creed, a taste came in for luxuries undreamt of in the simpler days which were passing away. Statesmen accustomed to rule the habits of private life with sumptuary laws, and to measure the imports of the realm by their own conceptions of the necessities of the people, took alarm at the inroads upon established ways and usages, and could see only "a most lamentable spoil to the realm, in the over quantity of *unnecessary wares* brought into the port of London."

From India came perfume, spices, rice, cotton, indigo, and precious stones; from Persia and Turkey carpets, velvets, satins, damasks, cloth of gold, and silk robes "wrought in divers colours." Russia gave its ermines and sables, its wolf and bear skins, its tallow, flax, and hemp, its steel and iron, its ropes, cables, pitch, tar, masts for ships, and even deal boards. The New World sent over sugar, rare woods, gold, silver, and pearls; and these, with the pomegranates, lemons, and oranges, the silks and satins, the scented soaps and oils, and the fanciful variety of ornaments which was imported from the south of Europe, shocked the austere sense of the race of Englishmen who had been bred up in an age when heaven was of more importance than earthly pleasure. Fathers were filled with panic for the morals of their children, and statesmen trembled before the imminent ruin of the realm.

FROUDE.

THE GREAT QUEEN DOES HER BIT FOR HER MERCHANT ADVENTURERS

"Elizabethe, by the Grace of God, Queene of England, Fraunce and Ireland, Defender of the Faithe, &c—to the greate and mightie Kinge, . . . our lovinge Brother, greetinge.

". . . His Divine Majesty having so ordeyned, that no one place should enjoy all things apperteyninge to man's use, but that one countrie should have nede of another, and out of the aboundance of the fruits which some region enjoyeth, that the necessities or wants of another should be supplied.

". . . This consideration, most noble Kinge, together with the honourable report of your Majestie for the well enterteyninge of straungers which visitt your countrie in love and peace . . . have moved us to give license to divers of our subjects, who have bene stirred upp with a desire . . . to finde out and visitt your territories . . . it may appeare to your Majestie that, by their meanes, you may be furnished, in their next retourne into your portes, in better sort than you have bene heretofore supplied, either by the Spainyard or Portugale, who, of all other nations in the partes of Europe, have onlie hetherto frequented your countries with trade of merchandise, and have bene the onlie impediments, both to our subjects, and diverse other merchants in the portes of Europe, that they have not hitherto visited your countrie with trade, whilest the said Portugals pretended themselves to be the Soveraigne lordes and princes of all your territories, and gave it out that they held your nation and people as subjects to them, and in their stiles and titles do write themselves Kinges of the East-Indies." *Letter to be delivered to Various Native Princes.*

JOHN BRUCE.

The Great Mogul to James I. of England (March, 1615)

"Unto a King rightly descended from his ancestors, bred in military affairs, and clothed with honour and justice, a commander worthy of all command, strong and constant in the religion which the great Prophet Christ did teach King James, whose love hath bred such impression in my thoughts as shall never be forgotten, but as the smell of amber or as a garden of fragrant flowers whose beauty and odour are still increasing, so be assured my love shall grow and increase with yours . . . And for your merchants I have given express order through all my countries to suffer them to sell, buy, transport and carry away at their pleasure without the let or hindrance of any person whatsoever, all such goods and merchandise or other things as they shall desire to buy." F. G. T. Danvers.

Stirring the British Lion's Imagination

One Tomson a Jesuit showed me such a collection of rarities, sent from the Jesuits of Japan and China to their Order in Paris, as a present to be reserved in their repository, but brought to London by the East India ships for them, as in my life I had not seen. The chief things were rhinoceroses' horns, glorious vests, wrought and embroidered on cloth of gold, but with such lively colours, that for splendour and vividness we have nothing in Europe that approaches it; a girdle studded with agates and rubies of great value and size; knives, of so keen an edge as one could not touch them, nor was the metal of our colour, but more pale and livid; fans like those our ladies use, but much larger and with long handles, curiously carved and filled with Chinese characters; a sort of paper, very broad, thin, and fine, like abortive parchment and exquisitely polished, of an amber yellow, exceeding glorious and pretty to look on, and seeming to be like that which my Lord Verulam describes in his Nova Atlantis; several other sorts of paper, some written, others printed; prints of landscapes, their idols, saints, and pagods, of most ugly serpentine monstrous and hideous shapes, to which they paid devotion; pictures of men and countries, rarely painted on a sort of gummed calico, transparent as glass; flowers, trees, beasts, birds, &c., excellently wrought in a kind of sleeve silk, very natural; . . . with innumerable other rarities.

John Evelyn (1664).

He Didn't Miss Much

To Erith; where after making a little visit to Madam Williams, she did give me information of W. Horne's having brought eight bags of precious stones taken from about the Dutch Vice-admirall's neck, of which there were eight dyamonds, which cost him 4,000 sterling in India, and hoped to have made 12,000 here for them. . . . So I on board my Lord Brouncker; and there he and Sir Edmund Pooly carried me down into the hold of the India shipp, and there did show me the greatest wealth lie in confusion that a man can see in the world. Pepper scattered through every chink, you trod upon it; and in cloves and nutmegs I walked above the knees; whole rooms full, and silk in bales, and boxes of copperplate, one of which I saw opened. Samuel Pepys.

A French Plea for a Place in the Rising Sun

. . . Now of all commerce whatsoever throughout the whole world, that of the East-Indies is one of the most Rich and Considerable. From thence it is (the Sun being kinder to them than to us) that we have our Merchandize of greatest value, and that which contributes the most not onely to the Pleasure of Life, but also to Glory and Magnificence. From thence it is, that we fetch our Gold, and Precious-stones, and a thousand other Commodities . . . to which we are so accustomed, that it is impossible for us to be without them; as Silk, Cinamone, Pepper, Ginger, Nutmegs, Cotton Clothes, Ouate (vulgarly Watting), Pourcelain, Woods for dying, Ivory, Frankincense, Bezoar, &c . . . Why should the Portuguez, the Hollanders, the English, the Danes trade daily to the East-Indies, possessing there their Magazins and their Forts; and the French neither the one nor the other? *A Treatise Touching the East India Trade, 1676.*

(*To be continued.*)

How We Made Tono-Bungay Hum

By H. G. WELLS

SO I made my peace with my uncle, and we set out upon this bright enterprise of selling slightly injurious rubbish at one-and-three-halfpence and two-and-nine a bottle, including the Government stamp. We made Tono-Bungay hum! It brought us wealth, influence, respect, the confidence of endless people. All that my uncle promised me proved truth and understatement; Tono-Bungay carried me to freedoms and powers that no life of scientific research, no passionate service of humanity could ever have given me. . . .

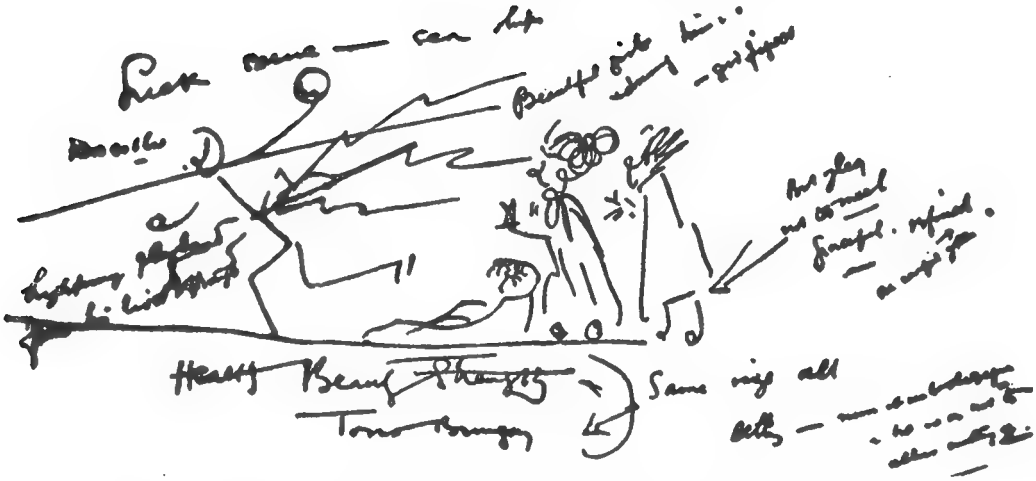
It was my uncle's genius that did it. No doubt he needed me,—I was, I will admit, his indispensable right hand; but his was the brain to conceive. He wrote every advertisement; some of them even he sketched. You must remember that his were the days before the *Times* took to enterprise and the vociferous hawking of that antiquated *Encyclopædia*. That alluring, button-holing, let-me-just-tell-you-quite-soberly-something-you-ought-to-know style of newspaper advertisement, with every now and then a convulsive jump of some attractive phrase into capitals, was then almost a novelty. "Many people who are MODERATELY well think they are QUITE WELL," was one of his early efforts. The jerks in capitals were, "DO NOT NEED DRUGS OR MEDICINE," and "SIMPLY A PROPER REGIMEN TO GET YOU IN TONE." One was warned against the chemist or druggist who pushed "much-advertised nostrums" on one's attention. That trash did more harm than good. The thing needed was regimen—and Tono-Bungay!

Very early, too, was that bright little quarter column, at least it was usually a quarter column in the evening papers: "HILARITY—TONO-BUNGAY. Like Mountain Air in the Veins." The penetrating trio of questions: "Are you bored with your Business? Are you bored with your Dinner? Are you bored with your Wife?" —that, too, was in our Gower Street days. Both these we had in our first campaign when we worked London south, central, and west; and then, too, we had our first poster,—the HEALTH, BEAUTY, AND STRENGTH one. That was his design; I happen still to have got by me the first sketch he made for it. I have reproduced it here with one or two others to enable the reader to understand the mental quality that initiated these familiar ornaments of London. (The second one is about eighteen months later, the germ of the well-known "Fog" poster; the third was designed for an influenza epidemic, but never issued.)

These things were only incidental in my department. I had to polish them up for the artist and arrange the business of printing and distribution, and after my uncle had had a violent and needless quarrel with the advertising manager of the *Daily Regulator* about the amount of display given to one of his happy thoughts, I also took up the negotiations of advertisements for the press.

We discussed and worked out distribution together—first in the drawing-room floor in Gower Street with my aunt sometimes helping very shrewdly, and then, with a steadily improving type of cigar and older and older whisky, in his snuggery at their first house, the one in Beckenham. Often we worked far into the night—sometimes until dawn.

We really worked infernally hard, and, I recall, we worked with a very decided enthusiasm, not simply on my uncle's part but mine. It was a game, an absurd but absurdly interesting game, and the points were scored in cases of bottles. People think a happy notion is enough to make a man rich, that fortunes can be made without toil. It's a dream, as every millionaire (except one or two lucky gamblers) can testify; I doubt if J. D. Rockefeller, in the early days of Standard Oil, worked harder than we did. We worked far into the night —and we also worked all day. We made a rule to be always dropping in at the factory unannounced to keep things right—for at



HEALTH, BEAUTY, STRENGTH—AND TONO-BUNGAY

first we could afford no properly responsible underlings—and we traveled London, pretending to be our own representatives and making all sorts of special arrangements.

But none of this was my special work, and as soon as we could get other men in, I dropped the traveling, though my uncle found it particularly interesting and kept it up for years. "Does me good, George, to see the chaps behind their counters like I was once," he explained. My special and distinctive duty was to give Tono-Bungay substance and an outward and visible bottle, to translate my uncle's great imaginings into the creation of case after case of labelled bottles of nonsense, and the punctual discharge of them by railway, road and steamer toward their ultimate goal in the Great Stomach of the People. By all modern standards the business was, as my uncle would say, "absolutely *bona fide*." We sold our stuff and got the money, and spent the money honestly in lies and clamour to sell more stuff. Section by section we spread it over the whole of the British Isles; first working the middle-class London suburbs, then the outer suburbs, then the home counties, then going (with new bills and a more pious style of "ad") into Wales, a great field always for a new patent-medicine, and then into Lancashire. My uncle had in his inner office a big map of England, and as we took up fresh sections of the local press and our consignments invaded new areas, flags for advertisements and pink underlines for orders showed our progress.

"The romance of modern commerce, George!" my uncle would say, rubbing his hands together and drawing in air through his teeth. "The romance of modern commerce, eh? Conquest. Province by province. Like sogers."

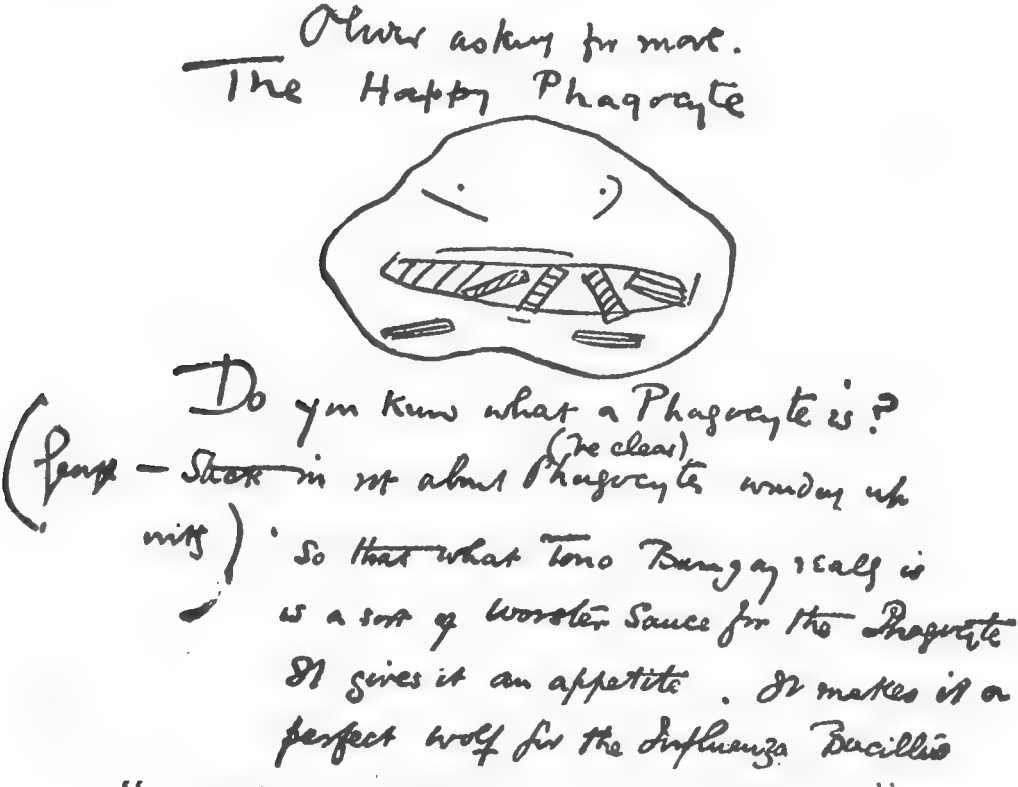
We subjugated England and Wales; we rolled over the Cheviots with a special adaptation containing eleven per cent. of absolute alcohol; "Tono-Bungay: Thistle Brand." We also had the Fog poster adapted to a kilted Briton in a misty Highland scene.

Under the shadow of our great leading line we were presently taking subsidiary specialties into action; "Tono-Bungay Hair Stimulant" was our first supplement. Then came "Concentrated Tono-Bungay" for the eyes. That didn't go, but we had a considerable success with the Hair Stimulant. We broached the subject, I remember, in a little catechism beginning: "Why does the hair fall out? Because the follicles are fagged. What are the follicles? . . ." So it went on to the climax that the Hair Stimulant contained all "the essential principles of that most reviving tonic, Tono-Bungay, together with an emollient and nutritious oil derived from crude Neat's Foot Oil by a process of refinement, separation and deodorization. . . . It will be manifest to any one of scientific attainments that in Neat's Foot Oil derived from the hoofs and horns of beasts, we must necessarily have a *natural* skin and hair lubricant."

And we also did admirable things with our next subsidiaries, "Tono-Bungay Lozenges," and "Tono-Bungay Chocolate." These we urged upon the public for their extraordinary nutritive and recuperative value in cases of fatigue and strain. We gave them posters and illustrated advertisements showing climbers hanging from

Arms folded on chest.
Just so much waist your figure
Good legs. Strong in shins. Big strides
does not mind a fog.—or any sort of weather
Tono Bungay my dear

THE GREAT MAN'S DIAGRAM FOR AN EPOCH-MAKING AD.


The Happy Phagocyte
Do you know what a Phagocyte is?
So that what Tono Bungay really is
is a sort of Worcester Sauce for the Phagocyte
It gives it an appetite. It makes it a
perfect wolf for the Influenza Bacillus

"... DESIGNED FOR AN INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC"

marvellously vertical cliffs, cyclist champions upon the track, mounted messengers engaged in Aix-to-Ghent rides, soldiers lying out in action under a hot sun. "You can GO for twenty-four hours," we declared, "on Tono-Bungay Chocolate." We didn't say whether you could return on the same commodity. We also showed a dreadfully barristerish barrister, wig, side-whiskers, teeth, a horribly life-like portrait of all existing barristers, talking at a table, and beneath, this legend: "A Four-Hours' Speech on Tono-Bungay Lozenges, and as fresh as when he began." That brought in regiments of school-teachers, revivalist ministers, politicians and the like. I really do believe there was an element of "kick" in the strychnine in these lozenges, especially in those made according to our earlier formula. For we altered all our formulæ—invariably weakening them enormously as sales got ahead.

In a little while—so it seems to me now—we were employing travellers and opening up Great Britain at the rate of a hundred square miles a day. All the organization throughout was sketched in a crude, entangled, half-inspired fashion by my uncle, and all of it had to be worked out into a practicable scheme of quantities and expenditure by me. We had a lot of trouble finding our travellers; in the end at least half of them were Irish-Americans, a wonderful breed for selling medicine. We had still more trouble over our factory manager, because of the secrets of the inner room, and in the end we got a very capable woman, Mrs. Hampton Diggs, who had formerly managed a large millinery workroom, whom we could trust to keep everything in good working order without finding out anything that wasn't put exactly under her loyal and energetic nose. She conceived a high opinion of Tono-Bungay and took it in all forms and large quantities so long as I knew her. It didn't seem to do her any harm. And she kept the girls going quite wonderfully.

My uncle's last addition to the Tono-Bungay group was the Tono-Bungay Mouthwash. The reader has probably read a hundred times that inspiring inquiry of his, "You are Young Yet, but are you Sure Nothing has Aged your Gums?"

And after that we took over the agency for three or four good American lines that worked in with our own, and could be handled with it; Texan Embrocation, and "23—to clear the system" were the chief. . . .

I set down these bare facts. To me they are all linked with the figure of my uncle. In some of the old seventeenth and early eighteenth century prayer-books at Bladesover there used to be illustrations with long scrolls coming out of the mouths of the wood-cut figures. I wish I could write all this last chapter on a scroll coming out of the head of my uncle, show it all the time as unfolding and pouring out from a short, fattening, small-legged man with stiff cropped hair, disobedient glasses on a perky little nose, and a round stare behind them. I wish I could show you him breathing hard and a little through his nose as his pen scrabbled out some absurd inspiration for a poster or a picture page, and make you hear his voice, charged with solemn import like the voice of a squeaky prophet, saying, "George! list'n! I got an ideer. I got a notion, George!"

I should put myself into the same picture. Best setting for us, I think, would be the Beckenham snuggery, because there we worked hardest. It would be the lamplit room of the early nineties, and the clock upon the mantel would indicate midnight or later. We would be sitting on either side of the fire, I with a pipe, my uncle with a cigar or cigaret. There would be glasses standing inside the brass fender. Our expressions would be very grave. My uncle used to sit right back in his armchair; his toes always turned in when he was sitting down and his legs had a way of looking curved, as though they hadn't bones or joints but were stuffed with sawdust.

"George, whad'yer think of T. B. for sea-sickness?" he would say.

"No good that I can imagine."

"Oom! No harm *trying*, George. We can but try."

I would suck my pipe. "Hard to get at. Unless we sold our stuff specially at the docks. Might do a special at Cook's office, or in the Continental Bradshaw."

"It 'ud give 'em confidence, George."

He would Zzzz, with his glasses reflecting the red of the glowing coals.

"No good hiding our light under a bushel," he would remark. . . .

I never really determined whether my uncle regarded Tono-Bungay as a fraud, or whether he didn't come to believe in it in a kind of way by the mere reiteration of his own assertions. I think that his average attitude was one of kindly, almost parental, toleration. I remember saying on one occasion, "But you don't suppose this stuff ever did a human being the slightest good

at all?" and how his face assumed a look of protest, as of one reproving harshness and dogmatism.

"You've a hard nature, George," he said. "You're too ready to run things down. How can one *tell?* How can one venture to *tell?* . . ."

I suppose my creative and developing game would have interested me in those years. At any rate, I know I put as much zeal into this Tono-Bungay as any young lieutenant could have done who suddenly found himself in command of a ship. It was extraordinarily interesting to me to figure out the advantage accruing from this shortening of the process or that, and to weigh it against the capital cost of the alteration. I made a sort of machine for sticking on the labels, that I patented; to this day there is a little trickle of royalties to me from that. I also contrived to have our mixture made concentrated, got the bottles, which all came sliding down a guarded slant-way, nearly filled with distilled water at one tap, and dripped our magic ingredients in at the next. This was an immense economy of space for the inner sanctum. For the bottling we needed special taps, and these, too, I invented and patented.

We had a sort of endless band of bottles sliding along an inclined glass trough made slippery with running water. At one end a girl held them up to the light, put aside any that were imperfect and placed the others in the trough; the filling was automatic; at the other end a girl slipped in the cork and drove it home with a little mallet. Each tank, the little one for the vivifying ingredients and the big one for distilled water, had a level indicator, and inside I had a float arrangement that stopped the slide whenever either had sunk too low. Another girl stood ready with my machine to label the corked bottles and hand them to the three packers, who slipped them into their outer papers and put them, with a pad of corrugated paper between each pair, into a little groove from which they could be made to slide neatly into position in our standard packing-case. It sounds wild, I know, but I believe I was the first man in the city of London to pack patent medicines through the side of the packing-case, to discover there was a better way in than by the lid. Our cases packed themselves, practically; had only to be put into position on a little wheeled tray and when full pulled to the lift that dropped them to the men downstairs, who padded up the free space and nailed on top and side. Our girls, moreover, packed with corrugated paper and matchbox-wood box partitions when everybody else was using expensive young men to pack through the top of the box with straw, many breakages and much waste and confusion.

II

As I look back at them now, those energetic years seem all compacted to a year or so; from the days of our first hazardous beginning in Farringdon Street with barely a thousand pounds' worth of stuff or credit all told—and that got by something perilously like snatching—to the days when my uncle went to the public on behalf of himself and me (one-tenth share) and our silent partners, the drug wholesalers and the printing people and the owner of that group of magazines and newspapers, to ask with honest confidence for £150,000. Those silent partners were remarkably sorry, I know, that they had not taken larger shares and given us longer credit when the subscriptions came pouring in. My uncle had a clear half to play with (including the one-tenth understood to be mine).

£150,000—think of it!—for the good-will in a string of lies and a trade in bottles of mitigated water! Do you realize the madness of the world that sanctions such a thing? Perhaps you don't. At times use and wont certainly blinded me. If it had not been for Ewart, I don't think I should have had an inkling of the wonderfulness of this development of my fortunes; I should have grown accustomed to it, fallen in with all its delusions as completely as my uncle presently did. He was immensely proud of the flotation. "They've never been given such value," he said, "for a dozen years." But Ewart, with his gesticulating hairy hands and bony wrists, was single-handed chorus to all this as it plays itself over again in my memory, and he kept my fundamental absurdity illuminated for me during all this astonishing time.

"It's just on all fours with the rest of things," he remarked; "only more so. You needn't think you're anything out of the way."

I remember one disquisition very distinctly. It was just after Ewart had been to Paris on a mysterious expedition to "rough in" some work for a rising American sculptor. This young man had a commission for an allegorical figure of Truth

(draped, of course) for his State Capitol, and he needed help. Ewart had returned with his hair cut *en brosse* and with his costume completely translated into French. He wore, I remember, a bicycling suit of purplish-brown, baggy beyond imagining—the only creditable thing about it was that it had evidently not been made for him—a voluminous black tie, a decadent soft felt hat and several French expletives of a sinister description. "Silly clothes, aren't they?" he said at the sight of my startled eye. "I don't know why I got 'm. They seemed all right over there."

He had come down to our Raggett Street place to discuss a benevolent project of mine for a poster by him, and he scattered remarkable discourse over the heads (I hope it was over the heads) of our bottlers.

"What I like about it all, Ponderevo, is its poetry. . . . That's where we get the pull of the animals. No animal would ever run a factory like this. Think! . . . One remembers the Beaver, of course. He might very possibly bottle things, but would he stick a label round 'em and sell 'em? The Beaver is a dreamy fool, I'll admit, him and his dams, but after all there's a sort of protection about 'em, a kind of muddy practicality! They prevent things getting at him. And it's not your poetry only. It's the poetry of the customer too. Poet answering to poet—soul to soul. Health, Strength and Beauty—in a bottle—the magic philtre! Like a fairy tale. . . .

"Think of the people to whom your bottles of footle go! (I'm calling it footle, Ponderevo, out of praise," he said in parenthesis.)

"Think of the little clerks and jaded women and overworked people. People overstrained with wanting to do, people overstrained with wanting to be. . . . People, in fact, overstrained. . . . The real trouble of life, Ponderevo, isn't that we exist—that's a vulgar error; the real trouble is that we *don't* really exist, and we want to. That's what this—in the highest sense—muck stands for! The hunger to be—for once—really alive—to the finger tips! . . .

"Nobody wants to do and be the things people are—nobody. *You* don't want to preside over this—this bottling; *I* don't want to wear these beastly clothes and be led about by you; nobody wants to keep on sticking labels on silly bottles at so many farthings a gross. That isn't existing! That's—sus—*substratum*. None of us want to be what we are, or to do what we do. Except as a sort of basis. What do we want? *You* know. *I* know. Nobody confesses. What we all want to be is something perpetually young and beautiful—young Joves—young Joves, Ponderevo"—his voice became loud, harsh and declamatory—"pursuing coy, half-willing nymphs through everlasting forests." . . .

There was a just-perceptible listening hang in the work about us.

"Come downstairs," I interrupted, "we can talk better there."

"I can talk better here," he answered.

He was just going on, but fortunately the implacable face of Mrs. Hampton Diggs appeared down the aisle of bottling machines.

"All right," he said, "I'll come." . . .

In the little sanctum below, my uncle was taking a digestive pause after his lunch, and was by no means alert. His presence sent Ewart back to the theme of modern commerce, over the excellent cigar my uncle gave him. He behaved with the elaborate deference due to a business magnate from an unknown man.

"What I was pointing out to your nephew, sir," said Ewart, putting both elbows on the table, "was the poetry of commerce. He doesn't, you know, seem to see it at all."

My uncle nodded brightly. "What I tell 'im," he said round his cigar.

"We are artists. You and I, sir, can talk, if you will permit me, as one artist to another. It's advertisement has—done it. Advertisement has revolutionized trade and industry; it is going to revolutionize the world. The old merchant used to tote about commodities; the new one creates values. Doesn't need to tote. He takes something that isn't worth anything—or something that isn't particularly worth anything—and he makes it worth something. He takes mustard that is just like anybody else's mustard, and he goes about saying, shouting, singing, chalking on walls, writing inside people's books, putting it everywhere, 'Smith's Mustard is the Best.' And behold it *is* the Best!"

"True," said my uncle, chubbily and with a dreamy sense of mysticism; "true!"

"It's just like an artist; he takes a lump of white marble on the verge of a lime-kiln, he chips it about, he makes—he makes a monument to himself—and others—a monument the world will not willingly let die. Talking of mustard, sir, I was at Clapham Junction the other day, and all the banks are overgrown with horseradish that's got loose from a garden somewhere. You

know what horseradish is—grows like wildfire—spreads—spreads. I stood at the end of the platform looking at the stuff and thinking about it. 'Like fame,' I thought, 'rank and wild where it isn't wanted. Why don't the really good things in life grow like horseradish?' I thought. My mind went off in a peculiar way it does from that to the idea that mustard costs a penny a tin—I bought some the other day for a ham I had. It came into my head that it would be ripping good business to use horseradish to adulterate mustard. I had a sort of idea that I could plunge into business on that, get rich and come back to my own proper monumental art again. And then I said, 'But *why* adulterate? I don't like the idea of adulteration.'"

"Shabby," said my uncle, nodding his head. "Bound to get found out!"

"And totally unnecessary, too! Why not do up a mixture—three-quarters pounded horseradish and a quarter mustard—give it a fancy name—and sell it at twice the mustard price. See? I very nearly started the business straight away, only something happened. My train came along."

"Jolly good ideer," said my uncle. He looked at me. "That really *is* an ideer, George," he said.

"Take shavin's, again! You know that poem of Longfellow's sir, that sounds exactly like the first declension. What is it—'Man's a maker, men say!'"

My uncle nodded and gurgled some quotation that died away.

"Jolly good poem, George," he said in an aside to me.

"Well, it's about a carpenter and a poetic Victorian child, you know, and some shavin's. The child made no end out of the shavin's. So might you. Powder 'em. They might be anything. Soak 'em in jipper,—Xylo-tobacco! Powder 'em and get a little tar and turpentinous smell in,—wood-packing for hot baths—a Certain Cure for the scourge of Influenza! There's all these patent grain foods,—what Americans call cereals. I believe I'm right, sir, in saying they're sawdust."

"No!" said my uncle, removing his cigar; "as far as I can find out it's really grain,—spoilt grain. . . . I've been going into that."

"Well, there you are!" said Ewart. "Say it's spoilt grain. It carries out my case just as well. Your modern commerce is no more buying and selling than—sculpture. It's mercy—it's salvation. It's rescue work! It takes all sorts of fallen commodities by the hand and raises them. Cana isn't in it. You turn water—into Tono-Bungay."

"Tono-Bungay's all right," said my uncle, suddenly grave. "We aren't talking of Tono-Bungay."

"Your nephew, sir, is hard; he wants everything to go to a sort of predestinated end; he's a Calvinist of Commerce. Offer him a dustbin full of stuff; he calls it refuse—passes by on the other side. Now *you*, sir—you'd make cinders respect themselves."

My uncle regarded him dubiously for a moment. But there was a touch of appreciation in his eye.

"Might make 'em into a sort of sanitary brick," he reflected over his cigar end.

"Or a friable biscuit. Why *not?* You might advertise: 'Why are Birds so Bright? Because they digest their food perfectly! Why do they digest their food so perfectly? Because they have a gizzard! Why hasn't man a gizzard? Because he can buy Ponderevo's Ashpit Triturating, Friable Biscuit—Which is Better.'"

He delivered the last words in a shout, with his hairy hand flourished in the air. . . .

"Damn clever fellow," said my uncle, after he had gone. "I know a man when I see one. He'll do. Bit drunk, I should say. But that only makes some chaps brighter. If he *wants* to do that poster, he can. Zzzz. That ideer of his about the horseradish. There's something in that, George. I'm going to think over that. . . ."

I may say at once that my poster project came to nothing in the end, though Ewart devoted an interesting week to the matter. He let his unfortunate disposition to irony run away with him. He produced a picture of two beavers with a subtle likeness, he said, to myself and my uncle—the likeness to my uncle certainly wasn't half bad—and they were bottling rows and rows of Tono-Bungay, with the legend "Modern Commerce." It certainly wouldn't have sold a case, though he urged it on me one cheerful evening on the ground that it would "arouse curiosity." In addition he produced a quite shocking study of my uncle, excessively and needlessly nude, but, so far as I was able to judge, an admirable likeness, engaged in feats of strength of a Gargantuan type before an audience of deboshed and shattered ladies. The legend, "Health, Beauty, Strength," below, gave a needed point to his parody. This he hung up in the studio over the oil shop, with a flap of brown paper by way of a curtain over it to accentuate its libellous offence.

Trilby

By GEORGE DU MAURIER

George du Maurier

Illustrated by the Author

PART SEVENTH

NEXT morning our three friends lay late abed, and breakfasted in their rooms.

They had all three passed "white nights"— even the Laird, who had tossed about and pressed a sleepless pillow till dawn, so excited had he been by the wonder of Trilby's reincarnation, so perplexed by his own doubts as to whether it was really Trilby or not.

And certain haunting tones of her voice, that voice so cruelly sweet (which clove the stillness with a clang so utterly new, so strangely heart-piercing and seductive, that the desire to hear it once more became nostalgic—almost an ache!), certain bits and bars and phrases of the music she had sung, unspeakable felicities and facilities of execution; sudden warmths, fragrances, tendernesses, graces, depths, and breadths; quick changes from grave to gay, from rough to smooth, from great metallic brazen clangours to soft golden suavities; all the varied modes of sound we try so vainly to borrow from vocal nature by means of wind and reed and string—all this new "Trilbyness" kept echoing in his brain all night (for he was of a nature deeply musical), and sleep had been impossible to him.

> "As when we dwell upon a word we know,
> Repeating, till the word we know so well
> Becomes a wonder, and we know not why,"

so dwelt the Laird upon the poor old tune "Ben Bolt," which kept singing itself over and over again in his tired consciousness, and maddened him with novel, strange, unhackneyed, unsuspected beauties such as he had never dreamed of in any earthly music.

It had become a wonder, and he knew not why!

They spent what was left of the morning at the Louvre, and tried to interest themselves in the "Marriage of Cana," and the "Woman at the Well," and Van Dyck's man with the glove, and the little princess of Velasquez, and Lisa Gioconda's smile: it was of no use trying. There was no sight worth looking at in all Paris but Trilby in her golden raiment; no other princess in the world; no smile but hers, when through her parted lips came bubbling Chopin's Impromptu. They had not long to stay in Paris, and they must drink of that bubbling fountain once more—*coûte que coûte!* They went to the Salle des Bashibazoucks, and found that all seats all over the house had been taken for days and weeks; and the "queue" at the door had already begun! and they had to give up all hopes of slaking this particular thirst.

Then they went and lunched perfunctorily, and talked desultorily over lunch, and read criticisms of la Svengali's début in the morning papers—a chorus of journalistic acclamation gone mad, a frenzied eulogy in every key—but nothing was good enough for them! Brand-new words were wanted—another language!

Then they wanted a long walk, and could think of nowhere to go in all Paris—that immense Paris, where they had promised themselves to see so much that the week they were to spend there had seemed too short!

Looking in a paper, they saw it announced that the band of the Imperial Guides

would play that afternoon in the Pré Catelan, Bois de Boulogne, and thought they might as well walk there as anywhere else, and walk back again in time to dine with the Passefils—a prandial function which did not promise to be very amusing; but still it was something to kill the evening with, since they couldn't go and hear Trilby again.

Outside the Pré Catelan they found a crowd of cabs and carriages, saddle-horses and grooms. One might have thought one's self in the height of the Paris season. They went in, and strolled about here and there, and listened to the band, which was famous (it has performed in London at the Crystal Palace), and they looked about and studied life, or tried to.

Suddenly they saw, sitting with three ladies (one of whom, the eldest, was in black), a very smart young officer, a guide, all red and green and gold, and recognized their old friend Zouzou. They bowed, and he knew them at once, and jumped up and came to them and greeted them warmly, especially his old friend Taffy, whom he took to his mother—the lady in black—and introduced to the other ladies, the younger of whom was so lamentably, so pathetically plain that it would be brutal to attempt the cheap and easy task of describing her. It was Miss Lavinia Hunks, the famous American millionairess, and her mother. Then the good Zouzou came back and talked to the Laird and Little Billee.

Zouzou, in some subtle and indescribable way, had become very ducal indeed.

He looked extremely distinguished, for one thing, in his beautiful guide's uniform, and was most gracefully and winningly polite. He inquired warmly after Mrs. and Miss Bagot, and begged Little Billee would recall him to their amiable remembrance when he saw them again. He expressed most sympathetically his delight to see Little Billee looking so strong and so well (Little Billee looked like a pallid little washed-out ghost, after his white night).

They talked of Dodor. He said how attached he was to Dodor, and always should be; but Dodor, it seemed, had made a great mistake in leaving the army and going into a retail business (*petit commerce*). He had done for himself—*dégringolé!* He should have stuck to the *dragons*—with a little patience and good conduct he would have "won his epaulet"—and then one might have arranged for him a good little marriage—*un parti convenable*—for he was "très joli garçon, Dodor! bonne tournure—

"PŒNA, PEDE CLAUDO"

et très gentiment né! C'est très ancien, les Rigolot—dans le Poitou, je crois—Lafarce, et tout ça; tout à fait bien!"

It was difficult to realize that this polished and discreet and somewhat patronizing young man of the world was the jolly dog who had gone after Little Billee's hat on all fours in the Rue Vieille des Mauvais Ladres and brought it back in his mouth—the Caryhatide!

Little Billee little knew that Monsieur le Duc de la Rochemartel-Boisségur had quite recently delighted a very small and select and most august imperial supper-party at Compiègne with this very story, not blinking a single detail of his own share in it—and had given a most touching and sympathetic description of "le joli petit peintre anglais qui s'appelait Litrebili, et ne pouvait pas se tenir sur ses jambes—et qui pleurait d'amour fraternel dans les bras de mon copain Dodor!"

"Ah! Monsieur Gontran, ce que je donnerais pour avoir vu ça!" had said the greatest lady in France; "un de mes zouaves—à quatre pattes—dans la rue—un châpeau dans la bouche—oh—c'est impayable!"

Zouzou kept these blackguard bohemian reminiscences for the imperial circle alone—to which it was suspected that he was secretly rallying himself. Among all outsiders—especially within the narrow pre-

cincts of the cream of the noble Faubourg (which remained aloof from the Tuileries)—he was a very proper and gentlemanlike person indeed, as his brother had been—and, in his mother's fond belief, "très bien pensant, très bien vu, à Frohsdorf et à Rome."

On lui aurait donnée le bon Dieu sans confession—as Madame Vinard had said of Little Billee—they would have shriven him at sight, and admitted him to the holy communion on trust!

He did not present Little Billee and the Laird to his mother, nor to Mrs. and Miss Hunks; that honour was reserved for "the Man of Blood" alone; nor did he ask where they were staying, nor invite them to call on him. But in parting he expressed the immense pleasure it had given him to meet them again, and the hope he had of some day shaking their hands in London.

As the friends walked back to Paris together, it transpired that "the Man of Blood" had been invited by Madame Duchesse Mère (Maman Duchesse, as Zouzou called her) to dine with her next day, and meet the Hunkses at a furnished apartment she had taken in the Place Vendôme; for they had let (to the Hunkses) the Hôtel de la Rochemartel in the Rue de Lille; they had also been obliged to let their place in the country, le château de Boisségur (to Monsieur Despoires, or "des Poires," as he chose to spell himself on his visiting-cards—the famous soap-manufacturer—"Un très brave homme, à ce qu'on dit!" and whose only son, by-the-way, soon after married Mademoiselle Jeanne-Adélaïde d'Amaury-Brissac de Roncesvaulx de Boisségur de la Rochemartel).

"Il ne fait pas gras chez nous à présent—je vous assure!" Madame Duchesse Mère had pathetically said to Taffy—but had given him to understand that things would be very much better for her son, in the event of his marriage with Miss Hunks.

"Good heavens!" said Little Billee, on hearing this; "that grotesque little bogy in blue? Why, she's deformed—she squints—she's a dwarf, and looks like an idiot! Millions or no millions, the man who marries her is a felon! As long as there are stones to break and a road to break them on, the able-bodied man who marries a woman like that for anything but pity and kindness—and even then—dishonours himself, insults his ancestry, and inflicts on his descendants a wrong that nothing will ever redeem—he nips them in the bud—he blasts them forever! He ought to be cut by his fellow-men—sent to Coventry—to jail—to penal servitude for life! He ought to have a separate hell to himself when he dies—he ought to——"

"Shut up, you little blaspheming ruffian!" said the Laird. "Where do *you* expect to go to, yourself, with such frightful sentiments? And what would become of your beautiful old twelfth-century dukedoms, with a hundred yards of back-frontage opposite the Louvre, on a beautiful historic river, and a dozen beautiful historic names, and no money—if *you* had your wa' ?" and the Laird wunk his historic wink.

"Twelfth-century dukedoms be damned!" said Taffy *au grand sérieux*, as usual. "Little Billee's quite right, and Zouzou makes me sick! Besides, what does she marry *him* for—not for his beauty either, I guess! She's his fellow-criminal, his deliberate accomplice, *particeps delicti*, accessory before the act and after! She has no right to marry at all! tar and feathers and a rail for both of them—and for Maman Duchesse too—and I suppose that's why I refused her invitation to dinner! and now let's go and dine with Dodor— . . . anyhow, Dodor's young woman doesn't marry him for a dukedom—or even his 'de'—*mais bien pour ses beaux yeux!* and if the Rigolots of the future turn out less nice to look at than their sire, and not quite so amusing, they will probably be a great improvement on him in many other ways. There's room enough—and to spare!"

"'Ear! 'ear!" said Little Billee (who always grew flippant when Taffy got on his high horse). "Your 'ealth and song, sir—them's my sentiments to a T! What shall we 'ave the pleasure of drinkin', after that wery nice 'armony?"

After which they walked on in silence, each, no doubt, musing on the general contrariness of things, and imagining what splendid little Wynnes, or Bagots, or McAlisters might have been ushered into a decadent world for its regeneration if fate had so willed it that a certain magnificent and singularly gifted grisette, etc., etc., etc. . . .

Mrs. and Miss Hunks passed them as they walked along, in a beautiful blue barouche with C springs—*un "huit-ressorts"*; Maman Duchesse passed them in a hired fly; Zouzou passed them on horseback; "tout Paris" passed them; but they were none the wiser, and agreed that the show was not a patch on that in Hyde Park during the London season.

When they reached the Place de la Con-

corde it was that lovely hour of a fine autumn day in beautiful bright cities when all the lamps are lit in the shops and streets and under the trees, and it is still daylight—a quickly fleeting joy; and as a special treat on this particular occasion the sun set, and up rose the yellow moon over eastern Paris, and floated above the chimney-pots of the Tuileries.

They stopped to gaze at the homeward procession of cabs and carriages, as they used to do in the old times. Tout Paris was still passing; tout Paris is very long.

They stood among a little crowd of sightseers like themselves, Little Billee right in front—in the road.

Presently a magnificent open carriage came by—more magnificent than even the Hunkses', with liveries and harness quite vulgarly resplendent—almost Napoleonic.

Lolling back in it lay Monsieur et Madame Svengali—he with his broad-brimmed felt sombrero over his long black curls, wrapped in costly furs, smoking his big cigar of the Havana.

MAMAN DUCHESSE

By his side la Svengali—also in sables—with a large black velvet hat on, her light brown hair done up in a huge knot on the nape of her neck. She was rouged and pearl-powdered, and her eyes were blackened beneath, and thus made to look twice their size; but in spite of all such disfigurements she was a most splendid vision, and caused quite a little sensation in the crowd as she came slowly by.

Little Billiee's heart was in his mouth. He caught Svengali's eye, and saw him speak to her. She turned her head and looked at him standing there—they both did. Little Billee bowed. She stared at him with a cold stare of disdain, and cut him dead—so did Svengali. And as they passed he heard them both snigger—she with a little high-pitched flippant snigger worthy of a London bar-maid.

Little Billee was utterly crushed, and everything seemed turning round.

The Laird and Taffy had seen it all without losing a detail. The Svengalis had not even looked their way. The Laird said:

"It's not Trilby—I swear! She could *never* have done that—it's not *in* her! and it's another face altogether—I'm sure of it!"

Taffy was also staggered and in doubt. They caught hold of Little Billee, each by an arm, and walked him off to the boulevards. He was quite demoralized, and wanted not to dine at the Passefils'. He wanted to go straight home at once. He longed for his mother as he used to long for her when he was in trouble as a small boy and she was away from home—longed for her desperately—to hug her and hold her and fondle her, and be fondled, for his own sake and hers; all his old love for her had come back in full—with what arrears! all his old love for his sister, for his old home.

When they went back to the hotel to dress (for Dodor had begged them to put on their best evening war-paint, so as to impress his future mother-in-law), Little Billee became fractious and intractable. And it was only on Taffy's promising that he would go all the way to Devonshire with him on the morrow, and stay with him there, that he could be got to dress and dine.

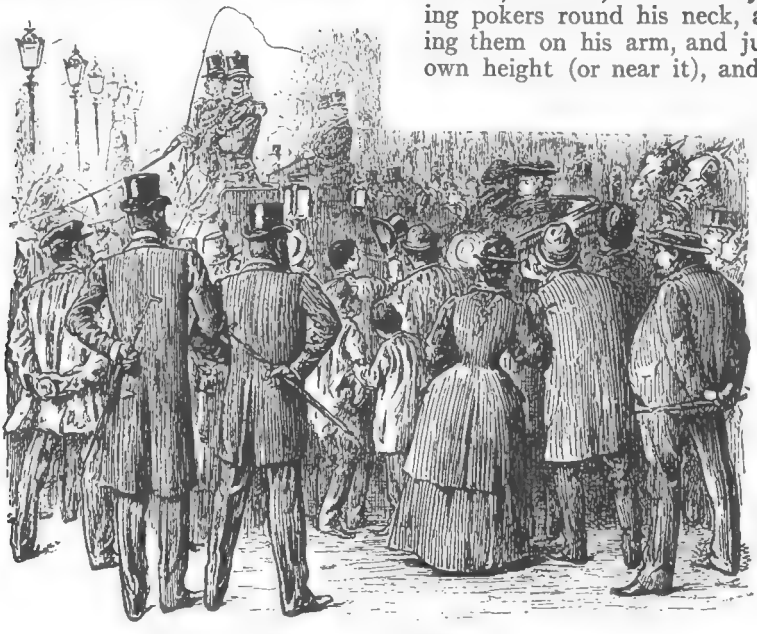
The huge Taffy lived entirely by his affections, and he hadn't many to live by—the Laird, Trilby, and Little Billee.

Trilby was unattainable, the Laird was quite strong and independent enough to get on by himself, and Taffy had concentrated all his faculties of protection and affection

on Little Billee, and was equal to any burden or responsibility all this instinctive young fathering might involve.

In the first place, Little Billee had always been able to do quite easily, and better than any one else in the world, the very things Taffy most longed to do himself and couldn't, and this inspired the good Taffy with a chronic reverence and wonder he could not have expressed in words.

Then Little Billee was physically small and weak, and incapable of self-control. Then he was generous, amiable, affectionate, transparent as crystal, without an atom of either egotism or conceit; and had a gift of amusing you and interesting you by his talk (and its complete sincerity) that never palled; and even his silence was charming—one felt so sure of him—so there was hardly any sacrifice, little or big, that big Taffy was not ready and glad to make for Little Billee. On the other hand, there lay deep down under Taffy's surface irascibility and earnestness about trifles (and beneath his harmless vanity of the strong man), a long-suffering patience, a real humility, a robustness of judgment, a sincerity and all-roundness, a completeness of sympathy, that made him very good to trust and safe to lean upon. Then his powerful, impressive aspect, his great stature, the gladiator-like poise of his small round head on his big neck and shoulders, his huge deltoids and deep chest and slender loins, his clean-cut ankles and wrists, all the long and bold and highly-finished athletic shapes of him, that easy grace of strength that made all his movements a pleasure to watch, and any garment look well when he wore it—all this was a perpetual feast to the quick, prehensile, æsthetic eye. And then he had such a solemn, earnest, lovable way of bending pokers round his neck, and breaking them on his arm, and jumping his own height (or near it), and lifting up arm-chairs by one leg with one hand, and what not else!



THE CUT DIRECT

So that there was hardly any sacrifice, little or big, that Little Billee would not accept from big Taffy as a mere matter of course—a fitting and proper tribute rendered by bodily strength to genius.

Par nobile fratrum—well met and well mated for fast and long-enduring friendship.

. . . . . .

The family banquet at Monsieur Passefil's would have been dull but for the irrepressible Dodor, and still more for the Laird of Cockpen, who rose to the occasion, and surpassed himself in geniality, drollery, and eccentricity of French grammar and accent. Monsieur Passefil was also a droll in his way, and had the quickly familiar, jocose facetiousness that seems to belong to the successful middle-aged bourgeois all over the world, when he's not pompous instead (he can even be both sometimes).

Madame Passefil was not jocose. She

was much impressed by the aristocratic splendour of Taffy, the romantic melancholy and refinement of Little Billee, and their quiet and dignified politeness. She always spoke of Dodor as Monsieur de Lafarce, though the rest of the family (and one or two friends who had been invited) always called him Monsieur Théodore, and he was officially known as Monsieur Rigolot.

Whenever Madame Passefil addressed him or spoke of him in this aristocratic manner (which happened very often), Dodor would wink at his friends, with his tongue in his cheek. It seemed to amuse him beyond measure.

Mademoiselle Ernestine was evidently too much in love to say anything, and seldom took her eyes off Monsieur Théodore, whom she had never seen in evening dress before. It must be owned that he looked very nice—more ducal than even Zouzou—and to be Madame de Lafarce *en perspective*, and the future owner of such a brilliant husband as Dodor, was enough to turn a stronger little bourgeois head than Mademoiselle Ernestine's.

She was not beautiful, but healthy, well-grown, well brought up, and presumably of a sweet, kind, and amiable disposition—an *ingênue* fresh from her convent—innocent as a child, no doubt; and it was felt that Dodor had done better for himself (and for his race) than Monsieur le Duc. Little Dodors need have no fear.

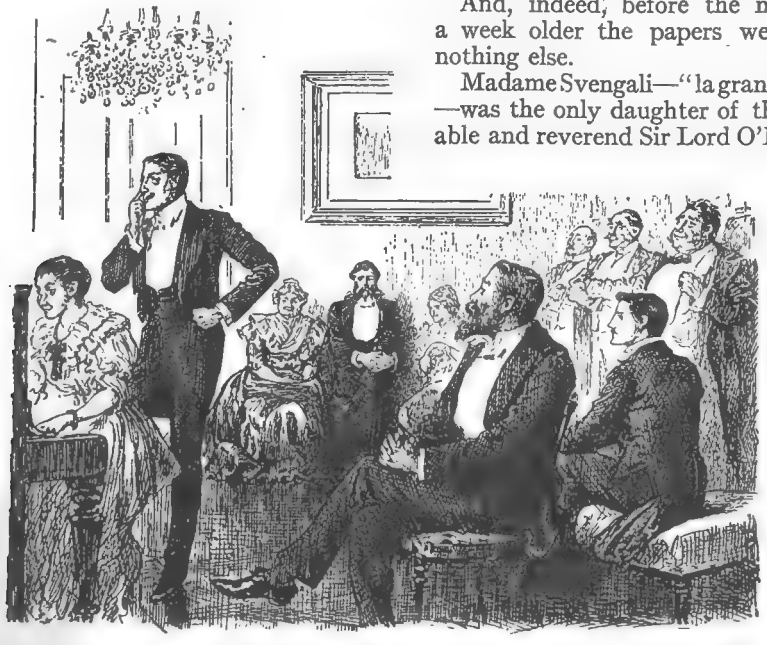
After dinner the ladies and gentlemen left the dining-room together, and sat in a pretty salon overlooking the boulevard, where cigarets were allowed, and there was music. Mademoiselle Ernestine laboriously played "Les Cloches du Monastère," (by Monsieur Lefébure-Wély, if I'm not mistaken). It's the most bourgeois piece of music I know.

Then Dodor, with his sweet high voice, so strangely pathetic and true, sang goody-goody little French songs of innocence (of which he seemed to have an endless répertoire) to his future wife's conscientious accompaniment—to the immense delight, also, of all his future family, who were almost in tears—and to the great amusement of the Laird, at whom he winked in the most pathetic parts, putting his forefinger to the side of his nose, like Noah Claypole in *Oliver Twist*.

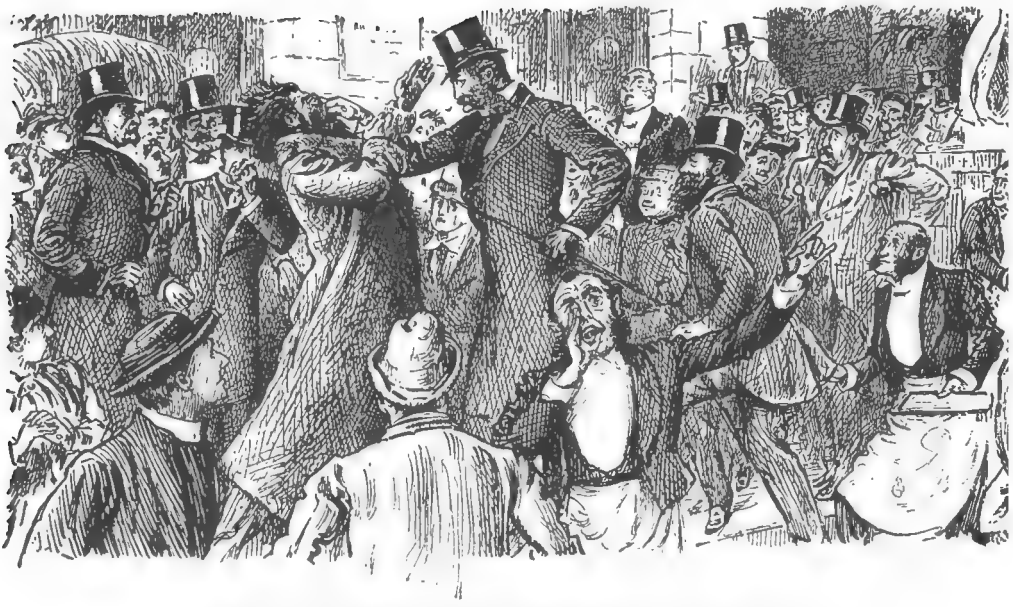
The wonder of the hour, la Svengali, was discussed, of course; it was unavoidable. But our friends did not think it necessary to reveal that she was "la grande Trilby." That would soon transpire by itself.

And, indeed, before the month was a week older the papers were full of nothing else.

Madame Svengali—"la grande Trilby"—was the only daughter of the honourable and reverend Sir Lord O'Ferrall.



"PETIT ENFANT, J'AIMAIS D'UN AMOUR TENDRE
MA MÈRE ET DIEU—SAINTES AFFECTIONS!
PUIS MON AMOUR AUX FLEURS SE FIT ENTENDRE,
PUIS AUX OISEAUX, ET PUIS AUX PAPILLONS!"



"VITE! VITE! UN COMMISSAIRE DE POLICE!"

She had run away from the primeval forests and lonely marshes of le Dublin, to lead a free-and-easy life among the artists of the quartier latin of Paris—*une vie de bohème!*

She was the Venus Anadyomene from top to toe.

She was *blanche comme neige, avec un volcan dans le cœur.*

Casts of her alabaster feet could be had at Brucciani's, in the Rue de la Souricière St. Denis. (He made a fortune.)

Monsieur Ingres had painted her left foot on the wall of a studio in the Place St. Anatole des Arts; and an eccentric Scotch milord (le Comte de Pencock) had bought the house containing the flat containing the studio containing the wall on which it was painted, had had the house pulled down, and the wall framed and glazed and sent to his castle of Édimbourg.

(This, unfortunately, was in excess of the truth. It was found impossible to execute the Laird's wish, on account of the material the wall was made of. So the Lord Count of Pencock—such was Madame Vinard's version of Sandy's nickname—had to forego his purchase.)

Next morning our friends were in readiness to leave Paris; even the Laird had had enough of it, and longed to get back to his work again—a "Hara-kiri in Yokohama." (He had never been to Japan; but no more had any one else in those early days.)

They had just finished breakfast, an were sitting in the court-yard of the hote which was crowded, as usual.

Little Billee went into the hotel post office to despatch a note to his mothe Sitting sideways there at a small tabl and reading letters was Svengali—of a people in the world. But for these two and couple of clerks the room was empty.

Svengali looked up; they were quit close together.

Little Billee, in his nervousness, began t shake, and half put out his hand, an drew it back again, seeing the look of hat on Svengali's face.

Svengali jumped up, put his letters t gether, and passing by Little Billee on h way to the door, called him "verfluchte Schweinhund," and deliberately spat in h face.

Little Billee was paralyzed for a secon or two; then he ran after Svengali, an caught him just at the top of the marbl stairs, and kicked him, and knocked o his hat, and made him drop all his letter Svengali turned round and struck him ov the mouth and made it bleed, and Litt Billee hit out like a fury, but with n effect: he couldn't reach high enough, f Svengali was well over six feet.

There was a crowd round them in minute, including the beautiful old man in t court suit and gold chain, who called ou "Vite! vite! un commissaire de police —a cry that was echoed all over the plac

Taffy saw the row, and shouted, "Bravo, little un!" and jumping up from his table, jostled his way through the crowd; and Little Billee, bleeding and gasping and perspiring and stammering, said:

"He spat in my face, Taffy—damn him! I'd never even spoken to him—not a word, I swear!"

Svengali had not reckoned on Taffy's being there; he recognized him at once, and turned white.

Taffy, who had dog-skin gloves on, put out his right hand, and deftly seized Svengali's nose between his fore and middle fingers and nearly pulled it off, and swung his head two or three times backward and forward by it, and then from side to side, Svengali holding on to his wrist; and then, letting him go, gave him a sounding open-handed smack on his right cheek—and a smack on the face from Taffy (even in play) was no joke, I'm told; it made one smell brimstone, and see and hear things that didn't exist.

Svengali gasped worse than Little Billee, and couldn't speak for a while. Then he said,

"Lâche—grand lâche! che fous enferrai mes témoins!"

"At your orders!" said Taffy, in beautiful French, and drew out his card-case, and gave him his card in quite the orthodox French manner, adding: "I shall be here till to-morrow at twelve—but that is my London address, in case I don't hear from you before I leave. I'm sorry, but you really mustn't spit, you know—it's not done. I will come to you whenever you send for me—even if I have to come from the end of the world."

"Très bien! très bien!" said a military-looking old gentleman close by, who gave Taffy *his* card, in case he might be of any service—and who seemed quite delighted at the row—and indeed it was really pleasant to note with what a smooth, flowing, rhythmical spontaneity the good Taffy could always improvise these swift little acts of summary retributive justice: no hurry or scurry or flurry whatever—not an inharmonious gesture, not an infelicitous line—the very poetry of violence, and its only excuse!

Whatever it was worth, this was Taffy's special gift, and it never failed him at a pinch.

When the commissaire de police arrived, all was over. Svengali had gone away in a cab, and Taffy put himself at the disposition of the commissaire.

They went into the post-office and discussed it all with the old military gentleman, and the majordomo in velvet, and the two clerks who had seen the original insult. And all that was required of Taffy and his friends for the present was "their names, prenames, titles, qualities, age, address, nationality, occupation," etc.

"C'est une affaire qui s'arrangera autrement, et autre part!" had said the military gentleman—monsieur le général Comte de la Tour-aux-Loups.

So it blew over quite simply; and all that day a fierce unholy joy burned in Taffy's choleric blue eye.

Not, indeed, that he had any wish to injure Trilby's husband, or meant to do him any grievous bodily harm, whatever happened. But he was glad to have given Svengali a lesson in manners.

That Svengali should injure *him* never entered into his calculations for a moment. Besides, he didn't believe Svengali would show fight; and in this he was not mistaken.

But he had, for hours, the feel of that long, thick, shapely Hebrew nose being kneaded between his gloved knuckles, and a pleasing sense of the effectiveness of the

"I SUPPOSE YOU DO ALL THIS KIND OF THING FOR MERE AMUSEMENT, MR. WYNNE?"

tweak he had given it. So he went about chewing the cud of that heavenly remembrance all day, till reflection brought remorse, and he felt sorry; for he was really the mildest-mannered man that ever broke a head!

Only the sight of Little Billee's blood (which had been made to flow by such an unequal antagonist) had roused the old Adam.

No message came from Svengali to ask for the names and addresses of Taffy's seconds; so Dodor and Zouzou (not to mention Mister the general Count of the Tooraloorals, as the Laird called him) were left undisturbed; and our three musketeers went back to London clean of blood, whole of limb, and heartily sick of Paris.

Little Billee stayed with his mother and sister in Devonshire till Christmas, Taffy staying at the village inn.

It was Taffy who told Mrs. Bagot about la Svengali's all but certain identity with Trilby, after Little Billee had gone to bed, tired and worn out, the night of their arrival.

"Good heavens!" said poor Mrs. Bagot. "Why, that's the new singing woman who's coming over here! There's an article about her in to-day's *Times*. It says she's a wonder, and that there's no one like her! Surely that can't be the Miss O'Ferrall I saw in Paris!"

"It seems impossible—but I'm almost certain it is—and Willy has no doubts in the matter. On the other hand, McAlister declares it isn't."

"Oh, what trouble! So *that's* why poor Willy looks so ill and miserable! It's all come back again. Could she sing at all then, when you knew her in Paris?"

"Not a note—her attempts at singing were quite grotesque."

"Is she still very beautiful?"

"Oh yes; there's no doubt about that; more than ever!"

"And her singing—is that so very wonderful? I remember that she had a beautiful voice in speaking."

"Wonderful? Ah, yes; I never heard or dreamed the like of it. Grisi, Alboni, Patti—not one of them to be mentioned in the same breath!"

"Good heavens! Why, she must be simply irresistible! I wonder you're not in love with her yourself. How dreadful these sirens are, wrecking the peace of families!"

"You mustn't forget that she gave way at once at a word from you, Mrs. Bagot; and she was very fond of Willy. She wasn't a siren then."

"Oh yes—oh yes! that's true—she behaved very well—she did her duty—I can't deny that! You must try and forgive me, Mr. Wynne—although I can't forgive *her!*—that dreadful illness of poor Willy's—that bitter time in Paris. . . ."

And Mrs. Bagot began to cry, and Taffy forgave. "Oh, Mr. Wynne—let us still hope that there's some mistake—that it's only somebody like her! Why, she's coming to sing in London after Christmas! My poor boy's infatuation will only increase. What *shall* I do?"

"Well—she's another man's wife, you see. So Willy's infatuation is bound to burn itself out as soon as he fully recognizes that important fact. Besides, she cut him dead in the Champs Élysées—and her husband and Willy had a row next day at the hotel, and cuffed and kicked each other—that's rather a bar to any future intimacy, I think."

"Oh, Mr. Wynne! my son cuffing and kicking a man whose wife he's in love with! Good heavens!"

"Oh, it was all right—the man had grossly insulted him—and Willy behaved like a brick, and got the best of it in the end, and nothing came of it. I saw it all."

"Oh, Mr. Wynne—and you didn't interfere?"

"Oh yes, I interfered—everybody interfered! It was all right, I assure you. No bones were broken on either side, and there was no nonsense about calling out, or swords or pistols, and all that."

"Thank Heaven!"

In a week or two Little Billee grew more like himself again, and painted endless studies of rocks and cliffs and sea—and Taffy painted with him, and was very content. The vicar and Little Billee patched up their feud. The vicar also took an immense fancy to Taffy, whose cousin, Sir Oscar Wynne, he had known at college, and lost no opportunity of being hospitable and civil to him. And his daughter was away in Algiers.

And all "the nobility and gentry" of the neighbourhood, including "the poor dear marquis" (one of whose sons was in Taffy's old regiment), were civil and hospitable also to the two painters—and Taffy got as much sport as he wanted, and became immensely popular. And they had, on the whole, a very good time till Christmas, and a very pleasant Christmas, if not an exuberantly merry one.

THE FIRST VIOLIN LOSES HIS TEMPER

After Christmas Little Billee insisted on going back to London—to paint a picture for the Royal Academy; and Taffy went with him; and there was dulness in the house of Bagot—and many misgivings in the maternal heart of its mistress.

And people of all kinds, high and low, from the family at the Court to the fishermen on the little pier and their wives and children, missed the two genial painters, who were the friends of everybody, and made such beautiful sketches of their beautiful coast.

. . . . . .

La Svengali has arrived in London. Her name is in every mouth. Her photograph is in the shop-windows. She is to sing at J——'s monster concerts next week. She was to have sung sooner, but it seems some hitch has occurred—a quarrel between Monsieur Svengali and his first violin, who is a very important person.

A crowd of people as usual, only bigger, is assembled in front of the windows of the Stereoscopic Company in Regent Street, gazing at presentments of Madame Svengali in all sizes and costumes. She is very beautiful—there is no doubt of that; and the expression of her face is sweet and kind and sad, and of such a distinction that one feels an imperial crown would become her even better than her modest little coronet of golden stars. One of the photographs represents her in classical dress, with her left foot on a little stool, in something of the attitude of the Venus of Milo, except that her hands are clasped behind her back; and the foot is bare but for a Greek sandal, and so smooth and delicate and charming, and with so rhythmical a set and curl of the five slender toes (the big one slightly tip-tilted and well apart from its longer and slighter and more aquiline neighbour), that this presentment of her sells quicker than all the rest.

And a little man who, with two bigger men, has just forced his way in front says to one of his friends: "Look, Sandy, look—*the foot! Now* have you got any doubts?"

"Oh, yes—those are Trilby's toes, sure enough!" says Sandy. And they all go in and purchase largely.

As far as I have been able to discover, the row between Svengali and his first violin had occurred at a rehearsal in Drury Lane Theatre.

Svengali, it seems, had never been quite the same since the 15th of October previous, and that was the day he had got his face slapped and his nose tweaked by Taffy in Paris. He had become short-tempered and irritable, especially with his wife (if she *was* his wife). Svengali, it seems, had reasons for passionately hating Little Billee.

He had not seen him for five years—not since the Christmas festivity in the Place

"HAST THOU FOUND ME, O MY ENEMY?"

St. Anatole, when they had sparred together after supper, and Svengali's nose had got in the way on this occasion, and had been made to bleed; but that was not why he hated Little Billee.

When he caught sight of him standing on the curb in the Place de la Concorde and watching the procession of "tout Paris," he knew him directly, and all his hate flared up; he cut him dead, and made his wife do the same.

Next morning he saw him again in the hotel post-office, looking small and weak and flurried, and apparently alone; and being an Oriental Israelite Hebrew Jew, he had not been able to resist the temptation of spitting in his face, since he must not throttle him to death.

The minute he had done this he had regretted the folly of it. Little Billee had run after him, and kicked and struck him, and he had returned the blow and drawn blood; and then, suddenly and quite unexpectedly, had come upon the scene that apparition so loathed and dreaded of old—the pig-headed Yorkshireman—the huge British philistine, the irresponsible bull, the junker, the ex-Crimean, Front-de-Bœuf, who had always reminded him of the brutal and contemptuous sword-clanking, spur-jingling aristocrats of his own country—ruffians that treated Jews like dogs. Callous as he was to the woes of others, the self-indulgent and highly-strung musician was extra sensitive about himself—a very bundle of nerves—and especially sensitive to pain and rough usage, and by no means physically brave. The stern, choleric, invincible blue eye of the hated Northern gentile had cowed him at once. And that violent tweaking of his nose, that heavy open-handed blow on his face, had so shaken and demoralized him that he had never recovered from it.

He was thinking about it always—night and day—and constantly dreaming at night that he was being tweaked and slapped over again by a colossal nightmare Taffy, and waking up in agonies of terror, rage, and shame. All healthy sleep had forsaken him.

Moreover, he was much older than he looked—nearly fifty—and far from sound. His life had been a long, hard struggle.

He had for his wife, slave, and pupil a fierce, jealous kind of affection that was a source of endless torment to him; for indelibly graven in her heart, which he wished to occupy alone, was the never-fading image of the little English painter, and of this she made no secret.

Gecko no longer cared for the master. All Gecko's dog-like devotion was concentrated on the slave and pupil, whom he worshiped with a fierce but pure and unselfish passion. The only living soul that Svengali could trust was the old Jewess who lived with them—his relative—but even she had come to love the pupil as much as the master.

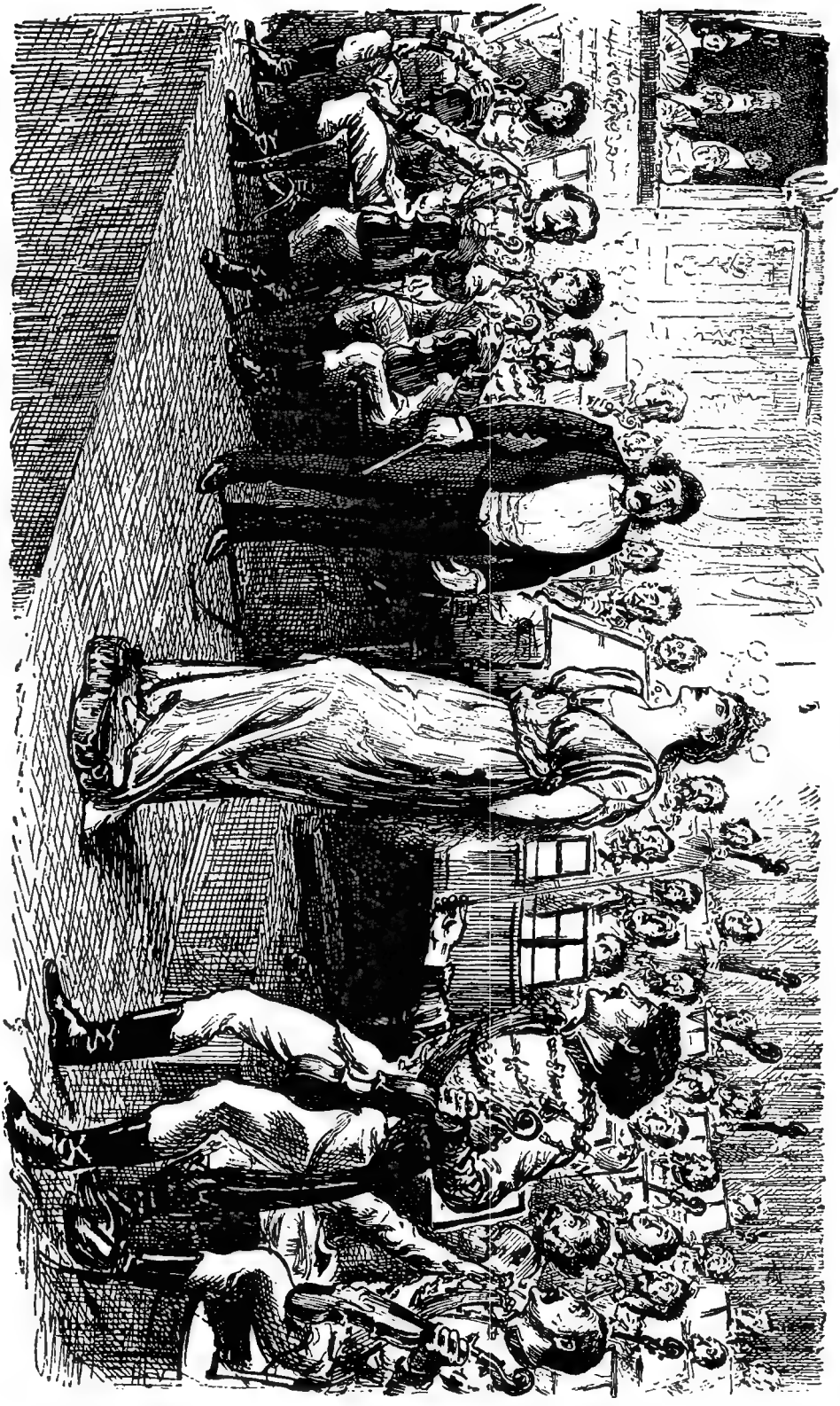
On the occasion of this rehearsal at Drury Lane, he (Svengali) was conducting and Madame Svengali was singing. He interrupted her several times, angrily and most unjustly, and told her she was singing out of tune, "like a verfluchter tomcat," which was quite untrue. She was singing beautifully, "Home, Sweet Home."

Finally he struck her two or three smart blows on her knuckles with his little bâton, and she fell on her knees, weeping and crying out:

"Oh! oh! Svengali! ne me battez pas, mon ami—je fais tout ce que je peux!"

On which little Gecko had suddenly jumped up and struck Svengali on the neck near the collar-bone, and then it was seen that he had a little bloody knife in his hand, and blood flowed from Svengali's neck, and at the sight of it Svengali had fainted; and Madame Svengali had taken his head on her lap, looking dazed and stupefied, as in a waking dream.

Gecko had been disarmed, but as Svengali recovered from his faint and was taken home, the police had not been sent for, and the affair was hushed up, and a public scandal avoided. But la Svengali's first appearance, to Monsieur J——'s despair, had to be put off for a week. For Svengali



"OH, DON'T YOU REMEMBER SWEET ALICE, BEN BOLT?"

would not allow her to sing without him; nor, indeed, would he be parted from her for a minute, or trust her out of his sight.

The wound was a slight one. The doctor who attended Svengali described the wife as being quite imbecile, no doubt from grief and anxiety. But she never left her husband's bedside for a moment, and had the obedience and devotion of a dog.

When the night came round for the postponed début, Svengali was allowed by the doctor to go to the theater, but he was absolutely forbidden to conduct. His grief and anxiety at this were uncontrollable; he raved like a madman; and Monsieur J—— was almost as bad.

Monsieur J—— had been conducting the Svengali band at rehearsals during the week, in the absence of its master—an easy task. It had been so thoroughly drilled and knew its business so well that it could almost conduct itself, and it had played all the music it had to play (much of which consisted of accompaniments to la Svengali's songs) many times before. Her répertoire was immense, and Svengali had written these orchestral scores with great care and felicity.

On the famous night it was arranged that Svengali should sit in a box alone, exactly opposite his wife's place on the platform, where she could see him well; and a code of signals was arranged between him and Monsieur J—— and the band, so that virtually he might conduct, himself, from his box, should any hesitation or hitch occur. This arrangement was rehearsed the day before (a Sunday), and had turned out quite successfully, and la Svengali had sung in perfection in the empty theater.

When Monday evening arrived everything seemed to be going smoothly; the house was soon crammed to suffocation, all but the middle box on the grand tier. It was not a promenade concert, and the pit was turned into guinea stalls (the promenade concerts were to begin a week later).

Right in the middle of these stalls sat the Laird and Taffy and Little Billee.

The band came in by degrees and tuned their instruments.

Eyes were constantly being turned to the empty box, and people wondered what royal personages would appear.

Monsieur J—— took his place amid immense applause, and bowed in his inimitable way, looking often at the empty box.

Then he tapped and waved his bâton, and the band played its Hungarian dance music with immense success; when this was over there was a pause, and soon some signs of impatience from the gallery. Monsieur J—— had disappeared.

Taffy stood up, his back to the orchestra, looking round.

Some one came into the empty box, and stood for a moment in front, gazing at the house. A tall man, deathly pale, with long black hair and a beard.

It was Svengali.

He caught sight of Taffy and met his eyes, and Taffy said: "Good God! Look! Look!"

Then Little Billee and the Laird got up and looked.

And Svengali for a moment glared at them. And the expression of his face was so terrible with wonder, rage, and fear that they were quite appalled—and then he sat down, still glaring at Taffy, the whites of his eyes showing at the top, and his teeth bared in a spasmodic grin of hate.

Then thunders of applause filled the house, and turning round and seating themselves, Taffy and Little Billee and the Laird saw Trilby being led by J—— down the platform, between the players, to the front, her face smiling rather vacantly, her eyes anxiously intent on Svengali in his box.

She made her bows to right and left just as she had done in Paris.

The band struck up the opening bars of "Ben Bolt," with which she was announced to make her début.

She still stared—but she didn't sing—and they played the little symphony three times.

One could hear Monsieur J—— in a hoarse, anxious whisper saying,

"Mais chantez donc, madame—pour l'amour de Dieu, commencez donc—commencez!"

She turned round with an extraordinary expression of face, and said,

"Chanter? pourquoi donc voulez-vous que je chante, moi? chanter quoi, alors?"

"Mais 'Ben Bolt,' parbleu—chantez!"

"Ah—'Ben Bolt!' oui—je connais ça!"

Then the band began again.

And she tried, but failed to begin herself. She turned round and said,

"Comment diable voulez-vous que je chante avec tout ce train qu'ils font, ces diables de musiciens!"

"Mais, mon Dieu, madame—qu'est-ce que vous avez donc?" cried Monsieur J——.

"J'ai que j'aime mieux chanter sans toute cette satanée musique, parbleu! J'aime mieux chanter toute seule!"

"THE LAST THEY SAW OF SVENGALI"

"Sans musique, alors—mais chantez—chantez!"

The band was stopped—the house was in a state of indescribable wonder and suspense.

She looked all round, and down at herself, and fingered her dress. Then she looked up to the chandelier with a tender, sentimental smile and began:

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice with hair so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile—"

She had not got further than this when the whole house was in an uproar—shouts from the gallery—shouts of laughter, hoots, hisses, catcalls, cock-crows.

She stopped and glared like a brave lioness, and called out:

"Qu'est-ce que vous avez donc, tous! tas de vieilles pommes cuites que vous êtes! Est-ce qu'on a peur de vous?" and then, suddenly:

"Why, you're all English, aren't you?—what's all the row about?—what have you brought me here for?—what have *I* done, I should like to know?"

And in asking these questions the depth and splendour of her voice were so extraordinary—its tone so pathetically feminine, yet so full of hurt and indignant command, that the tumult was stilled for a moment.

It was the voice of some being from another world—some insulted daughter of a race more puissant and nobler than ours; a voice that seemed as if it could never utter a false note.

Then came a voice from the gods in answer:

"Oh, ye're Henglish, har yer? Why don't yer sing as yer *hought* to sing—yer've got *voice* enough, any'ow! why don't yer sing in *tune?*"

"Sing in *tune!*" cried Trilby. "I didn't want to sing at all—I only sang because I was asked to sing—that gentleman asked me—that French gentleman with the white waistcoat! I won't sing another note!"

"Oh, yer won't, won't yer! then let us 'ave our money back, or we'll know what for!"

And again the din broke out, and the uproar was frightful.

Monsieur J—— screamed out across the theater: "Svengali! Svengali! qu'est-ce qu'elle a donc, votre femme? . . . Elle est devenue folle!"

Indeed she had tried to sing "Ben Bolt," but had sung it in her old way—as she used to sing it in the quartier latin—the most lamentably grotesque performance ever heard out of a human throat!

"Svengali! Svengali!" shrieked poor Monsieur J——, gesticulating toward the box where Svengali was sitting, quite impassible, gazing at Monsieur J——, and

smiling a ghastly, sardonic smile, a rictus of hate and triumphant revenge—as if he were saying,

"I've got the laugh on you *all*, this time!"

Taffy, the Laird, Little Billee, the whole house, were now staring at Svengali, and his wife was forgotten.

She stood vacantly looking at everybody and everything—the chandelier, Monsieur J——, Svengali in his box, the people in the stalls, in the gallery—and smiling as if the noisy scene amused and excited her.

"Svengali! Svengali! Svengali!"

The whole house took up the cry, derisively. Monsieur J—— led Madame Svengali away; she seemed quite passive. That terrible figure of Svengali still sat, immovable, watching his wife's retreat—still smiling his ghastly smile. All eyes were now turned on him once more.

Monsieur J—— was then seen to enter his box with a policeman and two or three other men, one of them in evening dress. He quickly drew the curtains to; then, a minute or two after, he reappeared on the platform, bowing and scraping to the audience, as pale as death, and called for silence, the gentleman in evening dress by his side; and this person explained that a very dreadful thing had happened—that Monsieur Svengali had suddenly died in that box—of apoplexy or heart-disease; that his wife had seen it from her place on the stage, and had apparently gone out of her senses, which accounted for her extraordinary behaviour.

He added that the money would be returned at the doors, and begged the audience to disperse quietly.

Taffy, with his two friends behind him, forced his way to a stage door he knew. The Laird had no longer any doubts on the score of Trilby's identity—*this* Trilby, at all events!

Taffy knocked and thumped till the door was opened, and gave his card to the man who opened it, stating that he and his friends were old friends of Madame Svengali, and must see her at once.

The man tried to slam the door in his face, but Taffy pushed through, and shut it on the crowd outside, and insisted on being taken to Monsieur J—— immediately; and was so authoritative and big and looked such a swell, that the man was cowed, and led him.

They passed an open door, through which they had a glimpse of a prostrate form on a table—a man partially undressed, and some men bending over him, doctors probably.

That was the last they saw of Svengali.

Then they were taken to another door, and Monsieur J—— came out, and Taffy explained who they were, and they were admitted.

La Svengali was there, sitting in an armchair by the fire, with several of the band standing round gesticulating, and talking German or Polish or Yiddish. Gecko, on his knees, was alternately chafing her hands and feet. She seemed quite dazed.

But at the sight of Taffy she jumped up and rushed at him, saying: "Oh, Taffy dear—oh, Taffy! what's it all about? Where on earth am I? What an age since we met!"

Then she caught sight of the Laird, and kissed him; and then she recognized Little Billee.

She looked at him for a long while in great surprise, and then shook hands with him.

"How pale you are! and so changed—you've got a moustache! What's the matter? Why are you all dressed in black, with white cravats, as if you were going to a ball? Where's Svengali? I should like to go home!"

"Where—what do you call—home, I mean—where is it?" asked Taffy.

"C'est à l'hôtel de Normandie, dans le Haymarket. On va vous y conduire, madame!" said Monsieur J——.

"Oui—c'est ça!" said Trilby—"Hôtel de Normandie—mais Svengali—où est-ce qu'il est?"

"Hélas! madame—il est très malade!"

"Malade? Qu'est-ce qu'il a? How funny you look, with your moustache, Little Billee! dear, *dear* Little Billee! so pale, so very pale! Are you ill too? Oh, I hope not! How *glad* I am to see you again—you can't tell! though I promised your mother I wouldn't—never, never! Where are we now, dear Little Billee?"

Monsieur J—— seemed to have lost his head. He was constantly running in and out of the room, distracted. The bandsmen began to talk and try to explain, in incomprehensible French, to Taffy. Gecko seemed to have disappeared. It was a bewildering business—noises from outside, the tramp and bustle and shouts of the departing crowd, people running in and out and asking for Monsieur J——, policemen, firemen, and what not!

Then Little Billee, who had been exerting the most heroic self-control, suggested that Trilby should come to his house in Fitzroy Square, first of all, and be taken

out of all this—and the idea struck Taffy as a happy one—and it was proposed to Monsieur J——, who saw that our three friends were old friends of Madame Svengali's, and people to be trusted; and he was only too glad to be relieved of her, and gave his consent.

Little Billee and Taffy drove to Fitzroy Square to prepare Little Billee's landlady, who was much put out at first at having such a novel and unexpected charge imposed on her. It was all explained to her that it must be so. That Madame Svengali, the greatest singer in Europe and an old friend of her tenant's, had suddenly gone out of her mind from grief at the tragic death of her husband, and that for this night at least the unhappy lady must sleep under that roof—indeed, in Little Billee's own bed, and that he would sleep at a hotel; and that a nurse would be provided at once—it might be only for that one night; and that the lady was as quiet as a lamb, and would probably recover her faculties after a night's rest. A doctor was sent for from close by; and soon Trilby appeared, with the Laird, and her appearance and her magnificent sables impressed Mrs. Godwin, the landlady—brought her figuratively on her knees. Then Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee departed again and dispersed—to procure a nurse for the night, to find Gecko, to fetch some of Trilby's belongings from the Hôtel de Normandie, and her maid.

The maid (the old German Jewess and Svengali's relative), distracted by the news of her master's death, had gone to the theatre. Gecko was in the hands of the police. Things had got to a terrible pass. But our three friends did their best, and were up most of the night.

"THREE NICE CLEAN ENGLISHMEN"

So much for la Svengali's début in London.

The present scribe was not present on that memorable occasion, and has written this inadequate and most incomplete description partly from hearsay and private information, partly from the reports in the contemporary newspapers.

Should any surviving eye-witness of that lamentable fiasco read these pages, and see any gross inaccuracy in this bald account of it, the P. S. will feel deeply obliged to the same for any corrections or additions, and these will be duly acted upon and gratefully acknowledged in all subsequent editions; which will be numerous, no doubt, on account of the great interest still felt in "la Svengali," even by those who never saw or heard her (and they are many), and also because the present scribe is better

qualified (by his opportunities) for the compiling of this brief biographical sketch than any person now living, with the exception, of course, of "Taffy" and "the Laird," to whose kindness, even more than to his own personal recollections, he owes whatever it may contain of serious historical value.

Next morning they all three went to Fitzroy Square. Little Billee had slept at Taffy's rooms in Jermyn Street.

Trilby seemed quite pathetically glad to see them again. She was dressed simply and plainly—in black; her trunks had been sent from the hotel.

The hospital nurse was with her; the doctor had just left. He had said that she was suffering from some great nervous shock—a pretty safe diagnosis!

Her wits had apparently not come back, and she seemed in no way to realize her position.

"Ah! what it is to see you again, all three! It makes one feel glad to be alive! I've thought of many things, but never of this—never! Three nice clean Englishmen, all speaking English—and *such* dear old friends! Ah! j'aime tant ça—c'est le ciel! I wonder I've got a word of English left!"

Her voice was so soft and sweet and low that these ingenuous remarks sounded like a beautiful song. And she "made the soft eyes" at them all three, one after another, in her old way; and the soft eyes quickly filled with tears.

She seemed ill and weak and worn out, and insisted on keeping the Laird's hand in hers.

"What's the matter with Svengali? He must be dead!"

They all three looked at each other, perplexed.

"Ah! he's dead! I can see it in your faces. He'd got heart-disease. I'm sorry! oh, very sorry indeed! He was always very kind, poor Svengali!"

"Yes. He's dead," said Taffy.

"And Gecko—dear little Gecko—is he dead too? I saw him last night—he warmed my hands and feet: where were we?"

"No. Gecko's not dead. But he's had to be locked up for a little while. He struck Svengali, you know. You saw it all."

"I? No! I never saw it. But I *dreamt* something like it! Gecko with a knife, and people holding him, and Svengali bleeding on the ground. That was just before Svengali's illness. He'd cut himself in the neck, you know—with a rusty nail, he told me. I wonder how? . . . But it was wrong of Gecko to strike him. They were such friends. Why did he?"

"Well—it was because Svengali struck you with his conductor's wand when you were rehearsing. Struck you on the fingers and made you cry! don't you remember?"

"Struck *me! rehearsing?*—made me *cry!* what *are* you talking about, dear Taffy? Svengali never *struck* me! he was kindness itself! always! and what should *I* rehearse?"

"Well, the songs you were to sing at the theater in the evening."

"Sing at the theatre! *I* never sang at any theater—except last night, if that big place was a theater! and they didn't seem to like it! I'll take precious good care never to sing in a theater again! How they howled! and there was Svengali in the box opposite, laughing at me. Why was I taken there? and why did that funny little Frenchman in the white waistcoat ask me to sing? I know very well I can't sing well enough to sing in a place like that! What a fool I was! It all seems like a bad dream! What was it all about? *Was* it a dream, I wonder!"

"Well—but don't you remember singing at Paris, in the Salle des Bashibazoucks—and at Vienna—St. Petersburg—lots of places?"

"What nonsense, dear—you're thinking of some one else! *I* never sang anywhere! I've been to Vienna and St. Petersburg—but I never *sang* there—good heavens!"

Then there was a pause, and our three friends looked at her helplessly.

Little Billee said: "Tell me, Trilby—what made you cut me dead when I bowed to you in the Place de la Concorde, and you were riding with Svengali in that swell carriage?"

"*I* never rode in a swell carriage with Svengali! omnibuses were more in *our* line! You're dreaming, dear Little Billee—you're taking me for somebody else; and as for my cutting *you*—why, I'd sooner cut myself—into little pieces!"

"*Where* were you staying with Svengali in Paris?"

"I really forget. *Were* we in Paris? Oh yes, of course. Hôtel Bertrand, Place Notre Dame des Victoires."

"How long have you been going about with Svengali?"

"Oh, months, years—I forget. I was very ill. He cured me."

"Ill! What was the matter?"

"Oh! I was mad with grief, and pain in my eyes, and wanted to kill myself, when I lost my dear little Jeannot, at Vibraye. I

fancied I hadn't been careful enough with him. I was crazed! Don't you remember writing me there, Taffy—through Angèle Boisse? Such a sweet letter you wrote! I know it by heart! And you too, Sandy"; and she kissed him. "I wonder where they are, your letters?—I've got nothing of my own in the world—not even your dear letters—nor Little Billee's—such lots of them!

"Well, Svengali used to write to me, too—and then he got my address from Angèle. . . .

"When Jeannot died, I felt I must kill myself or get away from Vibraye—get away from the people there—so when he was buried I cut my hair short and got a workman's cap and blouse and trousers and walked all the way to Paris without saying anything to anybody. I didn't want anybody to know; I wanted to escape from Svengali, who wrote that he was coming there to fetch me. I wanted to hide in Paris. When I got there at last it was two o'clock in the morning, and I was in dreadful pain—and I'd lost all my money—thirty francs—through a hole in my trousers-pocket. Besides, I had a row with a carter in the Halle. He thought I was a man, and hit me and gave me a black eye, just because I patted his horse and fed it with a carrot I'd been trying to eat myself. He was tipsy, I think. Well, I looked over the bridge at the river—just by the Morgue—and wanted to jump in. But the Morgue sickened me, so I hadn't the pluck. Svengali used to be always talking about the Morgue, and my going there some day. He used to say he'd come and look at me there, and the idea made me so sick I couldn't. I got bewildered, and quite stupid.

"Then I went to Angèle's, in the Rue des Cloîtres Ste. Pétronille, and waited about; but I hadn't the courage to ring, so I went to the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, and looked up at the old studio window, and thought how comfortable it was in there, with the big settee near the stove, and all that, and felt inclined to ring up Madame Vinard; and then I remembered Little Billee was ill there, and his mother and sister were with him. Angèle had written me, you know. Poor Little Billee! There he was, very ill!

"So I walked about the place, and up and down the Rue des Mauvais Ladres. Then I went down the Rue de Seine to the river again, and again I hadn't the pluck to jump in. Besides, there was a sergent

"THE OLD STUDIO"

de ville who followed and watched me. And the fun of it was that I knew him quite well, and he didn't know me a bit. It was Célestin Beaumollet, who got so tipsy on Christmas night. Don't you remember? The tall one, who was pitted with the small-pox.

"Then I walked about till near daylight. Then I could stand it no longer, and went to Svengali's, in the Rue Tireliard, but he'd moved to the Rue des Saints Pères; and I went there and found him. I didn't want to a bit, but I couldn't help myself. It was fate, I suppose! He was very kind, and cured me almost directly, and got me coffee and bread and butter—the best I ever tasted—and a warm bath from Bidet Frères, in the Rue Savonarole. It was heavenly! And I slept for two days and two nights! And then he told me how fond he was of me, and how he would always cure me, and take care of me, and marry me, if I would go away with him. He said he would devote his whole life to me, and took a small room for me, next to his.

"I stayed with him there a week, never going out or seeing any one, mostly asleep. I'd caught a chill.

"ET MAINTENANT DORS, MA MIGNONNE!"

"He played in two concerts and made a lot of money; and then we went away to Germany together; and no one was a bit the wiser."

"And *did* he marry you?"

"Well—no. He couldn't, poor fellow! He'd already got a wife living; and three children, which he declared were not his. They live in Elberfeld in Prussia; she keeps a small sweet-stuff shop there. He behaved very badly to them. But it was not through me! He'd deserted them long before; but he used to send them plenty of money when he'd got any; I made him, for I was very sorry for her. He was always talking about her, and what she said and what she did; and imitating her saying her prayers and eating pickled cucumber with one hand and drinking schnapps with the other, so as not to lose any time; till he made me die of laughing. He could be very funny, Svengali, though he *was* German, poor dear! And then Gecko joined us, and Marta."

"Who's Marta?"

"His aunt. She cooked for us, and al that. She's coming here presently; she sent word from the hotel; she's very fonc of him. Poor Marta! Poor Gecko! What *will* they ever do without Svengali?"

"Then what did he do to live?"

"Oh! he played at concerts, I suppose—and all that."

"Did you ever hear him?"

"Yes. Sometimes Marta took me; at the beginning, you know. He was always very much applauded. He plays beautifully. Everybody said so."

"Did he never try and teach you to sing?"

"Oh, maïe, aïe! not he! Why, he always laughed when I tried to sing; and so did Marta; and so did Gecko! It made them roar! I used to sing 'Ben Bolt.' They used to make me, just for fun—and go into fits. *I* didn't mind a scrap. I'd had no training, you know!"

"Was there anybody else he knew—any other woman?"

"Not that *I* know of! He always made

out he was so fond of me that he couldn't even *look* at another woman. Poor Svengali!" (Here her eyes filled with tears again.) "He was always very kind! But I never could be fond of him in the way he wished—never! It made me sick even to think of! Once I used to hate him—in Paris—in the studio; don't you remember?

"He hardly ever left me; and then Marta looked after me—for I've always been weak and ill—and often so languid that I could hardly walk across the room. It was that walk from Vibraye to Paris. I never got over it.

"I used to try and do all I could—be a daughter to him, as I couldn't be anything else—mend his things, and all that, and cook him little French dishes. I fancy he was very poor at one time; we were always moving from place to place. But I always had the best of everything. He insisted on that—even if he had to go without himself. It made him quite unhappy when I wouldn't eat, so I used to force myself.

"Then, as soon as I felt uneasy about things, or had any pain, he would say, 'Dors, ma mignonne!' and I would sleep at once—for hours, I think—and wake up, oh, so tired! and find him kneeling by me, always so anxious and kind—and Marta and Gecko! and sometimes we had the doctor, and I was ill in bed.

"Gecko used to dine and breakfast with us—you've no idea what an angel he is, poor little Gecko! But what a dreadful thing to strike Svengali! *Why* did he? Svengali taught him all he knows!"

"And you knew no one else—no other woman?"

"No one that I can remember—except Marta—not a soul!"

"And that beautiful dress you had on last night?"

"It isn't mine. It's on the bed upstairs, and so's the fur cloak. They belong to Marta. She's got lots of them, lovely things—silk, satin, velvet—and lots of beautiful jewels. Marta deals in them, and makes lots of money.

"I've often tried them on; I'm very easy to fit," she said, "being so tall and thin. And poor Svengali would kneel down and cry, and kiss my hands and feet, and tell me I was his goddess and empress, and all that, which I hate. And Marta used to cry, too. And then he would say,

"'Et maintenant dors, ma mignonne!'

"And when I woke up I was so tired that I went to sleep again on my own account.

"But he was very patient. Oh, dear me! I've always been a poor, helpless, useless log and burden to him!

"Once I actually walked in my sleep—and woke up in the market-place at Prague—and found an immense crowd, and poor Svengali bleeding from the forehead, in a faint on the ground. He'd been knocked down by a horse and cart, he told me. He'd got his guitar with him. I suppose he and Gecko had been playing somewhere, for Gecko had his fiddle. If Gecko hadn't been there, I don't know what we should have done. You never saw such queer people as they were—such crowds—you'd think they'd never seen an English woman before. The noise they made, and the things they gave me . . . some of them went down on their knees, and kissed my hands and the skirts of my gown.

"He was ill in bed for a week after that, and I nursed him, and he was very grateful. Poor Svengali! God knows *I* felt grateful to *him* for many things! Tell me how he died! I hope he hadn't much pain."

They told her it was quite sudden, from heart-disease.

"Ah! I knew he had that; he wasn't a healthy man; he used to smoke too much. Marta used always to be very anxious."

Just then Marta came in.

Marta was a fat, elderly Jewess of rather a grotesque and ignoble type. She seemed overcome with grief—all but prostrate.

Trilby hugged and kissed her, and took off her bonnet and shawl, and made her sit down in a big arm-chair, and got her a footstool.

She couldn't speak a word of anything but Polish and a little German. Trilby had also picked up a little German, and with this and by means of signs, and no doubt through a long intimacy with each other's ways they understood each other very well. She seemed a very good old creature, and very fond of Trilby, but in mortal terror of the three Englishmen.

Lunch was brought up for the two women and the nurse, and our friends left them, promising to come again that day.

They were utterly bewildered; and the Laird would have it that there was another Madame Svengali somewhere, the real one, and that Trilby was a fraud—self-deceived and self-deceiving—quite unconsciously so, of course.

Truth looked out of her eyes, as it always had done—truth was in every line of her face.

The truth only—nothing but the truth could ever be told in that "voice of velvet,"

"TAFFY WAS ALLOWED TO SEE GECKO"

which rang as true when she spoke as that of any thrush or nightingale, however rebellious it might be now (and forever perhaps) to artificial melodic laws and limitations and restraints. The long training it had been subjected to had made it "a wonder, a world's delight," and though she might never sing another note, her mere speech would always be more golden than any silence, whatever she might say.

Except on the one particular point of her singing, she had seemed absolutely sane—so, at least, thought Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee. And each thought to himself, besides, that this last incarnation of Trilbyness was quite the sweetest, most touching, most endearing of all.

They had not failed to note how rapidly she had aged, now that they had seen her without her rouge and pearl-powder; she looked thirty at least—she was only twenty-three.

Her hands were almost transparent in their waxen whiteness; delicate little frosty wrinkles had gathered round her eyes; there were gray streaks in her hair; all strength and straightness and elasticity seemed to have gone out of her with the memory of her endless triumphs (if she really *was* la Svengali), and of her many wanderings from city to city all over Europe.

It was evident enough that the sudden stroke which had destroyed her power of singing had left her physically a wreck.

But she was one of those rarely gifted beings who cannot look or speak or even stir without waking up (and satisfying) some vague longing that lies dormant in the hearts of most of us, men and women alike; grace, charm, magnetism—whatever the nameless seduction should be called that she possessed to such an unusual degree—she had lost none of it when she lost her high spirits, her buoyant health and energy, her wits!

Tuneless and insane, she was more of a siren than ever—a quite unconscious siren—without any guile, who appealed to the heart all the more directly and irresistibly that she could no longer stir the passions.

All this was keenly felt by all three—each in his different way—by Taffy and Little Billee especially.

All her past life was forgiven—her sins of omission and commission! And whatever might be her fate—recovery, madness, disease, or death—the care of her till she died or recovered should be the principal business of their lives.

Both had loved her. All three, perhaps. One had been loved by her as passionately, as purely, as unselfishly, as any man could wish to be loved, and in some extraordinary manner had recovered, after many years, at the mere sudden sight and sound of her, his lost share in our common inheritance—the power to love, and all its joy and sorrow; without which he had found life not worth living, though he had possessed every other gift and blessing in such abundance.

"Oh, Circe, poor Circe, dear Circe, divine enchantress that you were!" he said to himself, in his excitable way. "A mere look from your eyes, a mere note of your heavenly voice, has turned a poor, miserable, callous brute back into a man again! and I will never forget it—never! And now that a still worse trouble than mine has befallen you, you shall always be first in my thoughts till the end!"

And Taffy felt pretty much the same, though he was not by way of talking to himself so eloquent about things as Little Billee.

As they lunched, they read the accounts of the previous evening's events in different papers, three or four of which (including the *Times*) had already got leaders about the famous but unhappy singer who had been so suddenly widowed and struck down in the midst of her glory. All these accounts were more or less correct. In one paper it

was mentioned that Madame Svengali was under the roof and care of Mr. William Bagot, the painter, in Fitzroy Square.

The inquest on Svengali was to take place that afternoon, and also Gecko's examination at the Bow Street Police Court, for his assault.

Taffy was allowed to see Gecko, who was remanded till the result of the post-mortem should be made public. But beyond inquiring most anxiously and minutely after Trilby, and betraying the most passionate concern for her, he would say nothing, and seemed indifferent as to his own fate.

When they went to Fitzroy Square, late in the afternoon, they found that many people, musical, literary, fashionable, and otherwise (and many foreigners), had called to inquire after Madame Svengali, but no one had been admitted to see her. Mrs. Godwin was much elated by the importance of her new lodger.

Trilby had been writing to Angèle Boisse, at her old address in the Rue des Cloîtres Ste. Pétronille, in the hope that this letter would find her still there. She was anxious to go back and be a blanchisseuse de fin with her friend. It was a kind of nostalgia for Paris, the quartier latin, her clean old trade.

This project our three heroes did not think it necessary to discuss with her just yet; she seemed quite unfit for work of any kind.

The doctor, who had seen her again, had been puzzled by her strange physical weakness, and wished for a consultation with some special authority; Little Billee, who was intimate with most of the great physicians, wrote about her to Sir Oliver Calthorpe.

She seemed to find a deep happiness in being with her three old friends, and talked and listened with all her old eagerness and geniality, and much of her old gayety, in spite of her strange and sorrowful position. But for this it was impossible to realize that her brain was affected in the slightest degree, except when some reference was made to her singing, and this seemed to annoy and irritate her, as though she were being made fun of. The whole of her marvellous musical career, and everything connected with it, had been clean wiped out of her recollection.

She was very anxious to get into other quarters, that Little Billee should suffer no inconvenience, and they promised to take rooms for her and Marta on the morrow.

They told her cautiously all about Svengali and Gecko; she was deeply concerned, but betrayed no such poignant anguish as might have been expected. The thought of Gecko troubled her most, and she showed much anxiety as to what might befall him.

A FAIR BLANCHISSEUSE DE FIN

Next day she moved with Marta to some lodgings in Charlotte Street, where everything was made as comfortable for them as possible.

Sir Oliver saw her with Dr. Thorne (the doctor who was attending her) and Sir Jacob Wilcox.

Sir Oliver took the greatest interest in her case, both for her sake and his friend Little Billee's. Also his own, for he was charmed with her. He saw her three times in the course of the week, but could not say for certain what was the matter with her, beyond taking the very gravest view of her condition. For all he could advise or prescribe, her weakness and physical prostration increased rapidly, through no cause he could discover. Her insanity was not enough to account for it. She lost weight daily; she seemed to be wasting and fading away from sheer general atrophy.

Two or three times he took her and Marta for a drive.

On one of these occasions, as they went down Charlotte Street, she saw a shop with transparent French blinds in the window, and through them some French women, with neat white caps, ironing. It was a French *blanchisserie de fin*, and the sight of it interested and excited her so much that she must needs insist on being put down and on going into it.

"Je voudrais bien parler à la patronne, si ça ne la dérange pas," she said.

The patronne, a genial Parisienne, was much astonished to hear a great French lady, in costly garments, evidently a person of fashion and importance, applying to her rather humbly for employment in the business, and showing a thorough knowledge of the work (and of the Parisian work-woman's colloquial dialect). Marta managed to catch the patronne's eye, and tapped her own forehead significantly, and Sir Oliver nodded. So the good woman humoured the great lady's fancy, and promised her abundance of employment whenever she should want it.

Employment! Poor Trilby was hardly strong enough to walk back to the carriage; and this was her last outing.

But this little adventure had filled her with hope and good spirits—for she had as yet received no answer from Angèle Boisse (who was in Marseilles), and had begun to realize how dreary the quartier latin would be without Jeannot, without Angèle, without the trois Angliches in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts.

She was not allowed to see any of the strangers who came and made kind inquiries. This her doctors had strictly forbidden. Any reference to music or singing irritated her beyond measure. She would say to Marta, in bad German:

"Tell them, Marta—what nonsense it is! They are taking me for another—they are mad. They are trying to make a fool of me!"

And Marta would betray great uneasiness—almost terror—when she was appealed to in this way.

(*To be concluded*)

After the Shower

By RICHARD DEHMEL

SEE, the sky is blue;
The swallows chase each other,
Like fish, above the dripping birches.
And thou wilt weep?

Soon within your heart
Will rain-washed trees and singing thrushes
Form a golden picture.
And yet thou weepst?

My searching eyes
Behold in thine
Two tiny suns:
And thou dost smile.

A WEEK EACH WAY —*two weeks to play!*

SAIL out into the far South Seas and back again this summer — the four-thousand-mile round-trip is a holiday in itself! The summer-cool South Seas—where palm trees wave over coral beaches—where dolphins frolic and flying-fish dart across the bows—where your ship spins a phosphorescent wake across the velvety Pacific.

And then at the end there's Hawaii, the world's kindly retreat from care and humdrum! Somewhere at the edge of the jade-and-sapphire bay you can see a palm-shaded hotel palace, or perhaps a bungalow half hidden by riotous flowering vines—your home in Hawaii for two weeks at least.

Every day is delightful! At sunrise a dash through the surf on Waikiki's tropic beach—just to put your appetite on edge. Then motor out to Nuuanu Valley for 18 holes of golf —and there are eleven other courses in the Islands. Tennis, quaint Oriental bazaars, the historic Pali—rich in barbaric legends of the time before Captain Cook, outrigger canoeing and surf-boarding . . . there are these and many other *new* interests to while away happy hours. At night perhaps a *luau* (native feast), and figures dancing in the cool moonlight to a haunting, chanted chorus.

So many things to do, if you've come for play! And so many new ways to *do nothing at all*, if you come to rest. For here you can find the *dolce far niente* that so charmed Stevenson. Bright days of lazy drifting; hours of delicious, refreshing irresponsibility!

$400 is enough for all expenses

The cost of a leisurely four or five weeks' round trip from the Coast —including first-class passage each way and all hotel, sight-seeing and incidental expenses for 2 or 3 weeks in the Islands — is surprisingly low.

Come now! See your local railroad, steamship or tourist agent—he can book you direct from home via any Pacific Coast port you wish to visit en route. Sail from San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle or Vancouver, returning by another route if you like—and see the whole Pacific Coast! This coupon will bring you a 24-page illustrated booklet on Hawaii and a copy of "Tourfax," brimful of interesting and helpful travel information. Send for them today.

Hawaii Tourist Bureau
220 McCann Building,
San Francisco
or 349 Fort St., Honolulu, Hawaii
U. S. A.

Please send me your booklets, "HAWAII" and "TOURFAX"

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Hawaii

H A V E A

Why Camel leads the world

C A M E L

GOODNESS has made Camels the leader of the world that they are today. Goodness means the quality of the tobaccos from which they are made, the skill with which the tobaccos are blended to bring out the fragrance, to produce the mildness, to give that subtle quality and taste that smokers find only in Camel.

Goodness means such a standard of uniformity that the billionth or the trillionth Camel is sure to be just as good as the first. It means the honesty, the truthfulness, the sincerity of purpose to make and keep Camel the leader—the cigarette most preferred by the greatest number.

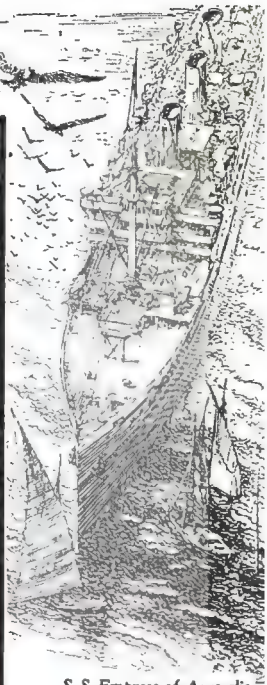
"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

© 1927

World Cruise

SAILING FROM NEW YORK, DECEMBER 2nd



S. S. Empress of Australia. 21,850 gross tons. Dream-ship of cruises. Fresh from the yards at Glasgow this spring.

Other cruises, 1927-28. South America - Africa, Jan. 24. Mediterranean, Feb. 4. West Indies (two) Jan. 26 and Feb. 29.

NEXT December 2, a dream ship starts round the wonder-belt of the world. Wonder-belt? Exactly that, globe-circlers call it. It begins in the Mediterranean. It traverses the Holy Land and Egypt. It crosses India and China, and ends in Japan.

These six regions contain the chief travel riches of the world. The circuit of these is the real world cruise.

Over 7 seas, you live and play aboard a dream ship. She has the lounges, the galleries, the swimming pool of a magnificent club. She has the private-bath suites and rooms of a 1927 hotel.

In 19 countries, you are an honored guest. You are extended best accommodations. You are accorded special privileges.

Throughout 133 days, a delightful cuisine. Your service is Canadian Pacific standard. Your companio ship congenial.

40 years has it taken Canadi Pacific to build this way of seei the world's wonders. First, it spa ned America with railroads ar hotels. Then, it criss-crossed t Pacific with services and bridg the Atlantic with ships. It plac its own agents in the world's por and trained its own cruise sta Because 39 such years have gone b fore, this World Cruise is possibl

Surely, this cruise, of all cruis should be investigated. Fares a surprisingly low. Early reservatio advised. Personal service.

Descriptive literature and plan of ship from your local agent or any Canadian Pacific District Office:

Atlanta, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, San Francisco, St. Louis, Seattle, Tacoma, Washington.

In Canada: Montreal, Ottawa, Vancouver, Toronto, Winnipeg.

Canadian Pacific Express Travellers Cheques Good the World Over

CANADIAN PACIFIC · **WORLD'S GREATES TRAVEL SYSTEM**

FRANKLIN

Presenting · NEW SMOOTHNESS NEW POWER · NEW SPEED

Now—click off the miles as you want them! Fast or slow, they will be the smoothest in your experience. Speed as you like, you cannot make this great Franklin show any signs of effort. It has new power. It has new speed. And just compare it with any other in smoothness even at 50 miles or over!

Whisk up the hardest hills on high—there's no sense or sound of labor. Quiet, confident power. Shoot along the straightaway—there's no roar or vibration. Speed without punishment. No matter how fast you go, only the speedometer and the flying telegraph poles will tell you—never the engine, the body or the chassis!

Luxurious—no other word will do justice to the great 25th Anniversary Franklin. It has all the famous Franklin superiorities—plus unequaled five-passenger roominess and power-speed-smoothness of a new order. Drive it—it is the climax of the Franklin policy of always keeping ahead.

Coupé now $2490, Sedan now $2790. Other types in proportion. Fully equipped, F. O. B. Syracuse, N. Y. Inquire about the 25th Anniversary Easy Ownership Plan.

The 25th Anniversary Franklin

THE FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE INVESTMENT BUREAU

A department offering its services without charge to readers of THE GOLDEN BOOK. All letters to the Bureau are treated as personal and confidential, and are answered in full by mail.

Address: Investment Bureau, THE GOLDEN BOOK, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

Contains announcements of reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks, brokers, and other financial institutions. Inquiry is made concerning the institutions advertising under this heading, and none of questionable character is accepted. When writing to these institutions please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK.

Adventures in Investing

Beware of "Inside Information" From People You Don't Know

By BOYDEN SPARKES

When old man J—— sold half his land about fifteen years ago he was advised by his banker to invest some of this capital in sound railroad bonds; so he bought $8,000 worth of issues of the only important railroad about which he had any information.

The right of way of this road adjoins the pasturage land where for two decades J—— 's herd of black and white Holsteins have been growing steadily whiter. Each cow in the lush fields is a milk factory. Tons of milk are delivered from the dairy farm every day to the freight depot a mile away.

"Better spread your money around a little, Herman," advised the banker. "Don't have all your eggs in one basket."

"Got all my cows in one herd, ain't I? Good cows, eh?"

"Best in the country, but——"

"These are good bonds; you told me yourself."

Old man J—— is a stubborn person, and five years ago he quarreled with his banker friend, who was about the only person in the county who had ever dared to offer him advice in such important matters. Then, something less than two years ago, the railroad went into a receivership.

Farmers all through Wisconsin were sufferers in that inexcusable financial disaster. Many of them were stockholders of the road, and in other ways less apparent their fortunes were engaged with its fortune. Old man J—— congratulated himself his money was invested in the company's bonds, and the
to be a hard and fast mortgage on th
continued to thunder past his farm, an une
of annoyance to his Holsteins.

One day last fall a smart roadster swung int
curving maple shaded driveway of the J—— I
From it stepped as carefully dressed a person a
farmer had ever seen. Polite, too.

"Sir," he said most respectfully, "might I b
you the privilege of using your telephone? It's fi
fully important, and my car is acting queerly.
I won't make the village."

"Surest thing you know," consented J—— hea
"right in here beneath the stairs."

"It's a long distance call," apologized the vi
"but I shall reverse the charges."

" 'Sall right."

You might think old J—— would have gone abo
business then, but that is only because you d
know him. He is not only stubborn but mig
suspicious. He had an idea that his visitor migl
trying to work some game on him. He even consi
the possibility of the stranger making the long dis
call and then neglecting to reverse the charges.

"I'm calling Chicago, operator," he heard
visitor say. "This is Mr. Patton. Give me
Armour at Harrison 6— and reverse the charges.

After that the visitor chatted with J——,

(*Continued on page 50*)

—for quicker action

A network of over 11,000 miles of private wire connecting National City offices in fifty leading cities keeps bond investors everywhere in almost instant touch with the great investment centers. When you wish to buy bonds, obtain market quotations or other investment information, just call our office nearest you. Our representatives are equipped to give you quick, dependable service. Ask for our Monthly Bond Circular.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

CAREFULLY SELECTED BONDS OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC GOVERNMENTS, STATES, MUNICIPALITIES, RAILROADS, PUBLIC UTILITIES AND INDUSTRIAL CORPORATIONS.

Please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE to our advertisers.

(*Continued from page 48*)

intelligent questions about Holsteins, spoke slightingly of Jerseys and invited the old man's opinion of the McNary-Haugen bill and Coolidge.

When the operator called back, old man J——'s ears were, so to speak, pinned back. Patton and Armour are recognizable names in any farmhouse of the Middle West and Northwest.

"This is K. P. speaking. Put my secretary on the wire after I've finished with Mr. Armour. Oh, hello, there, old timer. Look! Get rid of our ——— Railroad bonds immediately. Take the first offer you can get for them. I've been to the end of the line and back. Things look rotten. Tell the old man to sell his. He's in deeper than we are. Sure, I know. It's tough, but half a loaf, you know. I'm telling my secretary to turn over all of mine to you. Thanks a lot."

Thereafter old man J——listened to another conversation carried on in a high-hat fashion. At the other end of the wire, seemingly, was a stenographer listing the serial numbers of some securities which the visitor read from a seal leather loose-leaf note book.

"I don't know how to thank you," said the visitor warmly as he finished. Old man J—— lowered the Breeders' Gazette that he had been holding before his face as if to suggest that he had not been listening.

"Do you smoke?" The proffered cigar was fat and Cuban. Mr. J—— took it, and waved farewell to his visitor.

It seemed almost a coincidence five days later when there came in the mail an offer from a Chicago trader for any of J——'s railroad bonds that might be for sale. The offer was disgracefully low. The second offer three days later was from another Chicago house. It was still lower. The old dairyman sold his bonds when he received a visit from a person who said he was a broker and offered him precisely what was being offered in the markets, according to the bond lists of the newspapers. The broker's offer was, of course, "less brokerage."

Old man J——'s $8,000 is considerably shrunken, but he has not yet been persuaded that he did a foolish thing when he parted with his bonds. Probably he won't realize how foolish until some of his friends succeed in convincing him that the well-dressed stranger who used his telephone was a sharp-shooter, a peculiarly mean sort of financial gypsy who belonged to a band of unscrupulous men engaged in persuading bondholders of that railroad to part with perfectly good securities for considerably less than their real worth. Like other farmers who eavesdropped on those carefully staged long distance telephone calls, J——was taken into camp. The moral of this is, of course, that investors should seek advice of trustworthy and well-informed bankers, or other sources, not only when they buy, but when they sell.

They Grow on Long Island as Well as in Wisconsin

Mrs. K. had an experience with her bonds that follows the pattern of that dairy farmer. She has a home on Long Island; not an estate, but a small house, closely shouldered in an interminable row of tax-exempt suburban dwellings as ugly as anything of wood, paint and cheap glass can be. Mrs. K. holds that place in spite of three mortgages that menace her as Goldilocks was menaced by the three bears.

Mrs. K., a widow since the influenza epidemic of 1919, had put $1,500 of the insurance into three $500 real estate mortgage bonds. They were secured by an imposing brick cube that rises fifteen stories above a fashionable New York street. Millionaires dwell there and pay for rent more money in a year than Mrs. K. has seen in all her existence. Nevertheless, she had three fingers on the mortgage over the unconcerned heads of those millionaire tenants. Then the real estate mortgage bond house, through which she had bought those shares of a mortgage, went into a receivership. A chain of causes too complex for the understanding of persons far more astute than Mrs. K. was blamed.

Mrs. K.'s name was on a list of that house's customers. The list, by some kind of commercial bribery, was obtained by a group of smart rascals. Their organization systematically set to work to depress the faith of the bondholders named on that list in the securities they held. These bonds were not involved in any way in the failure of the house that had floated them. Mrs. K.'s bonds, for example, were amply secured. True, a sharp shift in realty values in the next fifteen years might imperil her mortgage, but such a shift is unlikely.

Mrs. K. began to receive visits and telephone calls from various individuals supposedly representing as many brokerage concerns. There is reason to believe all the calls were inspired by a single source. Mrs. K. was at the receiving end of a conspiracy designed to persuade her that unless she sold her bonds immediately she would lose all of her $1,500 investment.

It was suggested to Mrs. K. that she might retrieve all of her "loss" by giving her mortgage bonds in exchange for other securities which the salesman could get for her only because he happened to be on the "inside."

She was on the verge of selling, too, on the salesman's terms, when some inner streak of caution inspired her to visit one of the little branch banks that contend with delicatessen stores for outlying Brooklyn corners. She took the mortgage bonds with her, pinned inside her coat.

The cashier of that branch is also its only loaning officer.

"Did you want to borrow money, using these as collateral?" he asked as Mrs. K. mutely laid them on his desk.

"I thought maybe you could tell me whether I should sell them?"

The cashier telephoned his main office for a report on the mortgage bonds. In about ten minutes he had a reply.

"Now then," he began, "if you have to raise some money right away——"

"But I don't," broke in Mrs. K. "I want to know if my money is safe in them."

"In my judgment, these bonds are sound. There may be some delay on the next interest payment because of receivership red tape, but if you will put these back in your safe-deposit box for a while I am confident you will get your money. If you sell now, though, of course you must take a loss."

"But I haven't a safe-deposit box."

"Well, it's time you had one then," said the banker, and proceeded to transform Mrs. K., the casual information seeker, into Mrs. K., the customer.

Incidentally, other holders of the issue in which Mrs. K. had her $1,500 invested finally brought the efforts of the high-pressure salesmen to the attention of New York state authorities. As for the one who said he was on the "inside," a valorous effort is now being made to put him inside of a jail.

How to know the *Best Bonds*

Some bonds are better than others. The "best" bonds are those which are best for *you*.

With some knowledge of your investment objective and the securities you now have, we will gladly assist you in keeping your holdings properly balanced and thus improve your investment position.

We believe our booklet,
"What Bonds Shall I Buy?"
will interest you.
May we send you a copy?

Ask for AB-2455

A. C. ALLYN AND COMPANY
INCORPORATED
67 West Monroe Street, Chicago
New York Boston Philadelphia San Francisco Milwaukee Minneapolis

Chicago

lives by the rhythm of the riveter! Skyscrapers — thousand-room hotels — solid blocks of stores and homes and apartments shot up last year — $366,000,000 worth! And every building must be lighted. Is it any wonder that our business shows amazing growth?

Commonwealth Edison Company
The Central Station Serving Chicago

This company has paid 149 consecutive dividends to its stockholders. Send for year book. Stock listed on Chicago Stock Exchange.

SAFEGUARDED
by the Growth of Our Cities

An important element in the strength of public utility securities is the essential nature of public utility services.

Public utility companies which we represent supply electric light and power, manufactured gas, electric transportation or other services to 2,600 American communities. The constant growth of these communities and a steady widening of the individual customer's demand for utility services are evidenced in the consistent progress of these companies.

Companies we represent include Commonwealth Edison Company, The Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company, Chicago Rapid Transit Company, Middle West Utilities Company, Midland Utilities Company and Public Service Company of Northern Illinois.

Write for current list of utility investment offerings yielding more than 6%.

INVESTMENTS that ENDURE

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY

72 W. Adams St., Chicago

St. Louis Milwaukee Indianapolis Louisville

Going Strong

Johnnie Walker CIGARETTES

20 for 20¢

CUSTOM MADE

Extremely Mild

FLORIDA'S SAFEST INVESTMENT

Lakeland Building and Loan Association

Capital, $2,000,000.00

RETURNS 8% WITH 100 % SECURITY

Shares for sale at par, $100.00 per share, without bonus or commission of any kind. Pays 8 per cent. per annum, in quarterly installments of 2 per cent, January first, April first, July first, and October first of each year. Owners of these shares have no taxes to pay, no insurance to look after and no titles to bother with. Money available any time and no notice of desire to withdraw is required.

Let Us Send You Booklet

LAKELAND BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

Box 35 **LAKELAND, FLORIDA**

Fidelity Bonds

REAL ESTATE

SURETY & GUARANTEED

Fidelity Bonds are national in scope, authenticated by independent Trust Companies, and guaranteed as to underlying collateral or as individual bonds by *the National Surety Company, of New York, The Maryland Casualty Company, or The United States Fidelity and Guaranty Co.*

Legal Investments for Banks, Trust Companies, Trust Estates and Institutions.

Send for Descriptive Booklet

THE FIDELITY MORTGAGE GUARANTY CO.
1940 East Sixth Street Cleveland, Ohio

TYPEWRITER PRICES CUT

World's best makes—Underwood, Remington, Oliver—prices smashed to almost half.

$2 and it's yours

Free Trial

All late models, completely rebuilt and refinished brand new. GUARANTEED for ten YEARS. Send no money—big FREE catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Get our direct-to-you easy payment plan and 10-day free trial offer. *Limited time, so write today.*
International Typewriter Ex., 186 W. Lake St. Dept. 486 Chicago

GET ACQUAINTED!

BEFORE being admitted to the financial department of The Golden Book, every advertiser is very carefully and thoroughly investigated. The advertisements you see on pages 49 to 53 are those of reliable concerns. The offerings they make you are good offerings—real worth-while investment opportunities. These advertisers are spending money to do you a service. Their suggestions and advice may prove invaluable. Write them for investment information. Send for their literature. Get acquainted. These people are good to know. Address

GOLDEN BOOK INVESTMENT BUREAU
55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Investor Must Walk Before He Can Run

Write for our free booklet "Banking By Mail." It will tell you how investors all over the country are making deposits in this strong Mutual Savings Bank. They KNOW their money is safe and quickly available if needed.

So many people fail to accumulate any money because they want to be a "running" investor right away—if they haven't several hundred dollars to invest they take it out in wishing that they had. But you don't need large sums to invest in a deposit account with the Williamsburgh Savings Bank. You can approach the goal of financial independence steadily and surely through regular deposits. The big investor of tomorrow is the one who starts building up his cash reserve today.

THE WILLIAMSBURGH SAVINGS BANK

Flatbush and Atlantic Aves. Brooklyn, New York

Assets more than $190,000,000.00. Dividends 4½% since January, 1923

Investment Information That Keeps You Up-to-Date

How to Make Use of the Investment Service of* THE GOLDEN BOOK *Without Cost or Obligation to You

Submit any individual investment question to our Investment Editor, who will promptly reply. The Golden Book Magazine Investment Service is an impartial service under the management, direction and supervision of The Review of Reviews Corporation, and free of charge to the 350,000 and more readers of The Golden Book and The Review of Reviews.

For twenty years The Review of Reviews Magazine has served thousands and thousands of men and women in the handling of their funds for investment. *It has been one of the outstanding services of the magazine and has built tremendous good will for us with readers.*

In addition to this individual investment service there is a supplementary service by which our readers may secure information of vital interest in the matter of investment. Below you will see booklets issued by financial houses. Choose by number those that you wish to see, write us, and we will send you, without cost or obligation on your part, the literature that you desire. Unless otherwise stated the literature will be sent you direct from the financial houses publishing the same.

If the literature of more than one company is desired, kindly enclose ten cents for postage.

Investment Literature for Your Information

1. Why Your Real Estate Mortgage Bonds Should Be Guaranteed—Adair Realty & Trust Co.
2. Public Utility Securities as Investments—A. C. Allyn and Company.
3. Arnold 6½% Certificates—Arnold & Co.
4. Investing by Mail—Caldwell & Co.
5. The New Year Book—Commonwealth Edison Co.
6. The Way to Wealth—William R. Compton Company.
7. Fidelity First Mortgage Participation Certificates—Fidelity Mortgage Co.
8. 8% and Safety—Filer-Cleveland Co.
9. How to Select Safe Bonds—George M. Forman & Co.
10. Investors' Guide—Greenebaum Sons Investment Co.
11. Gas, an Essential Utility and an Opportunity—Hambleton & Co.
12. Security Bonds—6% and a $40,000,000 Guarantee—J. A. W. Iglehart & Co.
13. Insured First Mortgage "Sixes"—Mortgage Insurance Corp.
14. Putting Your Dollars to Work—National City Co.
15. Safety Supreme—Shannon & Luchs.
16. 7% First Mortgage Bonds—United States Mortgage Bond Co.
17. Public Utility Offerings—Utility Securities Co.
18. Banking by Mail—Williamsburgh Savings Bank.

—PRINT YOUR NAME—CUT THE COUPON—

INVESTMENT BUREAU, GOLDEN BOOK
55 Fifth Avenue, New York City

April, 1927

Please send to the undersigned literature numbered .....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

If agreeable kindly state business.....

I do / I do not object to my name being given to the financial houses selected. Strike out "do" or "do not."

What WHITTALL means on a Rug

Matthew J. Whittall
Founder of
the Whittall Mills
in 1880

WHY THIS NAME HAS MAINTAINED ITS LEADERSHIP IN THE RUG INDUSTRY FOR FIFTY YEARS

THE name Whittall which is woven into the back of every rug we make is a respectful tribute to Matthew J. Whittall, who, a half century ago established the Whittall standard of rug quality.

It is placed there for your protection and our satisfaction — a trade mark by which you may recognize a product of surpassing merit — the mark of genuineness, with which an artist autographs his masterpiece.

Following the rule laid down by its founder, every rug which leaves the Whittall mill is mechanically perfect. Design, coloring and weaving must be right, else it may not bear the Whittall name.

Human hands could never produce such a fabric as this. The priceless hand-made Oriental rugs of ancient times which today bring fabulous sums were never as perfectly woven as Whittalls.

Much more is this true of the present day Orientals which are contract woven for disposal to those unfamiliar with true rug qualities and values.

Above each desk, beside each loom, at every bench, in every room throughout the immense Whittall plants are reminders that "Less Than Perfect isn't WHITTALL".

And this "policy of perfection" is underwritten by every member of the Whittall organization.

So, the name "Whittall", woven into the back of the rug you buy means to us as well as to you, a work well done.

Matthew P. Whittall

President & General Manager

Look for the name

WHITTALL'S
THE MARK OF QUALITY

woven into the back of the rug you buy

Whittall catalog in colors will be mailed on request

M. J. WHITTALL ASSOCIATES, WORCESTER, MASS.

A two to one favorite
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES

The entrancing Gallatin Gatewa

THE glories of Yellowstone Park take on new meaning this year with our discovery of Gallatin Gateway!

It is the great sensation of vacationlands. Savage wilderness and the refinements of civilization touch with startling picturesqueness.

You may take the world-famous *Olympian* or the *Columbian* over the trunk line of the Milwaukee Road direct to Gallatin Gateway. There you will find the splendid new Gallatin Gateway Inn. Comfortable motors of the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company will take you smoothly, with hardly a change of gears, directly to Old Faithful and the geysers, through gloriously fresh, untouched country of startling beauty.

The thrill of discovery may be yours, *for out of the millions of people in this country, only a few have yet been given the opportunity to pass through Gallatin Gateway!*

This year, the first full season of travel through Gallatin Gateway to Yellowstone, we invite you to enjoy the rugged beauties of Gallatin Canyon, of brawling Gallatin River, of great mountains rising over 11,000 feet by the motor trail. Bear, cougar, mountain goat and bighorn sheep inhabit the forests.

SHORTEST AND MOST MODERN ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC AND THE ORIENT

Splendid accommodations

The striking feature of this new way into Yellowstone Park is its great comfort. Your trip to the Gallatin Gateway by the *Olympian* or the *Columbian* is a continued delight. The only electrified transcontinental railroad serving Yellowstone Park.

At Gallatin Gateway station the new Gallatin Gateway Inn stands with the silver-green mountains for a background, and charming Gallatin Valley, one of the most famous wheat sections in America, stretching in front. Meals are delicious, much of the produce being crisp and fresh from neighboring farms and ranches. The spice of mountain air gives a zest to appetit

Every kind of sport may be enjoyed. Hor back riding. Mountain climbing and explori Fishing in snow-fed streams. Hunting. Motori

The Yellowstone Park motor coaches are t best and most comfortable built.

The fine new road upward through Galla gorge is not overcrowded with traffic. Inste you have the feeling of whirling through t glorious country with a few friends in your o private car. Everywhere provision has be made for your comfort.

The cost is quite reasonable!

Th

to Yellowstone Park!

The swift road to happy days

THIS is the logical way to vacationland! The Milwaukee Road reaches all the glorious vacationland of the Northwest by the world-famous *Olympian* or by the *Columbian*.

If you are outward-bound for Alaska, the Far East, or the Islands of the South Seas, it will take you in luxury to shipside on Puget Sound. For 660 miles across four great mountain ranges *it is electrified—the world's longest electrified railroad*, the most modern achievement in smooth, luxurious motion.

If your destination is a favorite vacation spot, undoubtedly The Milwaukee Road leads to it. Gallatin Gateway to Yellowstone. Belt and Ranger Mountains. Rocky Mountains. Upper Valley and sources of the Missouri. Lake Pepin. Lakes and woods of Wisconsin and Minnesota. Bitter Root Mountains. Columbia River. St. Joe River. Lake Chacolet. Mt. Rainier National Park. Cascade Range. Puget Sound. The Olympic Peninsula. The great plains of Montana and the Dakotas. *All reached by trunk lines of the Milwaukee Road.*

The trip on the splendidly equipped *Olympian* is in itself an extraordinary experience. In all the comfort of a fine club you may sweep smoothly through the most diversified, most beautiful, and most interesting regions of America. Perfect service, delicious meals, and an unbroken panorama of stimulating scenes!

MILWAUKEE ROAD

TO PUGET SOUND
THE CHICAGO MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY
ELECTRIFIED

GEO. B. HAYNES, Passenger Traffic Mgr.
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway
Union Station, Chicago, Illinois

I am planning a trip ☐ to Yellowstone Park ☐ to the Pacific Northwest. Please send me your travel literature.

Name_____

Address_____

14

Your Dentist Knows

Your dentist can name those who will probably enjoy for many years to come the priceless benefits of health and the freedom from the worries that come when health is gone. They see their dentist twice a year . . . But they are only two in ten. What happens to the remaining eight?

Pyorrhea claims 4 out of 5

Pyorrhea is on a rampage. Although its warning signs are plain, it reaps a heavy harvest.

Its ally is neglect. Four out of five after 40 and thousands younger pay Pyorrhea's price.

Pyorrhea poison causes the trouble. It gathers in pockets beneath the teeth. The gums break down and become tender. Teeth loosen in their sockets and sometimes drop out. Poison creeps through the system spreading havoc, often leading to neuritis, rheumatism, stomach disorders and anemia.

These Uneven Odds Can Be Bettered

To wait too long is folly. Take precautionary measures. Go to your dentist at least twice a year for a thorough examination of teeth and gums. Start using Forhan's for the Gums, today. This scientific dentifrice, made from the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., prevents Pyorrhea or checks it.

It keeps gums firm and healthy. It keeps teeth white and protects them against decay.

Children like the taste of Forhan's. Start them using it now and they will thank you in their later years.

Health Insurance

This scientific dentifrice is better than ordinary tooth pastes. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists everywhere. And the few cents more that it costs you is the small premium you pay for insurance against dread Pyorrhea. At druggists, 35c-60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

More than a Tooth Paste . . . It Checks Pyorrhea

You can be sure of this

Thousands are keeping their breath sweet and fresh this new way. We promise that you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only conceal unpleasant breath with embarrassing odors of their own after you have used this new Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant. Try it.

Nobody likes the thought of appearing at his work at the same old hour every morning for the rest of his life. Wouldn't *you* like to retire sometime? This page tells how you can.

When you are 65—

we put you on our payroll!

WHEN would you like to quit business and receive a monthly income for life? When ould you like to ease up a bit and enjoy the isure and travel you have earned?

We'll put you on our payroll any time you say. ou begin by depositing a few dollars a month ith us. Then when you are 60, 65, or 70—any me you specify—our checks start coming to ou as regularly as the salary checks you now eceive. And they will *keep right on coming* just s long as you're here to use them.

FOR EXAMPLE

uppose you are 30, and begin by depositing bout $28 a month with us. (Obviously, this mount depends not only upon your age but hat you want to accomplish, and after the first ear the use of dividends reduces the deposits ppreciably.) Then, on the day you are 65, your ostman will greet you with our first check for t least $100, and you will have the satisfaction nd the comfort of knowing that a similar check ill come to you *every month* as long as you live.

In addition, you will always know that if you hould die before you are 65, the tidy sum of $12,750 will be immediately paid to your wife and family.

That's what the Phoenix Mutual "Income-at-65" Plan will do for you. It is the sort of plan that makes for freedom from worry, for more fun in living. It is a safe, profitable investment, protection for your dear ones, and an income for your leisure years—all in one!

We have just published an interesting little book that tells the whole story. It is called "How to Get the Things You Want." Retiring at 65 is only *one* of the many things it tells about; some of the others are listed at the bottom of this page.

Read the list. These are the things you want, aren't they? The booklet tells how to get them. Send for it *today*.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Home Office: Hartford, Conn. *First Policy Issued 1851*

TO GET THESE . . . . MAIL THIS

Here are just a few of the things you can do under the Phoenix Mutual Plan:

1 RETIRE with an income when you are 65.
2 LEAVE your home free of debt.
3 SEND your children to college.
4 CREATE an estate.
5 MAKE sure your income will go on even though you become totally disabled.
6 LEAVE an income for your family.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
232 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

Send me by mail, without obligation, your new book, "HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT."

NAME ..... DATE OF BIRTH .....

BUSINESS ADDRESS .....

HOME ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

THE MUSIC FIELD

Facts On The Making And Use of Pianos in America

WHILE known to all that this nation leads the world in the production of fine phonographs, radios and many forms of musical instruments, our leadership in the making of pianos may not be so generally realized.

Although Europe was the birthplace of the piano, many of the greatest improvements have been made in America. It is conceded that the finest pianos in the world are now made here while our annual production of grands, uprights, and reproducing and player-pianos exceeds the output of all Europe.

Benjamin Crehore is credited by many with having made the first American piano about 1790 in Milton, Massachusetts. Others claim the first was made in Philadelphia several years before. Certain it is that some sixty or seventy years ago there were few piano-makers in America. To-day the number has increased tenfold, and over one hundred millions of dollars of capital are invested in the piano and piano-player business, and our instruments are being exported to every country.

Such facts as these are interesting in considering the fundamental importance of this instrument which remains unapproached in the advancement of the art of music itself, to say nothing of the pleasure and benefits it brings to all who share in its use.

Thinking of the piano in this way, it becomes a question not of how many pianos are made each year but how many of us are being brought into a true appreciation and actual use of this instrument.

Much is being heard these days of Class Instruction, Group Instruction, and of Piano Playing Contests and of the interest that is being shown in these movements throughout the country to encourage both young and old, and especially the young, in the actual playing of the piano.

Well-planned efforts along those lines are being sponsored by women's clubs, by social and even business organizations, by school and civic officials, by leading musicians everywhere, by parents and others who see the importance of a more universal knowledge and use of this instrument.

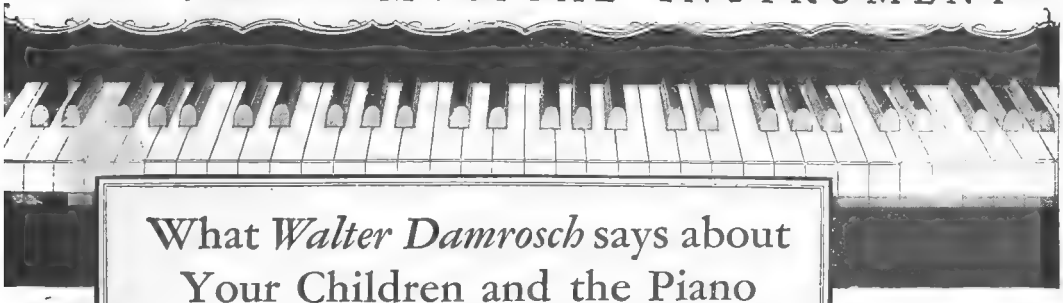
There is noticeable, too, a growing recognition of the intimate relationship between fine music and fine musical instruments that should lead to wiser selection and care of the latter. Not every piano that is made to-day measures up to the requirements of a truly fine musical instrument though there has never been a time when it was easier to secure with a little care pianos of genuine merit and lasting worth. Finer pianos were never made than are being made for us to-day.

Just how many years a good piano will remain a fine musical instrument after its purchase depends of course upon its construction and treatment. There is, however, no more reason to expect a piano to last forever than any other man-made creation however well constructed.

There comes a time when even the best piano outlives its many years of usefulness and inspiration and should be honorably retired and succeeded by one that will stimulate renewed interest in fine music.

THE PIANO

THE BASIC MUSICAL INSTRUMENT



What *Walter Damrosch* says about Your Children and the Piano

"Every child in our country should learn how to sing, and how to play upon at least one musical instrument. Among these the piano is perhaps the most practical for musical cultural purposes. Nothing should crowd out the opportunity for self-expression which can come to those who can play the piano with some degree of mastery."

Walter Damrosch

For forty-two years Conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra and one of the foremost figures in music in America

PROBABLY no one is better qualified than Walter Damrosch to say just what part the piano should play in the life of every child. Forty-two years' experience as Conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra gives him the unquestioned right to say that the piano is the most practical of all instruments for musical cultural purposes.

Walter Damrosch knows that the ability to play the piano brings an infinite pleasure both to those who play and those who listen. For the piano is the basic musical instrument—the foundation of all music.

The new methods of teaching have made learning to play the piano simpler than ever before. This new process of Group Piano Instruction is a source of interest and pleasure because it carries the children into the actual playing of melodies from the start.

The piano, under progressive American development, has reached virtual perfection in beauty of design and in enduring soundness of construction. This tremendous industry producing the greatest of all musical instruments—the piano—has recently assumed an obligation to enable every child in America to have a piano education.

Pianos are designed to suit every possible need from the concert platform to the modest home, in a wide range of designs and at varying prices—grand pianos, upright pianos, marvelous reproducing pianos that bring the great artists to your home and player-pianos that can give you a world of enjoyment while your children are learning to play.

NATIONAL PIANO MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION

247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Group Piano Instruction.
Parents and Teachers are invited to write for full information regarding this new Piano method.

Send me your booklet containing information about Group Piano Instruction.

Name_____

Address_____ Q.G.

In addition to the Small Grand, the Lauter Co. are the makers of the Lauter Humana, a player piano of human-like performance. Both instruments are shown by better dealers everywhere. Illustrated catalog on request.

LAUTER
SMALL GRAND

Exceptional charm is achieved in the Lauter Small Grand by reason of its prepossessing design and its tone of liquid purity. The Empire model is illustrated. Also available in the Colonial and Renaissance periods.

$850

LAUTER CO., NEWARK, N. J.
Founded 1862. Makers of Fine Pianos

The Worker's Wife

THIS advertisement is about group insurance, a matter which is sure to come up for the consideration of modern business executives. Group insurance is no patent panacea for the employee problem; but it is a most potent help.

Consider only one angle:— the worker's wife. In case of death or disability to her husband it is she and her children who benefit by group insurance. This means that she is going to help you in the matter of the man's contentment and co-operation in his job.

This is only one of many far-reaching influences involved in group insurance.

We have two booklets, "Management, Men and Motives" and "Group Life Insurance," which throw light on this question. Your local John Hancock office will be glad to send them to you, or they can be obtained by writing to Inquiry Bureau.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass.

Silver After Dinner Coffee Set of 3 Pieces. Reproduction. Queen Anne Period

A VERY fine After Dinner Coffee Set of formal dignity, which reflects the graceful simplicity of the Queen Anne Period. Many other after dinner sets of different patterns and at varying prices are always to be found in the Crichton Galleries.

Price of the Coffee Pot	$90.00
The Cream Ewer	$22.00
The Sugar Bowl	$25.00
The complete set	$137.00

Write for the Crichton Portfolio of Distinctive Gifts

CRICHTON & CO. LTD.
EXPERTS IN OLD ENGLISH SILVER
636 Fifth Ave. NEW YORK *at 51st Street*

CARLTON HOTEL IN WASHINGTON

"We go to the Carlton Hotel in Washington"—"Of course, you'll find us at the Carlton this winter"—"Yes, indeed. I think you'll like stopping at the Carlton."

A hotel which is a pleasant place to be

This is how a hotel establishes itself as a pleasant place to be. The people who come here take for granted quiet rooms designed in good taste . . . lounges that have the atmosphere of their own drawing-rooms . . . a cuisine as perfect as their own.

And being sensible people they want a hotel which is conveniently situated in town, for their friends live nearby or there is shopping to do of an afternoon or a round of official duties on Diplomatic Wednesday.

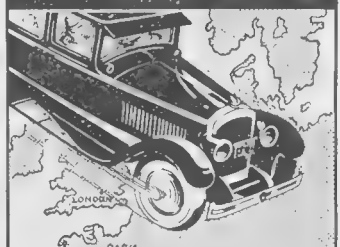
The Carlton Hotel is under the same management as the Wardman Park Hotel—famous for its perfect service.

Rates for suites, $20, $25 and $30; for double rooms, $8, $10, $12 and $15; plenty of single rooms from $6, $8 and $10. It is suggested that you make your reservations in advance. The Carlton Hotel, 16th Street at K Street, Washington, D. C.

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL RESORT AND TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

Established 1906
Featured every month in seven publications
THE QUALITY GROUP MAGAZINES
ATLANTIC MONTHLY, HARPER'S, REVIEW OF REVIEWS, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, THE GOLDEN BOOK and WORLD'S WORK, also in COUNTRY LIFE
Send postage for advice where and how to go. The right hotel, etc.
For space and rates in our departments write to
THE WHERE-TO-GO BUREAU, Inc., 8 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.



EUROPE by Automobile

Picturesque and important districts in Europe impossible to see by rail—these, Raymond - Whitcomb Tours visit by private automobile.

Comprehensive itineraries including the great localities of Western Europe—adequate time for individual shopping and sightseeing.

Tours vary as to scope, duration and cost. Write for our Europe Tour Book.

Individual Travel Service
We take care of all the bothersome details . . . hotels, steamships, guides, etc.
Send for our Guide to Europe.

Raymond & Whitcomb Co.
12 Park Street, Boston

HOLLYWOOD CAL.

HOLLYWOOD PLAZA
At the throbbing heart of Hollywood, amid theatres, [illegible] safety. Every comfort, famous hospitality, reasonable rates. Booklet on request.
Vine near Hollywood Blvd.

LOS ANGELES CAL.

"Within Easy Reach of Everything"
HOTEL CLARK
LOS ANGELES
POSITIVELY FIREPROOF
Headquarters for travelers from all parts of the world. 555 rooms—each with private bath. European plan. For folder, rates—write F. M. Dimmick, Lessee. Hill, bet. 4th and 5th.

VAN NUYS HOTEL
LOS ANGELES
A quiet atmosphere that appeals to persons of refinement. World-famous cafe. Convenient location. Moderate rates. Folder on request.

Where-To-Go department for April is continued on five pages immediately following.

BOSTON MASS.

Hotel Sheraton

On the beautiful Charles, furnished suites or single rooms during your stay in Boston. Write for Folder.
91 Bay State Rd.
BOSTON, MASS.

NEW YORK CITY

109-113 W. 45th St. **Hotel St. James** Times Sq. N. Y. City.
Midway between Fifth Avenue and Broadway. An hotel of quiet dignity, having the atmosphere and appointments of a well-conditioned home. Much favored by women traveling without escort. 3 minutes' walk to 40 theatres and all best shops. Rates and booklet on application. W. Johnson Quinn.

NEW ORLEANS LA.

The St. Charles New Orleans
One of America's Leading Hotels
ALFRED S. AMER & CO., Ltd. Proprietors

Where-To-Go for May closes April 1

EUROPE

Invisible Courier System
A Superior Travel Service for the Independent Traveler

ASSURES comfort and economy. Guaranteed reservations hotels, steamers, trains. Representative meets traveler on arrival all places. Inclusive rate submitted with specially prepared itinerary of any trip any time. Local guides, motor trips, sightseeing arranged. Send for Book E of suggestions and details.

Tours With Escort
Frequent, seasonable departures, with wide choice of routes. Experienced Tour Managers from our permanent staff in charge of each party. First-class from $955; also moderate-priced from $660.
Send for Book "C"

PACIFIC COAST
National Parks, Rockies, Alaska, Honolulu, etc.
Small limited parties, with escort or independently, leaving any day, with specially prepared itinerary over any desired route.
Send for Book "A"

Luxury Cruise
WEST INDIES
Panama and South America
By Holland-America Line
S.S. "Veendam"
Sailing March 19-$235 up

Upon request, we will furnish complete literature and information of any trip, tour or cruise desired.

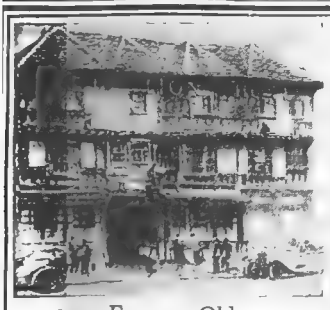
FRANK TOURIST CO
(Est. 1875) 542 Fifth Avenue, New York
Phila., 1529 Locust St. Boston, 33 Devonshire St.
San Francisco, 582 Market St.
Los Angeles, At Bank of America

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT-&-TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT

CONTINUED

ENGLAND



Famous Old
COACHING INNS
in ENGLAND

A hundred Hostelries — quaintold places atwhich the hospitality that characterised them in Dickens' time is stillpractised—wherecourtesy to the traveller, quiet service and well-cooked food at moderate prices may be expected and found.

A booklet with particulars of the interesting places in which these Inns are situated may be had on request from:

The Where-To-Go Bureau, 8 Beacon St., Boston

or

Trust Houses, Ltd.
53, Short's Gardens, London W. C. 2

Where-To-Goblankets U.S. income tax payers who are the very best class of Travel prospects

CRUISES-TOURS

TEMPLE TOURS
EUROPE

Shakespeare Country, Dutch Canals, French Battlefields, Alpine Mountain Tops, Swiss and Italian Lakes, the Rhine, Egypt, Palestine—Art, History, Literature—comfortable travel, moderate prices, wonderful sightseeing programs with best guides. Sailings by the Mediterranean Route in April and May.

STANDARD TOURS
EDUCATIONAL TOURS

Please send for the booklet that interests you

TEMPLE TOURS
147-B Park Square Bldg., Boston, Mass.

SEE EUROPE

Small select parties sailing June 22, June 11, July 2, August 1
De Luxe-Standard-StudentTours
Conducted N. Y. to N. Y. $300 up
Get the most for your money.
Booklets-Literature Free.
CONCORD Y TOURS — Concord, N. C.

CRUISES-TOURS

The Greatest Summer Vacation

A Cruise to Europe
and the
Mediterranean

by S.S. "CALIFORNIA"
of the Cunard and Anchor Lines

From New York June 30
back in New York Sept. 1, 1927

This, our Sixth Annual Summer Cruise,

presents a new and attractive feature

in the form of Overland Tours—during the Cruise—to Italy, Switzerland, the Rhine, France and England; rejoining the "California" at Havre or Southampton.

The itinerary includes MADEIRA, SPAIN, GREECE, CONSTANTINOPLE, THE HOLY LAND, EGYPT, NAPLES, ROME, MONACO, PARIS, LONDON, returning to New York via Havre, Southampton.

Make your Reservations Early!

TOURIST THIRD CABIN TOURS
$290 up

An unusually interesting tour to some of the great capitals of Europe (Paris, Brussels and London) for only $290. More comprehensive tours including Holland, Belgium, Spain, Switzerland, Italy, Austria and Germany.

Inclusive Fares
Lowest Possible Rates
Picturesque Routes
Congeniel Company
Competent Leadership

UNIVERSITY TRAVEL TOURS
by the
American Institute of Educational Travel

Programs on request

Thos. Cook & Son

New York Philadelphia Boston
Chicago St. Louis San Francisco
Los Angeles Portland, Ore.
Toronto Montreal Vancouver

England

In England, France ... in fact anywhere in Europe, Gates Tours are planned to cover significant cities and localities with exceptional thoroughness.

Thirty-five years experience has given to the Gates organization an intimate knowledge of Europe which enables us to present comprehensive itineraries at moderate cost.

Tours of 57 to 85 days. Save yourself needless expense ... write for our book "Europe Tours".

Rates $775 and up

Gates Student Tours

Comprehensive itineraries at a low price—ideal for young people—$485 & up. Write for "Gates Student Tours".

Gates Tours

225 Fifth Ave., New York
Agents in Principal Cities.

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT-&-TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT

CONTINUED

CRUISES-TOURS

Before you go to Europe

Before you make any plans about traveling in Europe, write to Dean & Dawson, Ltd., for useful information on:

Escorted or Independent Tours
Private Automobile Tours
Steamship Tickets, Cruises, etc.
Aeroplane and Railway Tickets, etc.

Fifty years of travel experience and over 35 European offices.

Free helpful booklets on request

DEAN & DAWSON, Ltd.
500 Fifth Avenue, New York

Liberty Tours to Europe

featuring
the popular Tourist (III) Cabin
28 days for $280 and up
all expenses included
LIBERTY TOURS
500 Fifth Avenue, New York

Always advertise as widely as you are able
Remember—small copy is Big in Where-To-Go

ALASKA, CALIFORNIA
CANADIAN ROCKIES
AND NATIONAL PARKS

SUMMER 1927
Comfort without extravagance.
Incomparable, Comprehensive Tours.
15 Conducted Parties, limited number.
Best of Accommodations.
Many Auto Trips. Inclusive Low Rate.
Ask for Booklet "A" with maps.

Also EUROPE and NORWAY
Leaving MAY, JUNE and JULY
Small Parties—Booklet "E" Address:
Plan now and secure a choice in accommodations.
GILLESPIE, KINPORTS & BEARD
TRAVEL AGENCY
8 W. 40th St., N. Y. City, or
210 S. 17th St., Philadelphia, Pa. (36th Year)

EUROPE in July and Aug.

Conducted tours incl. S. S. passage and eight countries. Select $1150, Standard $845. Student $625. Ask for Folder W.

MENTOR TOURS 942 Straus Bldg. Chicago

CARLETON TOURS

Not Cheapest but Best
Membership restricted, references required

Student tours for students, teachers, and other people of culture. Fascinating itineraries covering all European countries. All expense tours from $830 up; although the cost is moderate, we use excellent hotels, many of them de luxe; congenial companions, best of college chaperones, superior service; Cunard ships, popular Tourist Third Cabin or any other class traveller desires. Independent travel arranged. Write for our 1927 travel booklet.

CARLETON TOURS, 522 Fifth Ave., New York

EUROPEAN TRAVEL

SCOTLAND,
Land of Poetry and Romance

Scotland is one of the smallest and fairest of the countries of Europe. Within six or eight of its counties are crowded a whole world of romance and poetry—a thousand scenes of lofty grandeur and sylvan beauty unequalled in any other land. Until you have seen Scotland you do not know Europe.

The
LONDON
MIDLAND & SCOTTISH
RAILWAY

is the highway to Scotland. The L.M.S. is the largest railroad in Great Britain. It has the best track, the best services and the most luxurious coaches.

For advice and literature about travel in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, apply to John Fairman, L.M.S. Agent, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York; S. J. Sharp, 86 Yonge Street, Toronto; or any office of Thomas Cook & Son.

LMS

L.M.S. Railway, Euston Station, St. Pancras Station, London.

Ask Where-to-go Bureau, 8 Beacon Street, Boston, for space & rates in our department.

EUROPE

Take Your Car with you and See EUROPE Right!
An IDEAL & INEXPENSIVE Way. Booklet Free

MAKE your travel dollars buy you more! It is delightful and economical to drive your own car over the Highways and Byways of Europe, when the arrangements are made under our careful direction. If you are going to Europe, be sure to write early for our Free Booklet revealing the ideal way to see Europe. European Auto Travel Bureau, 178B Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL

Ramble in Raleigh's native land

It is glorious Devon—where the apple blossoms mingle with the salt tang of the ocean—the land of mighty seamen, Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher.

From Land's End to London, along the pathway of the Great Western Railway, there is a wealth of historical, literary and legendary associations set in England's fairest scenery. And many delightful resorts and over 300 golf courses.

This year land at Plymouth and visit Devon, where the language and customs are the same as yours. Plan now and send for illustrated guide No. 32.

K. W. C. GRAND, *General Agent*
505 Fifth Ave., New York

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY *of England*

TOURS
46 DAYS $515
67 DAYS $725

Leaving N. Y. July 2, 1927—England, France Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, etc.
(Write for pamphlet F)
FRENCH TRAVEL BUREAU, Inc.
22 Pl. Madeleine, Paris — 46 West 46th St., New York

When writing to these advertisers will you please mention The Where-to-go Bureau

HUNGARY

When in Europe visit **BUDAPEST** Pearl of the Danube
For information write to
Municipal Information Office
Deak Ferenc u. 2. BUDAPEST

TRAVEL ACCESSORIES

The only positive relief for Sea, Train, Auto, Car and Air sickness. Stops the Nausea at once. 25 years in use.

75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct on receipt of price

The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd., New York

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT-&-TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT

CONTINUED

SOUTH AFRICA

South Africa

The new all-the-year round Travel land where warm, mellow sunshine reigns when Winter comes to the North.

The land of Kruger, Rhodes and Botha. Enjoy the unspoilt giant Victoria Falls.

The majestic grandeur of the Drakensberg mountains.

The amazing designs of marbled Nature in the Cango Caves.

The joys of motoring in the beautiful Cape Peninsula.

The romance of diamonds and gold, so dear to the heart of every woman; keep picture records of quaint Kaffir Kraals with peaceful, thrilling war dances on the Rand.

While you travel enjoy your golf, tennis, fishing, bowls, etc.

Comfortable dining car and rail travel between up-to-date cities.

Send for free Travel Booklet "The Sunland" or 12 cents (to cover postage) for a 175-page Travel Book "The Cape of Good Hope" to:

Travel Bureau of South Africa
657-No. 11 BROADWAY
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Where-To-Go department for April is concluded on two pages immediately following.

CRUISES-TOURS

Parléz Francais?
LEARN WHILE YOU TRAVEL

5 Personally conducted tours **to EUROPE** with French University instructor. Study and pleasure combined. Sailing from New York, ss "Lapland" **July 7th** Visiting 25 European cities. 11-Day motor tour of France. Fete des Vignerons at Vevey, Switzerland. Lake Geneva and the Rhine by boat. **$260 to $580** All inclusive. In co-operation with White Star Line. Particulars and literature on request. Under the direction of

HONE Tours Travel Agency
Delmonico Bldg., 44th St. & 5th Av., New York
85 St. James St., Montreal, Canada
Also all White Star and Tourist Agencies

Student Tours

Write for new booklet now ready

Not an experiment—not the cheapest, but conceded to be the best.
INTERCOLLEGIATE TRAVEL BUREAU
2929 Broadway New York City

SWITZERLAND

For a Perfect Vacation

Switzerland

with its bracing alpine air; Hotels to suit every purse, modern comfort throughout—unsurpassed cuisine—perfect service. And most of the Railroads electrified—the realization of clean, enjoyable travel. To complete these features

Special Tourist Tickets at low fares.

A special selection of booklets including a wonderful map of Switzerland and Europe will be sent to you on request. Ask for Parcel W, enclosing 10c. to cover postage.

Swiss Federal Railroads
241 Fifth Avenue New York

ENGADINE SWITZERLAND

HOTEL BARBLAN *Sils Maria* between lakes Sils and Silvaplana, near St. Moritz. First class steam heated modern Hotel. Terms moderate; special arrangements for families or for long stay. Tennis, boating, fishing, hunting. 50 miles of easy trails. Registered guides for Alpine Tours. Summer & Winter season.

The Where-To-Go system influences the people comprising the cream of all Travel prospects. Our advertisers waste no money in presenting their invitations to people who cannot accept.

CRUISES-TOURS

ALASKA CRUISES
THEY'RE GLORIOUS IN THE SUMMERTIME

"Inside Passage Cruise" to Skagway—SITKA and return, 10 to 12 days, minimum $90.00

"Prince William Sound Cruise" to Seward and return, 15 to 17 days, minimum $140.00

"Golden Belt Line Tour" to Fairbanks in the interior, the REAL Alaska. 23 to 25 days, minimum $270.35

Largest, modern, oil-burning, twin-screw steamers. Totem Poles and Live Glaciers seen on all trips. For particulars see any railroad or tourist agent or address

ALASKA STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
JOHN H. BUNCH, Traffic Manager
Seattle, Wash.

MIDNIGHT SUN LAND

CRUISES-TOURS

Largest, fastest ships
New York, Havana, Panama Canal, San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco

Minimum rates: $275 First Class; $150 Second Cabin; $125 Tourist Cabin; $100 Third Cabin.

Ask about Round Trip rates—one way water, one way rail or both ways water.

PANAMA PACIFIC LINE
No. 1 Broadway, New York City, our offices elsewhere, or S.S. and Railroad agents.

Where-To-Go Travel influence is world wide.

Summer Tours EUROPE, WITH TUNIS IN AFRICA $350 to $1065
29th Year. Illustrated Red Book with Maps.
Johnston Tours, 210E. Preston St., Baltimore, Md.

EUROPE 37 Days $295 Booklets 200 Tours
Motor Tours $7 a day; Hotels Included.
ALLEN TOURS Inc., Little Bldg., Boston, Mass.

HAVANA CUBA

"REUNION AMOROSA"

ANNOUNCING THE OPENING OF THE NEW

HOTEL LINCOLN
HAVANA, CUBA

Enjoy Havana at its best, at this new, luxurious hotel. Havana offers you health, rest, recreation. Enjoy the grandeur of the palms, the balmy breeze, the delicate evening air. Here, indeed, is the ideal Winter resort. Here, too, the new Hotel Lincoln offers you first class accommodations amid luxurious surroundings and modern furnishings and equipment for your comfort and convenience. Within easy reach of all Havana's charms. Write to-day for moderate rates.

Cable address: "Lincontel"
J. A. Richardson, *Owner* A. Seditta, *Mgr.*

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT-&-TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT

CONTINUED

TRAVEL-RANCHES

Open this summer

The New

PRINCE *of* WALES

HOTEL

in picturesque Waterton Lakes National Park, virtually an extension of Glacier National Park across the international boundary into the Canadian Rockies. Mountain climbing, horseback riding, golf, swimming, fishing amid surpassing mountain grandeur. Go-as-you-please or Burlington Escorted Tours.

Glacier National Park

Open June 15 to Sept. 15.

Mail this coupon now!

A. J. Dickinson, W.-3
Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minn.
I am particularly interested in:
☐ General Tour of Park
☐ Tour of Historic Northwest Adventure Land
☐ Burlington Escorted Tours
☐ Send me Free Booklets

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

GREAT NORTHERN

Where-To-Go advertising covers best prospects —U. S. income taxpayers on $5,000 and over

RYE COLO.

HORSESHOE CANYON LODGES

Rye, Colorado, via Pueblo

"The Different Place to Spend Your Vacation." Horseback riding, tennis, fishing, etc. Good food and beds. Season June 1st to Oct. 15th. For rates address Horseshoe Canyon Lodges, Rye, Colorado.

CRUISES-TOURS

SOUTH AMERICA

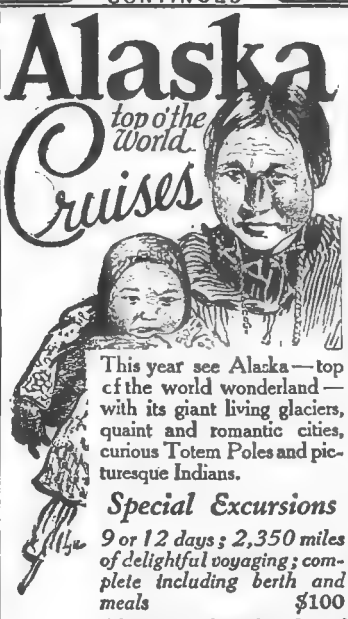
A wonderland that is so different!

BARBADOS — RIO DE JANEIRO
MONTEVIDEO — BUENOS AIRES
Also northbound at Santos & Trinidad
Fortnightly Service by the luxurious
S. S. VOLTAIRE S. S. VAUBAN
S. S. VANDYCK S. S. VESTRIS
Specially built for tropical voyaging

LAMPORT & HOLT LINE

26 BROADWAY, N. Y., or local agent

Alaska *top of the world* Cruises



This year see Alaska—top of the world wonderland—with its giant living glaciers, quaint and romantic cities, curious Totem Poles and picturesque Indians.

Special Excursions

9 or 12 days; 2,350 miles of delightful voyaging; complete including berth and meals $100

19 days; 4,000 miles of delightful voyaging; complete including berth and meals $188

Weekly sailings from Seattle during season May 1st to Sept. 30th

Ask your local railroad or tourist agent, or write for literature.

E. G. McMICKEN
Passenger Traffic Manager
1519 Railroad Ave., So.
SEATTLE, WASH.

PACIFIC STEAMSHIP CO.

SPRING TIME
MOTOR IN ITALY

SUMMER TIME
CRUISE IN NORWAY

ALL THE TIME
SPECIAL TOURS
EVERYWHERE

THE BOYD TOURS, INC.
1819 BROADWAY, N.Y.C.

The
Leading Student Tours to EUROPE

Chartered Tourist Class famous Cunarders
All expenses, sea and land, $255 up
College orchestras. Organized entertainments. Social delights; it's the new way of happy travel. 216 Colleges and 43 States represented on our 1926 tours. Find out why; write for 1927 program.

STUDENTS TRAVEL CLUB
1440 Broadway, New York

TRAVEL-RANCHES

Pacific Northwest

A glorious country, with a beauty and a romance all its own! The Pacific Northwest holds the fascination that lured the pioneers to explore it. Its startling beauty—its forests, mountains, rivers and lakes—are pictured in an interesting book, "The Storied Northwest". If you're interested in a Western trip, let me send you this book.

Mail this coupon to A. B. Smith, 710 N. P. Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

MY VACATION TRIP

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Books or trips I am interested (√) in	Round Trip Summer Fare from Chicago
☐ Yellowstone Park	$59.35
☐ Rocky Mts. [Helena-Butte]	61.95
☐ Inland Empire [Spokane]	85.05
☐ Pacific Northwest } Portland / Seattle	90.30
☐ Rainier Park } Tacoma	90.30
☐ Alaska [Skagway]	190.30
☐ Dude Ranch Vacations	$57.95 to 66.90
☐ Burlington Escorted Tours [all expense]	$199.00 to 226.00

I'll make your Hotel or Pullman reservations.
"Route of the North Coast Limited"

NORTHERN PACIFIC

WIND RIVER RANCH **Dubois Wyoming**

Healthful, invigorating climate. 80 miles fro Yellowstone A hunter's paradise—bear, elk, sma game; trout streams. Saddle horses for each gue Mountain trips. Roughing it or luxury as you pr fer. Excellent food. For booklet write

97 N. Arlington Ave., E. Orange, N.

The VALLEY RANCH **Valley, Wyomi via Cody**

Old established ranch in the Buffalo Bill Count extending hospitality to discriminating familie Homelike atmosphere with une celled table. Horseback riding, fis ing, etc. For booklet write

LAZY J D

Valley Ranch Eastern Headquarte 70 East 45th St., New York

CRUISES-TOURS

SOUTH AMERICA

Via HAVANA

PANAMA · PERU · CHILE

Calling at Cristobal, Balboa, Callao, Mollendo, Arica, Iquique, Antofagasta, Valparaiso—
by the oil burning liners

EBRO and ESSEQUIBO

Designed and built for the tropics. Fitted with every device to make life at sea comfortable and enjoyable.

Tours around South America Arranged

PACIFIC LIN

The Pacific Steam Navigation C

26 Broadway, N.Y., or your local travel age

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT-&-TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT

CONCLUDED

CRUISES-TOURS

South America

Plan Now a winter vacation in the fascinating lands below the Equator. The seasons are reversed there and warm golden sunshine smiles on a brilliant and colorful people.

The voyage is a revelation in travel enjoyment. Ample deck spaces for promenade—tennis and all deck sports—outdoor swimming pool. The lounges and smoking rooms are luxuriously appointed, and the veranda cafe allures.

12 days to Rio and just beyond, Montevideo and Buenos Aires. There is supreme beauty — and Continental gaiety in these centres of South American life. Charming beach resorts are readily accessible — mountain country of scenic splendor.

Fastest Time	*Finest Ships*
Pan America	American Legion
Western World	Southern Cross

21,000 tons

For literature and reservations, authorized tourist agencies or

MUNSON STEAMSHIP LINES

67 Wall Street, New York

VIRGINIA

You who long for the salt tang of the sea

come now to the playground of the old South. Golf through pine forests—with the music of the sea in your ears! Tennis, fishing, yachting, hunting, riding, hiking.

All these and more are yours at Virginia's famous seaside resorts — Virginia Beach — Ocean View—Cape Henry. Opening at Virginia Beach the first part of April is the magnificent new Cavalier—the last word in smart resort hotels.

Write to the Tourist Information Bureau, Norfolk-Portsmouth Chamber of Commerce, Norfolk, Va., for booklet.

CRUISES-TOURS

HOW TO EARN A TRIP TO **EUROPE** such as described in our other ad and **$100 Cash** for side expenses. For particulars write

HONE Tours Travel Agency

Delmonico Bldg., 44th St. & 5th Av., New York

95 St. James St., Montreal, Canada

CRUISES-TOURS

SOUTH AMERICA

18 to 81 DAY TOURS

$250 AND UP. Cruises of rare delight to Panama Canal, Bolivia, Peru, Colombia, Chile, Equador and other South American countries. Grace Line offices and banks throughout South America to assist you. Optional stop overs for visiting attractive points. All outside rooms. Laundry. Swimming Pool. Unexcelled cuisine.

Send for attractive new Booklet "T" describing 22 SPECIAL Reduced Rate Independent Tours.

10 HANOVER SQUARE
NEW YORK CITY

GRACE LINE

The Where-to-go Bureau has developed a service invaluable to all travel-planning. When asking for it, please enclose postage and write to 8 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SCENIC CRUISES

$275 up One Way Water

$380 up Round Trip Water-Rail

CALIFORNIA

via Spanish Americas

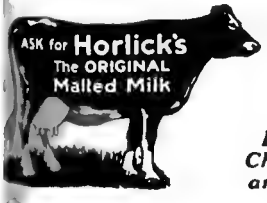
Pleasant days aboard luxurious steamers. Interesting stop-overs in Panama, Colombia, Nicaragua, Salvador and Guatemala.

Luxurious oil-burning steamers. All outside rooms; beds, no berths. Broad Promenades. Deck Games. Orchestra. Swimming Pool. Laundry. Also monthly scenic cruises from California to Havana and New York. For further information and bklt. Address

PANAMA MAIL S. S. CO.

10 Hanover Square New York

For Additional Travel Information see Following Pages that contain interesting announcements of dependable Railroads, Steamship Lines, Hotels, Tours and Resort advertising.



Safe Milk

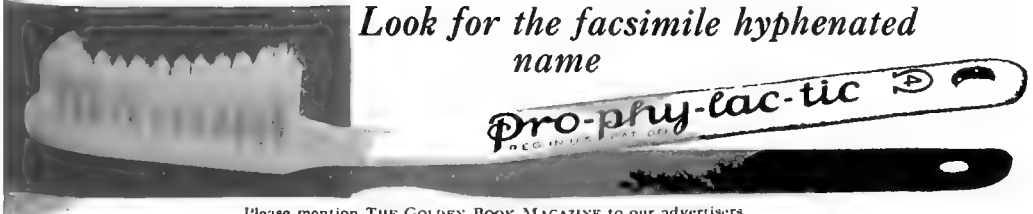
and Food

For INFANTS, Children, Invalids and for All Ages

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS REPUTATION

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES | **FOR COUGHS AND HOARSENESS**

BROWN'S
Camphorated Saponaceous
DENTIFRICE
A SUPERIOR TOOTH POWDER
JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.



Look for the facsimile hyphenated name

Pro-phy-lac-tic

Why it Costs Less to Travel in Germany

Tourists' Paradise

Just a few items to prove that it costs *less* to travel in Germany...

Passport Vise—Free... 1,000 Miles by Railroad—$22.50. Room and board in vacation and health resorts, from $2 day, up. Table d'hote dinner on Rhine steamers, 95¢.

And everywhere in the land of romance and wanderlust, German "Gemuetlichkeit". Truly a paradise for tourists—and for less money!

To help you enjoy a visit to picturesque Germany, we will gladly furnish, gratis, illustrated booklets and information on interest points, transportation, fares, spas, hotels, etc.

German Railroads INFORMATION OFFICE
630 Fifth Avenue
New York

USE THIS COUPON

Please send me Illustrated Travel Brochures on Beautiful Germany.

Name _____

Address _____

15

Clark's Famous Cruises

BY CUNARD LINE BIG NEW OIL-BURNERS

at rates including hotels, guides, drives, fees

NORWAY AND WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN

52 DAYS, $600 to $1300

Third Cruise

ss "LANCASTRIA" July 2

Includes Lisbon, (Madrid), Spain, (Granada), Tangier, Algiers, Italy, the Riviera, Sweden, Norway, Scotland, Berlin, (Paris-London).

Jan. 16, '28; Around the World
8th Cruise; 125 days; $1250 to $3000.

Jan. 25, '28; To the Mediterranean
24th Cruise; 65 days; $600 to $1700.

South Africa—India Cruise; Jan. 25, '28

FRANK C. CLARK
Times Building - - - New York

GOLF

—to your heart's content—in bright Hawaiian sunshine—on an 18-hole course beside the blue Pacific. This is one of the pleasant diversions provided by the new Royal Hawaiian Hotel, on famous Waikiki Beach—in addition to its luxurious comfort and quiet. For information, address Matson Navigation Co., 215 Market Street, San Francisco; 510 West 6th Street, Los Angeles; 1319 4th Avenue, Seattle; 140 South Dearborn Street, Chicago; 50 East 42nd Street, New York. Or write—

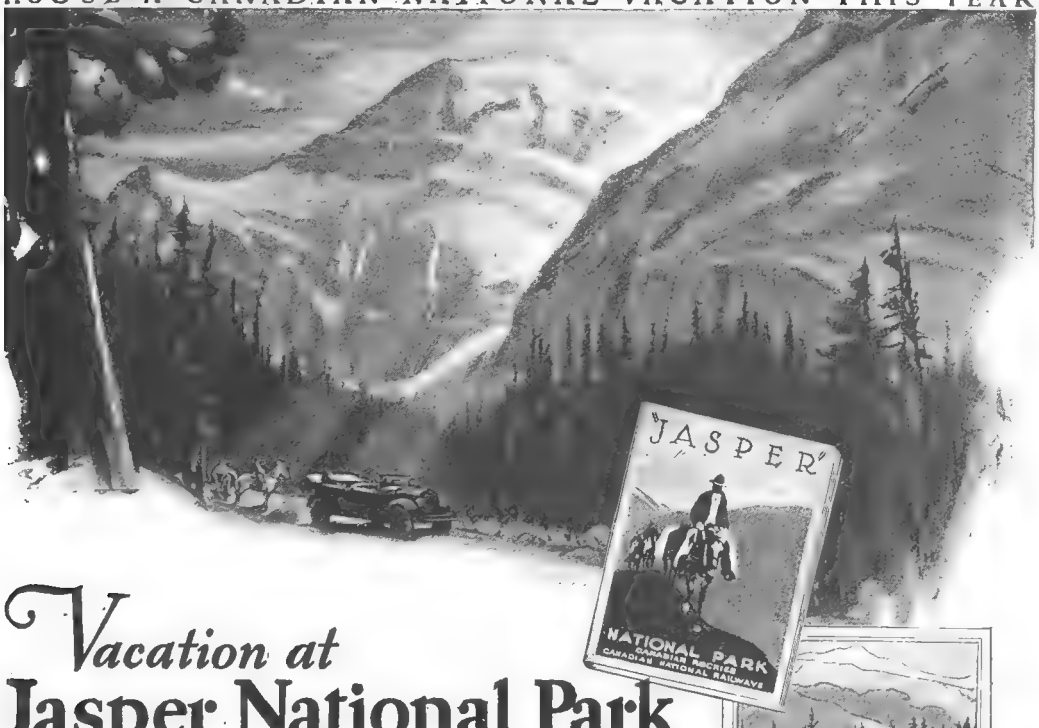
Royal Hawaiian Hotel

American Plan — 400 *rooms with private baths*

A. BENAGLIA, *General Manager*, Honolulu, Hawaii

20 acres of gardens. Splendid tennis courts. Land and water polo. Game fishing unexcelled. Horseback riding. Swimming and surf-riding.

HOOSE A CANADIAN NATIONAL VACATION THIS YEAR



Vacation at Jasper National Park

Guarded by Natures Grim Grenadiers

N to visit the Canadian Rockies this
mer. See the towering snow-capped
ts, ghost-like glaciers, yawning can-
s, rushing rivers and primeval forests
his mountain wonderland. And the
t of all this rugged splendor is found
at 4400 square miles which is Jasper
ional Park.

t this vacation paradise, making your
lquarters at Jasper Park Lodge. Here
imb with Swiss guides, hike, ride,
swim or rest; and in the evenings
in the social life of the Lodge. Rates
> a day up, American Plan. Accom-
ation for 425 guests. Open from May
to September 30th.

1 Jasper take the Triangle Tour of
sh Columbia by train down the

The Snow Capped Peaks of the Canadian Rockies

beautiful Skeena River Valley to Prince Rupert, thence by palatial Canadian National steamer through sheltered seas to Vancouver, returning by rail along the roaring Thompson and Fraser River Gorges.

For information concerning Jasper National Park send coupon to our nearest office or call for literature listed.

22,548 miles of track, fleets of coastal and ocean steamers, hotels, telegraphs, express —all operated by one huge organization— Canadian National Railways, the largest railway system in America.

Jasper Park Lodge on Lac Beauvert

Motoring and riding are among the sports enjoyed at Jasper National Park

Golf week at Jasper National Park, September 10th to 17th

CANADIAN NATIONAL

The Largest Railway System in America

OFFICES

Boston *Washington St.*	**Detroit** *1259 Griswold St.*	**New York** *505 Fifth Ave.*	**St. Louis** *314 No. Broadway*
Buffalo *Division St.*	**Duluth** *430 W. Superior St.*	**Philadelphia** *1500 Chestnut St.*	**St. Paul** *85 East Fifth St.*
Chicago *W. Adams St.*	**Kansas City** *706 Grand Ave.*	**Pittsburgh** *535 Fifth Ave.*	**San Francisco** *689 Market St.*
Cincinnati *Walnut St.*	**Los Angeles** *607 So. Grand Ave.*	**Portland, Me.** *Grand Trunk Ry. Sta.*	**Seattle** *1329 Fourth Ave.*
Cleveland *Euclid Ave.*	**Minneapolis** *518 Second Ave. So.*	**Portland, Ore.** *122 Third St.*	

Please send me your free booklet on Jasper National Park, also Tourist Map of Canada. QG-3

Name ---------- (If student, state grade)

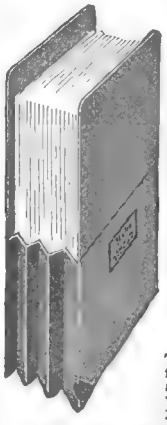
Address ---------- State ----------

City ----------

Folders Won't Do!

Satisfactory filing cannot be accomplished by merely enclosing your letters in a piece of manila paper. Manila folders at their best are merely a makeshift—temporary containers that cannot hold the papers erect in the files, or prevent the loss of letters by misfiling.

Efficient filing methods require



Vertex
VERTICAL-EXPANDING
FILE POCKETS

—firm, durable, expansible containers especially constructed for the purpose of vertical filing. They will not slump down or ride up in the file drawer. They will hold three or three hundred letters as easily as a folder will hold three.

"Vertex" Pockets will improve instantly the appearance and efficiency of every file drawer.

To prove our case, if you have a filing cabinet, we will send a free sample "Vertex" Pocket which we ask you to use in place of your most crowded folder.

Use the coupon below. There is no obligation.

CUT HERE

Please send me for trial in my files a free sample of Bushnell's Paperoid "VERTEX" File Pocket, as described in April Golden Book.

Name of Firm.....

Address.....

Name and Position of Person Inquiring.....

.....

Letter or Legal Size Desired? .....

To ALVAH BUSHNELL CO., Dept. E
925 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.

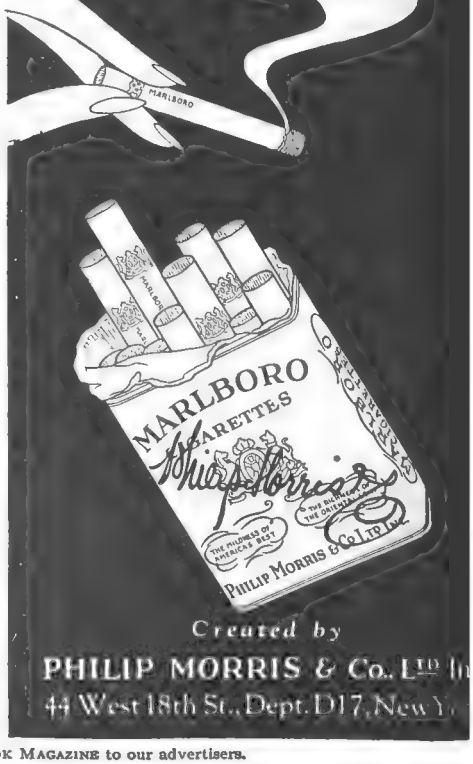
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
Mild as May

Always fresh—Wrapped in *heavy* foil.

The Ace of Cigarettes—Fit for a King—Blended to the Queen's Taste.

P. S. If you play Bridge, let us send you our attractive New Marlboro Bridge Score—mailed free upon request.

20 for 20¢
In Canada 20 for 35c



Created by
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. Ltd Inc
44 West 18th St., Dept. D17, New York

Pagoda and Temple, Tokyo

Japan-Manila

Round the World

$600 Yokohama and return. Sail from San Francisco for Honolulu, Yokohama, returning to Seattle. Or return to San Francisco via Honolulu.

$750 Manila and return. Sail from Seattle for Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila, returning from Japan to San Francisco via Honolulu. Or return from Japan direct to Seattle.

$1250 Round the World. Sail from San Francisco (including Honolulu) or Seattle for Japan, China, Manila, Malaya, Ceylon, Egypt, Italy, France, Boston, New York, Havana, Panama and California.

Select the ports which particularly appeal to you. Or make the complete trip. Stopover where you choose for one week, two weeks or longer.

Enjoy the luxurious comfort of great President Liners. They are broad of beam and steady. Spacious decks for exercise or lazy relaxation.

All rooms are outside, equipped with beds. Many with private bath. Public rooms for dancing, music and cards. The dining service is a standard for steamship service.

Every week a Dollar Liner sails from Los Angeles and San Francisco for the Orient and Round the World.

Every fourteen days an American Mail Liner sails from Seattle to the Orient.

Fortnightly sailings from Boston and New York for the Orient via Havana, Panama and California.

Fortnightly sailings from Naples, Genoa and Marseilles for Boston and New York. No trip offers more of keen pleasure and adventure. Go now.

Complete information from any steamship or railroad ticket agent, or

Dollar Steamship Line
American Mail Line

Admiral Oriental Line

32 Broadway . . . . . New York
604 Fifth Ave. and 25 Broadway . . New York
177 State Street . . . . . Boston, Mass.
Dime Bank Building . . . . . Detroit
112 W. Adams St. . . . . Chicago, Ill.
101 Bourse Bldg. . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
514 West Sixth St. . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
1519 Railroad Avenue South, Seattle, Wash.
Robert Dollar Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

Follow the Trail of the Heroes of Old

Wolfe's Highlanders Scaling the Heights of Quebec—
"Niagara to the Sea"
A Thousand Miles of Travel
A Thousand Thrills
of Pleasure

Costs no more than an ordinary vacation at Mountains or Seashore

The Mighty St. Lawrence Cruise to America's "New France"

Thrilling! Wonderful! Different! Yet this greatest of America's cruises along the all-water-route of the Pioneers of Old . . . really is inexpensive.

COME along! . . . Starting on the swift waters of the Niagara River below the roaring Falls . . . steaming across Lake Ontario . . . threading the narrow passages of the Thousand Islands . . . plunging through the foaming Rapids of the St. Lawrence . . . swinging into the sheltered harbor of Montreal . . . then on to ancient Quebec, cradle of the "New France" of America . . . Quebec, rendezvous of explorers, adventurers, cavaliers and red men . . . Quebec, the "New France" that beckons you.

And all along the route . . . surprise excursions. Stopping off here for trout fishing . . . there for golfing on the Continent's finest links . . . Evening dances at renowned hotels en route.

On shipboard—a picked orchestra for concerts and dances.

A succession of famed ports of call . . . Murray Bay, at the base of the Laurentian Mountains . . . Tadousac, landing place of Jacques Cartier, where the river meets the Sea . . . Quebec, so quaintly French . . . Montreal, romantic and cosmopolitan . . . Toronto, Rochester, Alexandria Bay in the Thousand Islands!

America's grandest thousand-mile cruise. It can be done in a week, or, with stopovers, made the most satisfying two weeks' vacation barring none. Those who do not wish to make the whole cruise can embark at any point along the route.

But you must write for the fascinating details. Today, take the first step on your journey and write for booklet, "Niagara to the Sea".

For booklets, rates and information, address the office nearest you, CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES, Ltd.: **New York,** 110 *West 42nd St.*; **Boston,** 216 *Old South Bldg.*; **Philadelphia,** 202 *Liberty Bldg.*; **Chicago,** 112 *West Adams St.*; **Detroit,** 312 *Dime Bank Bldg.*; **Cleveland,** *Union Trust Bldg.*; **Pittsburgh,** *Union Trust Bldg.*; **Cincinnati,** *Dixie Terminal Arcade*; **Rochester,** 705 *Temple Bldg.*; or **C. C. BONTER,** Passenger Traffic Manager, CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES, Ltd., 9 *Victoria Square*, **Montreal, Canada.**

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES

Owning and operating the St. Lawrence River Route—"Niagara to the Sea". Northern Navigation Division.—Great Lakes Service. Hotels—Manoir Richelieu and Hotel Tadousac on the Lower St. Lawrence.

Railroad Men:

Permanently Trouble-free Car Journals

A mere *one-eighth* of the power formerly needed now smoothly starts the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul's crack flyers. Timken Tapered Roller Bearings free THE OLYMPIAN and THE PIONEER LIMITED from all possible friction. Yet that only begins the great economies and operating betterments made possible by Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in railroad cars.

Timkens are *more* than anti-friction bearings. Their use results in journals that are enduringly trouble-free. Their positively aligned rolls, tapered construction, and Timken-made electric steel permanently withstand all shock, side-thrust, weight, and speed.

Eliminating wear, hot-boxes, and by far the greater part of previous lubrication costs, Timken Tapered Roller Bearings loom as the greatest possibility today in railroad economics. Timken advantages are shared by the public as well, in the form of jerkless starting, increased riding comfort, and more restful night travel. Full data and any desired engineering counsel are at the disposal of every railroad, upon request.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

VOSE

The Vose Piano since 1851 has been noted for the permanence of its exquisite tone—yet its price is moderate. Write for easy payment terms.

WE CHALLENGE COMPARISON

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.,
184 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

The Agrippa Web Boston is made as a garter should be made,—ventilated open mesh web with non-skid back which prevents slipping even when worn very loose.

At stores everywhere—50 cents a pair

George Frost Company, Makers, Boston

How Did Your Garters Look This Morning?

Look Inside the Piano for this Trade-Mark

The Sign of the World's Standard Piano Action

Children Like to Practice on This Piano!

THEY love the crisp, easy feel of its keys. Their little fingers experience no tiring muscular strain. Practice becomes pleasure. Better progress is made.

What is this piano? It is an instrument equipped with the Wessell, Nickel & Gross *piano action!* And it is the *perfect balance* and *delicate responsiveness* of this action that aids little fingers in practice and also in establishing correct habits of touch. Your choice of a make is wide for leading piano makers use this famous action—the *world's highest-priced piano action.* Furthermore, the Wessell, Nickel & Gross action is found only in instruments of *established worth.*

WESSELL, NICKEL & GROSS
Established 1874 New York City

When you Buy an Upright, Grand, Player or Reproducing Piano—Insist on the Wessell, Nickel & Gross Piano Action

---

EUROPE
$260
All Expenses

See England . . Holland . . Belgi
France . . Ireland . . Scotland . . It
Switzerland . . . Germany

You can go abroad in comfort, at modest expense, with the A Crafts Guild Collegiate Tours. A 23-day Tour, giving you a w in London or Paris with all expenses paid, costs only $260. Or, you can spare 37 days for your trip to Europe, you can v England, Holland, Belgium, France—see the best of all f countries—for only $385. Extensions to Ireland, Scotland, Ita Switzerland and Germany, at the same proportionately low co

via CANADIAN PACIFI

"WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM"

Price of Collegiate Tours includes round trip ocean passage; tips abroad; European transportation by steamer, railway motor; hotel accommodations at good hotels; usual meals; mo trips as specified in itinerary; admissions to galleries and mu ums; services of guides and conductors; transportation of ba gage For detailed itineraries, write

ART CRAFTS GUILD TRAVEL BUREAU
Dept. 397, 510 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.